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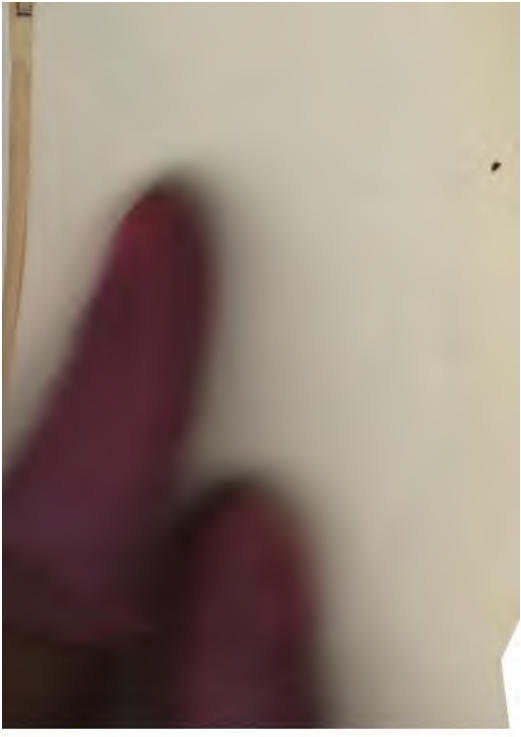


B42S
v.69 no.10

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.
YOUNG VOLUME III.
Serene, quoth Adam, Jo'rwas crusht by me
Fallis is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy knee
Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Str and Lond

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE REVEREND

R. EDWARD YOUNG.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the Law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classicks quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyrick reign, and censure cease?——
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing——but their praise? SAT. I.

Bell's *second edition.*

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.

B428
V. 89-90

)WARD YOUNG.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

ION, | EPISTLES TO MR. POPE,
EPISTLE TO L. LANSDOWN,
LETTER TO MR. TICKELL.

---

ese truths, thou, Muse! with truths like these
id whom 't is a praise to please.
er to be flatter'd, thou,
ials, bend an awful brow.
were to common sense,
re which gave none offence?
life I take the draughts you see,
hem, do they censure me?
nave 't is glorious to offend,
attempt the world to mend:
ere lucky throws to blockheads fall,
he game and honest men pass all. SAT. III.

EDINBURG:
pollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1784.

IN THREE B

Venit ſumma dies.

BOOK I.

Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte co
Fulmina molitur dextra Quo maxima in
Terra tremit: fugere feræ; et mortalia c
Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor.

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of
With Britain's hero * ſet their ſouls on fi
And grow immortal as his deeds inſpire,
I draw a deeper ſcene; a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful
The worldalarm'd, both ear
And gaſping N
Dea

Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the ſight of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring. I look down
On all the ſplendours of the Britiſh crown.
This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howſoe'er diſjoin'd,
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and aſſiſt, a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis our eternal King I ſtrive to praiſe.

But chiefly thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whoſe throne archangels proſtrate fall,
If at thy nod, from diſcord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon' ſparkling worlds of light
Exalt ev'n me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſpel;
To my great ſubject thou my breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my lab'ring ſoul with equal fire.

Man! bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous Nature's face
See ſpring's gay bloom, ſee golden Autumn's flee
See how Earth ſmiles, and hear old Ocean roar,
Leviathans but heave their cumbrous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies ſail.
Here foreſts riſe, the mountain's awful pride;
Here rivers meaſure climes, and worlds divide;
There vallies, fraught with gold's reſplendent ſhee
Hold kings' and kingdoms' fortunes in their beds:

There to the ſkies aſpiring hills aſcend,
And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law in Albion's channel ride,
View the whole earth's vaſt landſcape unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.
Then let the firmament thy wonder raiſe;
'Twill raiſe thy wonder, but tranſcend thy praiſe
How far from eaſt to weſt? the lab'ring eye
Can ſcarce the diſtant azure bounds deſcry:
Wide theatre! where tempeſts play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath diſcharge
Mark how thoſe radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the ſeaſons, and the year control:
They ſhine thro' time with an unalter'd ray,

Sooner or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of Fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes;
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun;
(Ye sublunary Worlds! awake, awake!
Ye Rulers of the nations! hear, and shake!)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day,
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay,
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend,
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread,
Darkness the circle of the sun invade;
From inmost heav'n incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.
When, lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;

DAY.

n ſhake,
lead awake.
h no equal ſound
ature wound,
ſtrain'd on high,
ro' the ſky,
iſcharg'd, and all
heir fall.
l not man h
e the ſnar
s of the mi
nankind.
' care and pain,
ent we gain.
ot of reſt;
t beſt:
never ceaſe;
not of peace.
ill of Fate,
uman ſtate,
their arms,
eur ſpreads her charms,
great ſcene diſplay,
in dread array,
tian banner ſpread,
ie trembling dead;
ie picture make,
ſolve could ſhake:

Engag'd with angels ſhe would greatly ſtand,
And look regardleſs down on ſea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
And Death might ſhake his threat'ning lance in vain!
Her certain conqueſt would endear the fight,
And danger ſerve but to exalt delight.

Inſtructed thus to ſhun the fatal ſpring,
Whence flow the terrours of that day I ſing,
More boldly we our labours may purſue,
And all the dreadful image ſet to view.

The ſparkling eye, the ſleek and painted breaſt,
The burniſh'd ſcale, curl'd train, and riſing creſt,
All that is lovely in the noxious ſnake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
The ſting once drawn, his guiltleſs beauties riſe
In pleaſing luſtre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy what once did horrour move,
And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.

Say then, my Muſe! whom diſmal ſcenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy Maid! if bold to dare
The laſt extremes of terrour and deſpair,
Oh ſay what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackeſt moment ſince the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the bliſsful earth, who late
At leaſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate,
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt;

with tributary day.
t, of joy the bright abode,
hild, and fav'rite of her God,
e from her Father's care,
darkneſs and deſpair.
: glory ſhines on high,
m the terrours of the ſky:
ountains, her fam'd rivers loſt,
:cond chaos toſt;
uin ſpreads abroad:
: beneath the throne of God.
! thy fate: what then canſt thou afford
ad ſupport thy guilty lord?
y lord of all beneath the moon,
- bend his ſoul's ambition down?
disavow

It flies the reach of thought: oh, save me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of Fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou, who for me, thro' ev'ry throbbing vein,
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
Whom Death led captive thro' the realms below
And taught those horrid mysteries of wo;
Defend me, O my God! oh, save me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep:
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown,
While Death sits threat'ning in his prince's frow
His heart's dismay'd; and now his fears comma
To change his native for a distant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea;
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the distress,
The height of eloquence would make it less.
Heav'ns! how the good man trembles!—

And is there a Laſt Day? and muſt there come
A ſure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition! ſwell, and, thy proud ſails to ſhow,
Take all the winds that Vanity can blow;
Wealth! on a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple cluſters, tempting Vine!
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright Beauty! ſhine:
Shine all, in all your charms together riſe,
That all, in all your charms, I may deſpiſe,
While I mount upward on a ſtrong deſire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.
  In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To ſmile at death! to long to be diſſolv'd!
From our decays a pleaſure to receive!
And kindle into tranſport at a grave?
What equals this? And ſhall the victor now
Boaſt the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomleſs delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught but God and my own ſoul.
  For ever, then, my Soul! thy God adore,
Nor let the brute-creation praiſe him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And ſuſh my conſcious cheek with ſpreading ſhame?
They all for him purſue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r ſuſpend;

In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main,
When Darkness round him all her horrours spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
When now the foaming surges, toss'd on high,
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghast,
Look back with terrour on their actions past,
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
Their hearts, thro' fear and anguish, melt away:
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease;
Now they devote their treasure to the seas;
Unload their shatter'd bark, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but, oh, the storm so high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

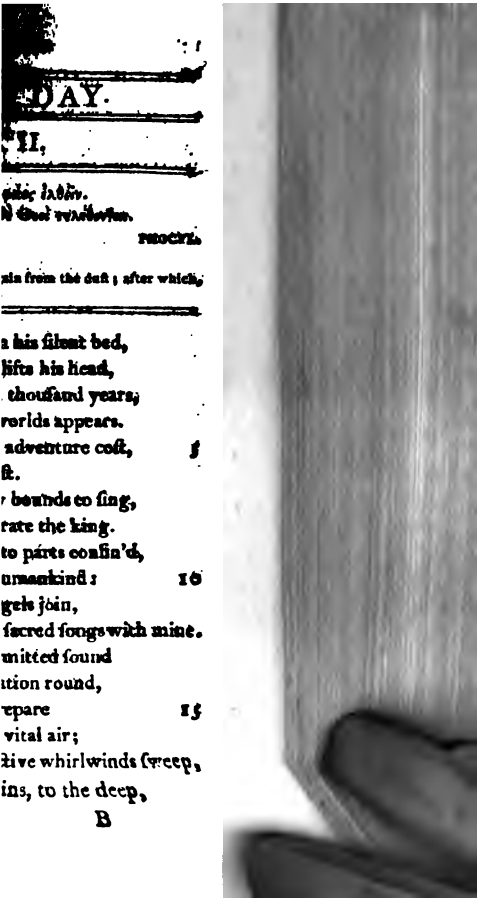
The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows close; he's number'd with the dead.

ttend ye virtuous few!
aths of piety purſue)
ler of the world, from high,
wn with a propitious eye,
t with his gracious hand,
uous Nature ſilent ſtand;
eaceful waters to give place,
m in a ſoft embrace;
monſters of the deep;
ſters awful diſtance keep;
ver while they view their prey,
e, and round the ſtranger play.
ew wonders; Nature's Lord
he deep his pow'rful word,
at leviathan: the great
s in all his ſtate,
d, with a mighty bound,
ke, and heav'n and earth reſound,
ers with the riſing ſand,
illows to the diſtant land.
rthquake, when impriſon'd air
t, and lays the centre bare,
ds his jaws enormous ſize,
vs the cavern with ſurpriſe,
ſtrous teeth, afar deſcry'd,
id'ring eyes from ſide to ſide;
ſion of the ſpecious ſeat,
within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear,
Or falls immers'd into the depths below,
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountain's dreadful ſhade
Where plummet never reach'd he draws his brea
And glides ſerenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights thro' coral gro
Thro' labyrinths of rocks and ſands, he roves;
When the third morning, with its level rays,
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It ſees the king of waters riſe, and pour
His ſacred gueſt uninjur'd on the ſhore;
A type of that great bleſſing which the Muſe
In her next labour ardently purſues.

End of Book Firſt.



DAY.

II.

[illegible] ἐλθεῖν.
[illegible] Θεοὶ τελεθόντων.

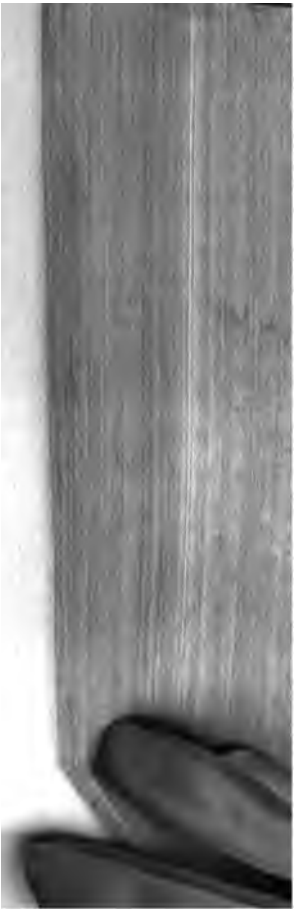
PHOCYL.

[illegible]ain from the dust; after which,

a his silent bed,
lifts his head,
thousand years,
rorlds appears.
adventure cost,
st.
bounds to sing,
rate the king.
to parts confin'd,
umankind:
gels join,
sacred songs with mine.
mitted sound
ation round,
epare
vital air;
tive whirlwinds sweep,
ins, to the deep,

To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long-committed dust;
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck, perhaps, to meet
The distant head; the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see thro' the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.
When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord:
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe;
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade:
No trumpet's sound, no gasping armies yell,
Bid, with due horrour, his great soul farewell:
Obscure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead
Who brought the world in his great rival's he
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once m
Tho' realms now rise between, and oceans ro
The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shal
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,

[illegible]nd.
[illegible]mmer's day,
's play,
,their wand'ring ends,
gh deſcend.
conſcious ſoul,
ing near the pole,
vond'ring ſtray'd,
: corpſe was laid,
late,
appointed fate;
ıſtant flame,
tal frame:
ſo high is wound,
aſting round.
ork deſign'd
r's mind;
a laſting oak,
d rock,
ls the columns riſe,
e ſkies;
o ſurpaſs,
s of braſs.
uſtrious dome *,
i's herocs come



From camps and deserts, tho' great, or wise, or just,
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread;
Now populous o'erflows; a numerous race
Of rising kings fill all th' extended space;
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and styles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,
Labours with man to this his second birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent and costly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave;
All 's full of man; and at this dreadful turn
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes
Shrink backward from the terrour of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve nor beauty could move,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture force,

ST DAY.

ers, ſhall be ſeen
h a godlike mien.
thoughts are fix'd above;
hearts diſdain to move.
d a heav'n thrown wide,
ends on ev'ry ſide,
atient of delay,
everlaſting day.
drate falls; there Strength gives
re Beauty hides her face. [place,
, and Turks, and Pagans ſtand,
ne undiſtinguiſh'd band.
, by mutual wounds expir'd,
diſtinct perſuaſions fir'd,
p their long ſlumber break,
their Saviour's love partake.
iſh'd with brighter joy, or, warm
lence, enjoy the ſtorm,
e pious bounties, unconfin'd,
publick fathers of mankind:
s rank what ſhining light,
guiſh'd glory, fills my ſight?
y grateful Muſe! that homage ſhow,
worthies thou art proud to owe.
x! Chichley *! hail, illuſtrious names!
ſtant times diſpenſe your beams;

* New-college, Corpus Chriſti, and All-Souls,
of which the Author was a member.

Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 't was your great renown
To bless a people, and oblige a crown;
And now you rise, eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.
Indulgent God! oh how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
For bounty so profuse to humankind,
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal Mind?
Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
Than worm, or mite, or shadow, can express,
Was nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry fire
Of ev'ry star shall languish and expire?
When earth 's no more, shall I survive above,
And thro' the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael sung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of love divine!
But, oh! before this blissful state, before
Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.
This mighty scene I next presume to draw;
Attend great Anna! with religious awe:

[illegible] successful arts
[illegible]mand our hearts.
[illegible] machine,
[illegible]ed god, be seen;
[illegible] indeed descend,
[illegible]d his approach attend!
[illegible], whose ample space
[illegible]ole of human race,
[illegible]ful edict is prepar'd,
[illegible]ith an immortal guard.
[illegible]ominions, worlds, o'erflow
[illegible]nd deluge all below,
[illegible]nation pours along;
[illegible]on mingle in the throng;
[illegible]oungest son: no sign
[illegible]which their births disjoin.
[illegible]arning, and how vain is art!
[illegible]he life, and guides the heart!
[illegible]vebeenswell'd, what time beenspent,
[illegible]irthday or descent!
[illegible] it now yield, what rapture raise,
[illegible]ious race of ancient days?
[illegible] worthies who perhaps have stood
[illegible] record before the flood?
[illegible]r care your soul demands,
[illegible]d in your presence stands.
[illegible] the concourse! not in number more
[illegible]hat break on the resounding shore,

ves that tremble in the shady grove,
mps that gild the spangled vaults above;
overwhelming armies, whose command
o one empire Fall; another Stand;
se rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
s'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;
at Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
here Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
Another blow had broke the Fates' decree,
nd earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
mmortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host;
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
" For judgment, judgment, Sons of men! prepare
Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound,
And Hell thro' all her trembling realms resound.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth
Bless'd with most equal planets at thy birth,
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord,
Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine
The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine;
Dare not to lift thine eye.—Alas! my Muse
How art thou lost? what numbers canst tho
A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;

And move obedient at his awful nod,
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets craw
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball,
(Speck of creation) if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 't is eternal death.
Thence iſſuing I behold, (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light)
I ſee, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, heav'n's everlaſting Son,
Crown'd with that Majeſty which form'd th
And the grand rebel flaming downward hur
Virtue, Dominion, Praiſe, Omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant Princ
A zone, beyond the thought of angels brigh
Around him, like the zodiack, winds its ligh
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows
And in his cheek the purple morning glows
Where'er, ſerene, he turns pr· pitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find a paradiſe;
But if reſentment reddens their mild beam
The Eden kindles, and the world's in fla

On one hand Knowledge ſhines in pureſt light;
On one the ſword of Juſtice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed;
Now tell the ſcourg'd Impoſtor he ſhall bleed!
Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n the Source
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelick hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell,
And mingling voices in rich concert ſwell;
Voices ſeraphick: bleſs'd with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.
Triumphant King of glory! Soul of Bliſs!
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this?
O! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn
And indigence of him in Bethle'm born;
A needleſs, helpleſs, unaccounted gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder'd beaſt?
How chang'd from him who, meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made!
From him who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe, [dy'd?
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?
And was't enough to bid the ſun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vaniſh'd,—I am wholly thine.

Miſtaken Caiaphas! ah! which blaſphem'd,
Thou or thy pris'ner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim,
Deep are the horrours of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'tis wondrous all! ev'n he
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight,
From earth full twice a planetary height:
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe,
Diſtinct with orient veins and golden blaze;
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows found:
Theſe an immeaſurable arch ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court:
Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky,
Stream from the cryſtal arch, and round the columns
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the baſis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff, of wondrous height,
Unfurls the Chriſtian flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies:
The Croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſheds a ſtain,
Where'er it *floats, on earth,* and air, and main;

Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.
Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah turn, unwary Muse! nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not, (to make the sun shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm they wish it all a dream;
Wish or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway:
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.
Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick, and severe, its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency, till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
"O Thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
"Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
"Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
"That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
"Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
"And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.
"Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
"*To scatter wide*, or bury in the deep:

" Thy pow'r, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
" And wholly dedicate my ſoul to thee:
" Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!
" If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
" And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe:
" My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
" And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
" Oh may my underſtanding ever read
" This glorious volume which thy wiſdom made!
" Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
" Who calls forth Summer, like a ſparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
" Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
" Not Europe's arbitreſs of peace and war.
" May ſea, and land, and earth, and heav'n, be join'd,
" To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul;
" When earth 's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
" Adore, my Heart! the Majeſty Divine.
" Thro' ev'ry ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
" Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt thine:
" Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the bow,
" The cluſter blaſts, or bids it brightly glow:

" 'Tis thou that lead'ſt our pow'rful armies forth,
" And giv'ſt great Anne thy ſceptre o'er the North.
" Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
" Open with pray'r the conſecrated day;
" Tune thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
" And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies;
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
" Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun
" My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.
" And, oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn Night
" To ſacred thought may forcibly invite.
" When this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
" Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
" Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling light,
" And ſhew all Nature in a milder light;
" How ev'ry boiſt'rous thought in calm ſubſide
" How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glide
" O how divine! to tread the Milky Way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
" His court admire, or for his favour ſue,
" Or leagues of friendſhip with his ſaints re
" Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the world
" While I long vigils to its founder keep!
" Canſt thou not ſhake the centre? Oh
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul.
" Thou who canſt ſtill the raging of the
" *Reſtrain* the various tumults of my b

qual firmneſs, to ſuſtain
, and aſſaulting pain,
thee in each deſire!
faith foment the holy fire!
ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize
ity's deep boſom lies!
y of recompence behold,
the fatal book unfold!
upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
ge my grateful ſong repeat;
life, my God, my Saviour, ſee,
gels in the praiſe of thee."

End of Book Second.

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

Hæc quoque in fatis reminiſcitur, affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat; et mundi moles operoſa laboret. OVID M

THE book unfolding. the reſplendent ſeat
Of ſaints and angels, the tremendous fate
Of guilty ſouls, the gloomy realms of wo,
And all the horrours of the world below,
I next preſume to ſing. What yet remains
Demands my laſt, but moſt exalted ſtrains;
And let the Muſe or now affect the ſky,
Or in inglorious ſhades for ever lie.
She kindles; ſhe 's inflam'd, ſo near the goal;
She mounts: ſhe gains upon the ſtarry pole;
The world grows leſs as ſhe purſues her flight,
And the ſun darkens to her diſtant ſight.
Heav'n op'ning, all its ſacred pomp diſplays,
And overwhelms her with the ruſhing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels ſhout around!
And echoing Nature lengthens out the ſound
Ten thouſand trumpets now at once advan
Now deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe:
So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
As Nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her l
Nor man nor angel moves; the Judge on h
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſ

hand he lays,
rting ſeraphs raiſe ;
ls are prepar'd,
's groan is hear'd.
sh, fall to ſudden pray'r,
ık deep !) ſhalt thou be there?
y the great command
ls on either hand)
how haggard, how obſcene,
in every face and mien ?
l glarings of affright,
and turn away the fight ?
embling eyeballs roll,
rets of the ſoul:
ach look is black with care,
len with deſpair.
e the Muſe, and find
in thy mind.
l thy brother, father, wife,
ions of thy life,
s levell'd at one aim,
nt up one common flame,
ned ſelf alone
hom thou haſt known,
what millions wouldſt thou
: day more to live? [give
hour, a moment's ſpace,
ſs the means of grace,

Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, ſuſpend a ſtorm in air,
Arreſt the ſun, but ſtill of this deſpair.
Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image freſh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my ravith'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant Beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſs'd angels kindle love!
To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn,
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terrour riſe,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt?
Oh the tranſcendent glory of the juſt!
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains of fear and doubt
Th' infected brightneſs of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaſte bridegroom, when the prieſt draws [nigh
Beholds his bleſſing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful paſſions throb in ev'ry vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain.
Leſt ſtill ſome intervening chance ſhould riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the golden prize,
Inflame his wo, by bringing it ſo late,
And ſtab him in the criſis of his fate.
Since Adam's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt,

l, vainglorious Muſe! and you whoe'er
rſelves to Fame, and think her fair,
l, and ſeek the lights of human r ce,
ing acts Time's brighteſt annals ; ne;
ed ſects, crowns conquer'd or re 'd;
s to nations, or fam'd empires joi u;
the vale, and laid the mountain , 85
obedient rivers where to flow:
vaſt fleets, as with
the madneſs of th
undiſtinguiſh'd?
his truth in Bourb o
ır, on which the A ngn,
ernity, has fix'd his eye,
is right hand favour'd or annoy'd,
alter'd, threaten'd, or deſtroy'd,
r eaſtern ſceptre downward hurl'd, 95
or weſt dominion o'er the world;
of time, for which the world was built,
the blood of God himſelf was ſpilt,
ful moment is arriv'd.—
ıe feats of bliſs their pomp diſplay, 100
ıan brightneſs this diſtinguiſh'd day;
us when of old th' eternal Son
ıs of night return'd with trophies won;
'n's high gates when he triumphant rode,
ng angels hail'd the Victor God. 105

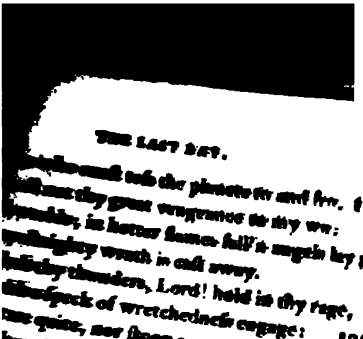
Horrours beneath, darkneſs in darkneſs, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad ſulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, moſt dreadful to ſurvey,
And roars outrageous for the deſtin'd prey:
The ſons of light ſcarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer preſs heav'n's everlaſting throne.

Such is the ſcene, and one ſhort moment's ſpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race,
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation ſwims before my ſight:
I ſee, I ſee the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not 't is diſtant; I behold it now:
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendous wo;
That wo, thoſe pangs, which from the guilty breaſt
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſhall be expreſt.

" Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?
" Ah! cruel Death, that would no longer ſave,
" But grudg'd me ev'n that narrow dark abode,
" And caſt me out into the wrath of God;
" Where ſhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
" And all the dreadful eloquence of Pain,
" Our only ſong; black fire's malignant light,
" The ſole refreſhment of the blaſted ſight.
" Muſt all thoſe pow'rs Heav'n gave me to ſupply
" *My ſoul with* pleaſure, and bring in my joy,

up in arms againſt me, join the foe,
, reaſon, memory, increaſe my wo;
ſhall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
upt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
muſt I look with terrour on my gain,
with exiſtence only meaſure pain?
t! no reprieve, no leaſt indulgence giv'n,
eam of hope, from any point of heav'n!
Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
re extinguiſh'd in the Source of love?
ld that I am, did Heav'n ſtoop down to hell?
expiring Lord of Life my ranſom ſeal?
e I not been induſtrious to provoke?
n his embraces obſtinately broke?
u'd and panted for his mortal hate,
'd my deſtruction, labour'd out my fate?
dare I on extinguiſh'd love exclaim?
, take full vengeance, rouſe the ſlack'ning flame;
is my lot—but, oh! muſt it tranſcend
reach of time, deſpair a diſtant end?
dreadful growth ſhoot forward, and ariſe,
re Thought cann't follow, and bold Fancy dies!
ever! where falls the ſoul at that dread ſound?
n an abyſs how dark, and how profound!
rn, down, (I ſtill am falling, horrid pain!)
thouſand thouſand fathoms ſtill remain;
plunge but ſtill begun—and this for ſin?
ld I offend if I had never been,

" But ſtill increas'd the ſenſe
" Flow'd in the ſtream, or ſt
" Father of mercies! why
" Didſt thou awake, and cur
" Tear me from quiet, raviſh
" And make a thankleſs pre
" Puſh into being a reverſe
" And animate a clod with r
" The beaſts are happy; th
" Short watch on earth, and
" Pain is for man; and, oh!
" For crimes, which made the
" Annull'd his groans, as far
" And flung his agonies and
" As our dire puniſhment fo
" Our conſtitution, too, for
" Curs'd with returns of vig
" Pow'rful to bear, and ſatis
" Still to be caught, and ſtill
" To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to
" And this, my Help! my
" Nature is chang'd, and hel
" And canſt thou then look
" And ſee me plunging in th
" Calling thee Father in a fe
" Or pouring blaſphemies a
" With mortals' anguiſh wil
" *And by my pangs omnipo*



The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move
To take poſſeſſion of their thrones above,
Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply,
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long-extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of ſacred truth;
To ſwim in ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And lift the voice to their Almighty King;
To loſe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praiſe.
But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
And leave unfiniſh'd the too lofty ſtrain:
What boldly I begin let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſting, fainting I deſcend,
And chuſe a leſs, but no ignoble theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds in flame.
The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And Nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heav'n's terrours in array ſurround the ball:
Sharp lightnings with the meteors' blaze conſpire,
And, darted downward, ſet the world on fire:
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd ether choke,
And ſpiry flames dart thro' the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light?

From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous courſe,
T' enrage the flame; it ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows thro' the ſky:
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend,
Cities and deſerts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes, waſted, overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm;
There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills.
Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack? that ſound whi
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook? [bro
What wonders muſt that groan of Nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell,
Which ſeem'd, above the reach of Fate to ſtand

Where ſtretch'd waſte Lybia? where did Indi
Sparkle in di'monds, and her golden ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms g
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or fli
Inhabitants of ſea, or earth, or ſkies;
All on whom Adam's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and periſh in the conqu'ring flam

This globe alone would but defraud the fire
Starve its devouring rage; the flakes aſpire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'n
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, all melt away;
All, all is loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machin
So bubbles on the foaming ſtream expire,
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtations of one dreadful hour
The great Creator's ſix days work devour:
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one ſoul
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the who
Exalted in ſuperiour excellence,
Caſts down to nothing ſuch a vaſt expenſe.
Have ye not ſeen th' eternal mountain's nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurpriſes thro' all nature ran?
For whom theſe revolutions but for man?

For him Omnipotence new measures takes,
For him thro' all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.
Think deeply then, O Man! how great thou art;
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze and wander there, a ravish'd guest;
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright!
Here springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
There buds the promise of celestial worth!
Worth which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait;
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod,
Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon' radiant orb, proud regent of the sky:
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one eternal day.

End of Book Third.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

OR, VANQUISH'D LOVE.

A POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.

BOOK I.

——Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina; non teneras arcebant vincula palmas. VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that ſoar'd on high,
And open'd wondrous ſcenes above the ſky,
My Muſe! deſcend: indulge my fond deſire:
With ſofter thoughts my melting ſoul inſpire,
And ſmooth my numbers to a female's praiſe:
A partial world will liſten to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and ſets a female name
Unrivall'd in the glorious liſts of Fame.
Hear, ye fair Daughters of this happy land!
Whoſe radiant eyes the vanquiſh'd world command,
Virtue is beauty; but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When youth makes ſuch bright objects ſtill more bright,
And Fortune ſets them in the ſtrongeſt light,

[illegible]ndern'd with ev'ry grace,
[illegible] by treason not her own,
[illegible]ll'd another's throne,
[illegible]summit of imperial state,
[illegible]nd sustain'd the stroke of Fate,
[illegible]ll Guilford, her far dearer part,
[illegible]reason fortify his heart?
[illegible]ongs, and is afraid to know;
[illegible]e moves, and now advances slow,
[illegible]ord, and, finding, passes by,
[illegible]ear, nor dares she meet his eye,
[illegible]ask'd, in speechless grief disclose
[illegible]al secret of his inward woes.
[illegible]ckness, doubtful of her face,
[illegible]oly virgin shuns the glass.

" Grieve not, my Lord; a crown indeed, is lo
" What far outſhines a crown we ſtill may boaſt
" A mind compos'd, a mind that can diſdain
" A fruitleſs ſorrow for a loſs ſo vain.
" Nothing is loſt that virtue can improve
" To wealth eternal, and return above;
" Above where no diſtinction ſhall be known
" 'Twixt him whom ſtorms have ſhaken from th
" And him who, baſking in the ſmiles of Fate,
" Shone forth in all the ſplendour of the great;
" Nor can I find the diff'rence here below;
" I lately was a queen; I ſtill am ſo,
" While Guilford's wife: thee rather I obey,
" Than o'er mankind extend imperial ſway.
" When we lie down in ſome obſcure retreat,
" Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;
" And I to death my duty will improve,
" And what you miſs in empire add in love—
" Your godlike ſoul is open'd in your look,
" And I have faintly your great meaning ſpoke.
" For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
" To find with what content we lay it down.
" Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race
" Can quit a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus ſpoke the faireſt of her ſex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord, whoſe boding boſom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burſt, and ſhed
Severer vengeance on her guiltleſs head.

Too juſt, alas, the terrours which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!—forgive him if he melt—
How ſharp her pangs, when ſever'd from his ſide
The moſt ſincerely lov'd, and loving bride
In ſpace confin'd, the Muſe forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguiſh, but ſhe bore it well:
His pain was equal, but his virtue leſs;
He thought in grief there could be no exceſs.
Penſive he ſat, o'ercaſt with gloomy care,
And often fondly claſp'd his abſent fair;
Now, ſilent, wander'd thro' his rooms of ſtate,
And ſicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate,
Which thus adorn'd, in all her ſhining ſtore,
A ſplendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were caſt,

A ſudden winter, while the ſun is near,
O'ercomes the ſeaſon, and inverts the year.
But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive! from the cheerful day?
The ſcene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrours riſe:
For pomp and ſplendour, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:
Black thoughts each morn invade the lover's breaſt;
Each night a ruffian locks the Queen to reſt.
Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is beſt diſplay'd
In deep deſertion of all human aid:
To ſuccour in extremes is her delight,
And cheer the heart when terrour ſtrikes the ſight.
We, diſbelieving our own ſenſes, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raiſe
To triumph o'er misfortunes, ſmile in grief,
And comfort thoſe who come to bring relief:
We gaze, and, as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.
Againſt her cares ſhe rais'd a dauntleſs mind,
And with an ardent heart, but moſt reſign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the ſilence of her dark retreat,
Addreſs'd her God—"Almighty Pow'r Divine!
"'Tis thine to raiſe, and to depreſs is thine;

…ur to light up the name unknown,
…out the luſtre of a throne.
…ort ſpan both fortunes I have prov'd,
…no' with ill frail nature will be mov'd,
…ear it well: (O ſtrengthen me to bear!)
…nd if my piety may claim thy care,
If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
" And tumult of a court, a future ſtate,
" O favour, when thy mercy I implore,
" For one who never guilty ſceptre bore!
" 'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free;
" If it muſt fall, let vengeance fall on me:
" Let him ſurvive, his country's name to raiſe,
" And in a guilty land to ſpeak thy praiſe!
" O may th' indulgence of a father's love,
" Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
" If theſe are ſafe, I'll think my pray'rs ſucceed,
" And bleſs thy tender mercies whilſt I bleed."
'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
In which the Queen to her full wrath gave way;
Thro' rigid juſtice ruſh'd into offence,
And drank, in zeal, the blood of innocence.
The ſun went down in clouds, and ſeem'd to mourn
The ſad neceſſity of his return;
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to complain;
The tapers caſt an inauſpicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet Innocence in chains can take her reſt;
Soft ſlumber gently creeping thro' her breaſt,
She ſinks; and in her ſleep is reenthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, ſeas and land,
And ſtretches wide her ſhadow of command:
With royal purple is her viſion hung;
By phantom hoſts are ſhouts of conqueſt rung;
Low at her feet the ſuppliant rival lies;
Our pris'ner mourns her fate, and bids her riſe.
Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and weſtward caſt the ſhade;
The buſy trades in City had began
To ſound, and ſpeak the painful life of man.
In tyrants' breaſts the thoughts of vengeance rouſe,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his ſpouſe.
At this firſt birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our ſpouſeleſs bride, our widow'd wife, awakes;
Awakes, and ſmiles; nor night's impoſture blames;
Her real pomps were little more than dreams;
A ſhort-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that ſhone and were no more:
She turns her ſide, and ſoon reſumes a ſtate
Of mind well ſuited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, tho' ſerious, when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched Guilford!) of her inſtant doom.
Sun! hide thy beams; in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltleſs of the ſight;

e ſwiftly to the weſtern main,
blood the conſcious daylight ſtain!
ow ſevere! to fall ſo new a bride,
ithing from the prieſt, in youthful pride;
n Time had juſt matur'd each perfect grace,
d open'd all the wonders of her face!
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
Fond of his wo, and obſtinate in grief.
Unhappy Fair! whatever Fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd bleſſings) vaniſh from her view;
No train of cheerful days, endearing nights,
No ſweet domeſtick joys, and chaſte delights;
Pleaſures that bloſſom ev'n from doubts and fears,
And bliſs and rapture riſing out of cares:
No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or ſmiling in her face;
Who, when her deareſt father ſhall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his ſilver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart;
As where fruits fall quick-riſing bloſſoms ſmile,
And the bleſs'd Indian of his cares beguile.
In vain theſe various reaſons jointly preſs
To blacken death, and heighten her diſtreſs;
She thro' th' encircling terrours darts her ſight
To the bleſs'd regions of eternal light,
And fills her ſoul with peace: to weeping friends
Her *father and her lord* ſhe recommends,

Unmov'd herſelf: her foes her air ſurvey,
And rage to ſee their malice thrown away.
She ſoars; now nought on earth detains her car
But Guilford, who ſtill ſtruggles for his ſhare.
Still will his form importunately riſe,
Clog and retard her tranſport to the ſkies.
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her ſoul onward, from the ſeats above
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love.
At length ſhe conquers in the doubtful field;
That Heav'n ſhe ſeeks will be her Guilford's ſhi
Now death is welcome; his approach is ſlow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh, Mortals! ſhort of ſight, who think the p
O'erblown misfortune ſtill ſhall prove the laſt:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft' in life form one perpetual chain:
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and ſorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that ſhe has nought but death to fe
And death is conquer'd. Worſe than death is ne
Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She ſees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had ſhe breath'd her laſt
Ere the dire ſentence on her father paſt!

And wear thy conquer'd ſorrows into joy.
Now ſhe revolves within her anxious mind
What wo ſtill lingers in reſerve behind.
Griefs riſe on griefs and ſhe can ſee no bound,
While nature laſts, and can receive a wound.
The ſword is drawn; the Queen to rage inclin'd
By mercy nor by piety confin'd.
What mercy can the zealot's heart aſſuage,
Whoſe piety itſelf converts to rage?
She thought, and ſigh'd: and now the blood be
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan:
New ſorrow dimm'd the luſtre of her eye,
And on her *cheek the fading* roſes di

Alas! should Guilford too—When now she 's brought
To that dire view, that precipice of thought,
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, 'till Heav'n's decrees are known.
Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears—
But not to cheer her heart, and dry her tears!
Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
To chase the shadows and the damps away,
But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold despair;
Slow like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pace;
A dying paleness sat upon his face.
Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confest;
Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.
Thus the fair lily, when the sky 's o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast;
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend,
'Till broke, at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

End of Book First.

HE FORCE OF RELIG ON:
OR, VANQUISH'D LOV .

BOOK II.

ic pietatis honos? ſic nos in ſceptra reponis? VIRG.

Guilford claſps her
with a kiſs recalls he
apers thus, which b
ghted taper, touch'd,
rear'd her ſwimming ht,
Guilford, too, or ſhe ne ught.
father's death ſhe bo r own,
now ſhe muſt, ſhe will, ha to groan.
h! Gulford!" ſhe began, and would have ſpoke,
ſobs ruſh'd in, and ev'ry accent broke:
ſon itſelf, as guſts of paſſion blew,
ruffled in the tempeſt, and withdrew.
o the youth loſt his image in the well,
en tears upon the yielding ſurface fell;
ſcatter'd features ſlid into decay,
ſpreading circles drove his face away.
'o touch the ſoft affections, and control
manly temper of the braveſt ſoul,
at with afflicted beauty can compare,
l drops *of love diſtilling* from the fair?

It melts us down: our pains delight beſtow,
And we with fondneſs languiſh o'er our wo.
This Guilford prov'd; and, with exceſs of pain,
And pleaſure too, did to his boſom ſtrain
The weeping fair; ſunk deep in ſoft deſire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire;
Then tore himſelf away; and, ſtanding wide,
As fearing a relapſe of fondneſs, cry'd,
With ill diſſembled grief, "My Life! forbear;
"You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear:
"Did you not chide my grief? repreſs your own,
"Nor want compaſſion for yourſelf alone.
"Have you beheld how, from the diſtant main,
"The throaging waves roll on, a num'rous train,
"And foam, and bellow, till they reach the ſhore,
"There burſt their noiſy pride, and are no more?
"Thus the ſucceſſive flows of human race,
"Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chaſe;
"They ſound and ſwell, their haughty heads they rear
"Then fall, and flatten, break, and diſappear.
"Life is a forfeit we muſt ſhortly pay,
"And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
"Why ſhould you mourn my fate? 'tis moſt unkind
"Your own you bore with an unſhaken mind:
"And which, can you imagine, was the dart
"That drank moſt blood, ſunk deepeſt in my heart
"I cannot live without you; and my doom
"*I meet with joy, to ſhare one* common tomb.—

" And are again your tears profuſely ſpilt ?
" Oh! then, my kindneſs blackens to my guilt;
" It foils itſelf if it recall your pain :—
" Life of my life! I beg you to refrain:
" The load which Fate impoſes you increaſe,
" And help Maria to deſtroy my peace."

But, oh! againſt himſelf his labour turn'd;
The more he comforted the more ſhe mourn'd.
Compaſſion ſwells our grief: words ſoft and kind
But ſooth our weakneſs, and diſſolve the mind.
Her ſorrow flow'd in ſtreams; nor her's alone;
While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the ſmiles ſhe wore, when ſhe, ſo late,
Hail'd him great partner of the regal ſtate;
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,

In this ſad ſcene the lovers are confin'd,
A ſcene of terrours to a guilty mind!
A ſcene that would have damp'd with chilling cares,
And quite extinguiſh'd ev'ry love but theirs.
What can thy do? they fix their mournful eyes—
Then Guilford thus abruptly; "I deſpiſe
"An empire loſt; I fling away the crown;
"Numbers have laid that bright delufion down;
"But where 's the Charles, or Diocletian whare,
"Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair!
"Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to ſtand
"In full poſſeſſion of thy ſnowy hand!
"And, thro' th' unclouded cryſtal of thy eye,
"The heav'nly treaſures of thy mind to ſpy!
"Till rapture reaſon happily deſtroys,
"And my ſoul wanders thro' immortal joys!
"Give me the world, and aſk me where 's my blif
"I claſp thee to my breaſt, and anſwer, This.
"And ſhall the grave"—He groans, and can no mor
But all her charms in ſilence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought,
And, wond'ring, ſees, in ſad preſaging thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty, fall,
And roll along the duſt, a ghaſtly ball!

Oh! let thoſe tremble who are greatly bleſs'd!
For who but Guilford could be thus diſtreſs'd?
Come hither, all you Happy! all you Great!
From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of ſtate;

easures to deſtroy,
lt, your joy:
, fix your ardent care
e brave or fair.
rnful, moving, ſight?
dim, trembling, light:
d, mix'd with bitter wo,
es, one ſtream they flow:
x'd in benumbing care,
of deſpair:
nd fiercely kind,
y fling their cares behind,
; new vows repeat,
n love, forget their fate.
e raging pain
hearts muſt bleed again.
n new cruelty decreed;
r ſhould only bleed,
ith inſidious art,
uffolk's heart;
hanging on the breaſt,
was with Rome poſſeſs'd.
's of Death draw nigh,
ſhe firſt muſt die,
ong had watch'd to find
ſſes of her mind,
ieve not; 't is in your pow'r
om this fatal hour."

Her bosom pants; she draws her breath with pain;
A sudden horrour thrills thro' ev'ry vein;
Life seems suspended, on his words intent,
And her soul trembles for the great event.
The priest proceeds: "Embrace the faith of Rome,
"Andwardyourown,yourlord's,andfather's,doom."
Ye blessed Spirits! now your charge sustain;
The past was ease; now first she suffers pain.
Must she pronounce her father's death? must she
Bid Guilford bleed?—It must not, cannot, be.
It cannot be! but 't is the Christian's praise,
Above impossibilities to raise
The weakness of our nature, and deride
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
What tho' our feeble sinews scarce impart
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;
Tho' tainted air our vig'rous youth can break,
And a chill blast the hardy warriour shake?
Yet are we strong: hear the loud tempest roar
From east to west, and call us weak no more:
The lightning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might, and thunders raise our humble na
'Tis our Jehovah fills the heav'ns; as long
As he shall reign Almighty we are strong:
We, by devotion, borrow from his throne,
And almost make Omnipotence our own.
We force the gates of heav'n by fervent pra
And call forth triumph out of man's despai

her eyes,
skies,
the day,
clouds away,
own,
her own,
terms—"
(barb'rous man!
ning run,
ous sorrow fraught,
thought:
of tears,
is fears,
breast,
xpress;
st converse rove,
m'd with love!
er last,
t!
ame and fear,
ou hast held so dear:
arms, and swore
uld give no more;
t pow'r,
present hour:
l sword
thless lord;

" Tranfix his heart (ſince you its love diſclaim)
" And ſtain his honour with a traitor's name.
" This might perhaps be borne without remorſe,
" But ſure a father's pangs will have their force!
" Shall his good age, ſo near its journey's end,
" Thro' cruel torment to the grave deſcend?
" His ſhallow blood all iſſue at a wound,
" Waſh a ſlave's feet, and ſmoke upon the groun
" But he to you has ever been ſevere;
" Then take your vengeance"—Suffolk now d
Bending beneath the burden of his care, [near
His robe neglected, and his head was bare:
Decrepit Winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus ſlowly creeps to meet the blooming Spring
Downward he caſt a melancholy look,
Thrice turn'd to hide his grief, then faintly ſpok
" Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
" That axe can only robe me of a day:
" For thee, my ſoul's deſire! I cann't refrain;
" And ſhall my tears, my laſt tears, flow in vain
" When you ſhall know a mother's tender name,
" My heart's diſtreſs no longer will you blame.'
At this, afar his burſting groans were heard;
The tears ran trickling down his ſilver beard:
He ſnatch'd her hand, which to his lips he preſs'
And bid her plant a dagger in his breaſt;
Then, ſinking, call'd her piety unjuſt,
And foil'd his hoary temples in the duſt.

Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the Queen brib'd you to diſtreſs her foe?
O weak deſerters to Misfortune's part,
By falſe affection thus to pierce her heart!
When ſhe had foar'd, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle ſky.
And can her virtue, ſpringing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and diſdain the wound,
When cleaving love, and human int'reſt, bind
The broken force of her aſpiring mind!
As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her ſtrength, the ſerpent wreaths his train,
Her ſtruggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous tail, and ſtings her as ſhe flies.
While yet the blow's firſt dreadful weight ſhe feels,
And with its force her reſolution reels,
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful ſound,
To view diſcover, welt'ring on the ground,
Three headleſs trunks of thoſe whoſe arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd:
The lifted axe aſſur'd her ready doom,
And ſilent mourners ſadden'd all the room,
Shall I proceed, or here break off my tale,
Nor truths to ſtagger human faith reveal?
She met this utmoſt malice of her fate
With Chriſtian dignity and pious ſtate;
The beating ſtorm's propitious rage ſhe bleſs'd,
And all the *martyr triumph*'d in her breaſt.

Her lord and father, for a moment's ſpace,
She ſtrictly folded in her ſoft embrace!
Then thus ſhe ſpoke, while angels heard on high
And ſudden gladneſs ſmil'd along the ſky.

" Your over-fondneſs has not mov'd my hate
" I am well pleas'd you make my death ſo great
" I joy I cannot ſave you; and have giv'n
" Two lives much dearer than my own to Heav
" If ſo the Queen decrees *.—But I have cauſe
" To hope my blood will ſatisfy the laws;
" And there is mercy ſtill for you in ſtore:
" With me the bitterneſs of Death is o'er;
" He ſhot his ſting in that farewell embrace,
" And all that is to come is joy and peace.
" Then let miſtaken ſorrow be ſuppreſt,
" Nor ſeem to envy my approaching reſt."
Then, turning to the miniſters of Fate,
She, ſmiling, ſays, " My victory 's complete;
" And tell your Queen I thank her for the blow
" And grieve my gratitude I cannot ſhow.
" A poor return I leave in England's crown,
" For everlaſting pleaſure and renown:
" Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
" Her guilt,—the only vengeance in her pow'r.
Not Rome, untouch'd with ſorrow, heard her
And fierce Maria pity'd her too late.

* Here ſhe embraces them.

End of Book Second.

LOVE OF FAME,

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

In seven characteristical

SATIRES.

.....Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosos. HOR.

PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters, though some persons may be so selfish as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him to his superiours, and the possible good effect they may have on the publick, or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible that satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others. It is much to be feared that misconduct will never be abused

out of the world by satire; all therefore that is to be said for it is, that misconduct will certainly be never chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written. Nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions; ethicks, Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are in a great measure a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too: nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: so that I hope these Satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. Nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that t relate is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, o angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassi must be moved: for the general conduct of mankind no means a thing indifferent to a reasonable and wir man. Now, to smile at it, and turn it into ridic think most eligible, as it hurts ourselves least, and vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for th son, because, what men aim at by them is gener blick opinion and esteem; which truth is the subj following Satires; and joins them together, a branches from the same root: an unity of des has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attemp

at the misconduct of the world will, in a great re, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. passion is more effectually driven out by another than y reason, whatever some may teach; for to reason we owe our passions. Had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss: and the cause seems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

Moreover, laughing satire bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor; and when an author is in a passion, the laugh generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the best master: he appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion: he has but little valuable but his eloquence and morality; the last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the Sixth Satire, (where the occasion most required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner, but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success, but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critick of our own commends Boileau's

The last of which can never, [illegible]
without the former. An author without it betrays
great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself
which are bad advocates for reputation and success. Wh
a difference is there between the merit, if not the wi
of Cervantes and Rabelais? the last has a particular
of throwing a great deal of genius and learning
frolick and jest, but the genius and the scholar is all
can admire: you want the gentleman to converse wit
him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for
services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indi
offends our pride as men, and our unaffected to
judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed u
an aversion to it, and he that succeeds in spite o
*aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior.**

Such wits, like false oracles of old, (which were w
cheats) should set up for reputation among the
some Beotia, which was the land of oracles, for
will hold them in contempt. Some wits, too, lik
deal in ambiguities, but not with equal success; f
ambiguities are the first excellence of an impr
are the last of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humorists, like their fath

* Val. Max.

bing indiſcriminately, which betrays ſuch
t as cannot afford to part with any thing,
t of virtue as to poſtpone it to a jeſt. Such
ge vice and folly, which they pretend to
ing them on an equal foot with better
hile they labour to bring every thing into
can they expect their own parts ſhould
French writers, particularly, are guilty
rs of the laſt conſequence, and ſome of our
are for leſſening the true dignity of man-
re of being ſucceſsful, but with regard to
n it. It is this conduct that juſtly makes
reproach.

ind of Plato's fable of the birth of Love,
eſt fables of all Antiquity; which will
th regard to modern poetry. "Love (ſays
the goddeſs Poverty and the god of Riches:
father his daring genius, his elevation
building caſtles in the air, his predi-
ect of things ſerious and uſeful, his vain
wn merit, and his affectation of profe-
ſion: from his mother he inherits his in-
makes him a conſtant beggar of favours,
y with which he begs, his flattery, his
ar of being deſpiſed, which is inſeparable
's addition may be made, viz. that Poetry,
little ſubject to blindneſs, which makes

However, this is not neceſſity, b
her governeſs, ſhe might have
than the mother, eſpecially in ſ
ſhews a due paſſion for her cha

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

——Tanto major famæ ſitis eſt, quam Virtutis. JUV. Sat. 1

My verſe is Satire; Dorſet! lend your ear,
And patroniſe a Muſe you cannot fear,
To poets ſacred is a Dorſet's name,
Their wonted paſſport thro' the gates of Fame:
It bribes the partial reader into praiſe,
And throws a glory round the ſhelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can ſee,
And gives applauſe to B——e, or to me,
But you decline the miſtreſs we purſue;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.
Inſtructive Satire! true to Virtue's cauſe!
Thou ſhining ſupplement of publick laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our ſilence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each diſtant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's ſkilful hand;
When the Law ſhews her teeth but dares not bite,
And South-ſea treaſures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Claſſicks quit,
Polite apoſtates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue ſpent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;

When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyrick reign, and censure cease? 26
Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Ethiop white?
Set up each senseless wretch for Nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as trophies on a post? 3
Shall fun'ral Eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing—but their praise?
Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful tra
Nor hears that virtue which he loves complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly wo
Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!
Ye Gods! he will not write, and Mævius will
Doubly distress'd, what author shall we fin
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
The courtly Roman's * shining path to tread
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?
Will no superiour genius snatch the quill,
And save me on the brink from writing ill?
Tho' vain the strife, I 'll strive my voice to
What will not men attempt for sacred prai

* Horace.

[illegible]e'er conceal'd by art,
[illegible]glows in ev'ry heart:
[illegible]ills on toils endure;
[illegible]to make it ſure.
[illegible]no won thrones it ſwells,
[illegible]t lamp in college cells:
[illegible]ets, prays, preaches, pleads,
[illegible]queaks in maſquerades:
[illegible]our makes a bold pretence,
[illegible]y's eloquence:
, the writer's head,
th mountains of the dead;
nods in fable plumes,
flatters on our tombe.
he pimp is proud to ſee
high degree:
beauties are the dread
e marriage-bed;
, like crown'd victims borne
his gilded horn.
roud humbly to repent,
ore guilty than they went:
ther way they ſteer,
ould have mortals hear;
y ſet ſincerely down,
religion has been one.
yes on glory look
ir picture tow'rds a book.

Or pompous title, like a gaudy ſign,
Meant to betray dull ſots to wretched wine.
If at his title T—— had dropp'd his quill,
T—— might have paſs'd for a great genius ſtill.
But T—— alas! (excuſe him, if you can)
Is now a ſcribbler, who was once a man.
Imperious, ſome a claſſick fame demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A wagon-load of meanings for one word,
While A.'s depos'd, and B with pomp reſtor'd.
Some, for renown, on ſcraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both ſtrive to make our poverty our pride.
On glaſs how witty is a noble peer?
Did ever di'mond coſt a man ſo dear?
Polite diſeaſes make ſome idiots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, diſeaſe, men proud we ſee;
And (ſtranger ſtill!) of blockheads' flattery,
Who praiſe defames; as if a fool ſhould mean,
By ſpitting on your face to make it clean.
Nor is't enough all hearts are ſwoln with Prid
Her pow'r is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can ſhe not perform? the love of Fame
Made bold Alphonſus his Creator blame;
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning ſteep;
And (ſtronger ſtill!) made Alexander weep:

Nay, it holds Delia from a ſecond bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.
This paſſion with a pimple have I ſeen
Retard a cauſe, and give a judge the ſpleen.
By this inſpir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to ſpell, and ſome to knot.
It makes Globoſe a ſpeaker in the Houſe;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouſe:
It makes dear ſelf on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the little hero of each tale.
Sick with the Love of Fame, what throngs pour in
Unpeople court, and leave the ſenate thin?
My growing ſubject ſeems but juſt begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great Homer! with thy epick rules,

If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in Fame's glorious chase
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.
Let high birth triumph! what can be more great
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title lies.
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.
Dorset! let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee in worth hereditary shine.
Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must o
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone
Mean sons of Earth, who, on a South-sea tid
Of full success, swam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame th
Those governments which curb not evils
And a rich a knave's a libel on our laws.
Belus with solid glory will be crown'd
He buys no phantom, no vain empty so

ſelf a name; and, to be great,
y an immenſe eſtate!
deur C——dos he 'll outdo;
on, thy taſte is not ſo true.
'd, ev'ry toil is paſt,
on is arriv'd at laſt;
ord to ſome ſmall corner runs,
ooms to ſtrangers and to duns.
uilds, and wants wherewith to pay,
om which to run away.
many a lordly ſeat,
ull for an eſtate?
ſs lies Pygmalion's fame;
que ſtatues, are his flame:
more Parian charms has known,
ke more in love with ſtone.
ide men, profanely bold!)
Venus into gold.
"I 'll ſooner rot in jail:
truck'd for Engliſh bail?"
their very buſtos laugh:
ut Cleopatra 's * ſafe.
h a large eſtate,
in a nice conceit:
but, oh! 't is ſad
hen we ſwear you 're mad.

us ſtatue.

By your revenue measure your expense,
And to your funds and acres join your sense.
No man is bless'd by accident or guess;
True wisdom is the price of happiness;
Yet few without long discipline are sage,
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.
But how, my Muse! canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? the court affords
Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just out, and one as lately in.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of pride?"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight;
Some lords it bids resign, and turn their wands
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown, and boast,
With pride inverted, of their honours lost:
But against reason sure 't is equal sin
To boast of merely being out or in.

What numbers here, thro' odd ambition, strive
To seem the most transported things alive?

understood,
were wise and good.
mean a visage gay,
frequent the ball and play.
by Monteuil * and gamace,
birthday suit, and publick face:
only part of what they wear,
with Lady B—'s hair.
is half so bad?
are they labour to be glad.
here would into fame advance,
in the coxcomb's dance?
assembly! mask! and play!
of the tedious day?
fop! that saunter of the Town!
and the pill goes down.
and, Stoick-like, support,
the pleasure of a court:
nothing to the wise and good:
and love of solitude.
but not bliss, create:
great unhappy but the great:
envy; envy darts a sting,
a swain as wretched as a king.
their pageantry and show;
gilding of their wo.

* A famous tailor.

Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind ſerene
And guiltleſs heart, to range the ſylvan ſcen
No ſplendid poverty, no ſmiling care,
No wellbred hate, or ſervile grandeur there;
There pleaſing objects uſeful thoughts ſugge
The ſenſe is raviſh'd, and the ſoul is bleſs'd;
On ev'ry thorn delightful wiſdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a ſweet inſtruction flows:
But ſome, untaught, o'erhear the whiſp'ring
In ſpite of ſacred leiſure blockheads ſtill:
Nor ſhoots up Folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native ſoil, the drawingroom.
The ſquire is proud to ſee his courſers ſtrai
Or well-breath'd beagles ſweep along the pla
Say, dear Hippolitus! (whoſe drink is ale,
Whoſe erudition is a Chriſtmas-tale,
Whoſe miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the ba
When thy ſleek gelding nimbly leaps the mo
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praiſe? let Ringwood's fame alone
Juſt Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipſy you commit,
And ſhake the clumſy bench with country wi
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid
And then aſk pardon for the jeſt you made.
Here breathe, my Muſe! and then thy taſk
Ten thouſand fools unſung are ſtill in view.

[illegible] made by church-debates,
[illegible] fam'd for large estates,
[illegible] constant as the wind,
[illegible] a guinea to mankind;
[illegible]ords to Scr—pe discreetly bend,
[illegible] statesman gives his friend.
[illegible] an eternal vein,
[illegible] Town in winter with his strain,
[illegible] mater, chants the mingling lass,
[illegible] whistles as the waters pass?
[illegible] like Delia's o'er her cup,
[illegible] without winding up?
[illegible] his tenth epick mounts to fame?
[illegible] only, might exhaust my theme;
[illegible]ese heroes of the task be glad,
[illegible]rite so fast as men run mad?

End of Satire First.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE II.

My Muſe! proceed, and reach thy deſtin'd end,
Tho' toil and danger the bold taſk attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain ſatire calls for ſenſe in ev'ry line.
Then to what ſwarms thy faults I dare expoſe?
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes.
When ſuch the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis moſt illnature to repreſs thy rage;
And if theſe ſtrains ſome nobler Muſe excite,
I'll glory in the verſe I did not write.
So weak are humankind by Nature made,
Or to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zeſt of pleaſure, and their balm of wo.
Thou, like the ſun, all colours doſt contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain:
For ev'ry ſoul finds reaſons to be proud,
Tho' hiſs'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in purſuit of foxes and renown
Hippolitus demands the ſylvan crown, *;
But Florio's fame, the product of a ſhow'r,
Grows in his garden, an illuſtrious flow'r!

* This refers to the Firſt Satire.

Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal ſkies?
Why ſhines the ſun? to make Paul Diack* riſe.
From morn to night has Florio gazing ſtood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be ſo good;
What ſhape? what hue? was ever nymph ſo fair?
He dotes! he dies! he, too, is rooted there.
O ſolid bliſs! which nothing can deſtroy,
Except a cat, bird, ſnail, or idle boy.
In Fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a moſt inglorious wight;
The tulip 's dead! See thy fair ſiſter's fate,
O C—! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
Nor are thoſe enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O Floriſt! thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame,
A Quaker ſerv'd him, Adam was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft' the maſter went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture ſpent;
But came, and miſt it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What demon cropt my flow'r!"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 't was cruſh'd by me;
"Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dſt thy knee."
But all men want amuſement, and what crime
In ſuch a paradiſe to fool their time?
None; but why proud of this? to fame they ſoar;
We grant they 're idle, if they 'll aſk no more.
We ſmile at floriſts, we deſpiſe their joy,
And *think their hearts* enamour'd of a toy;

* The name of a tulip.

But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What 's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
Another Florio doting on a flow'r;
A short-liv'd flow'r, and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.
With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The flow'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard,
And T—n, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.
If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study 's the specious trifling of the mind,
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game.
If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.
On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He sells his last, for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house; nay, wants whereon to lie:

gh the gen'rous ardour of the man
Romans, Greeks, and Orientals, ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lorenzo sign'd the bargain——with his mark.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' liveries alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;
And to this coast another must succeed,
To pay a sage who says that he can read;
Who titles knows, and indexes has seen,
But leaves to —— what lies between;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expense,
And humbly is contented with their sense.

O——! whose accomplishments make good
The promise of a long-illustrious blood,
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The strictest honour! and the finest taste!
Accept this verse, if satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity.

By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulence may cool,
For tho' he is a *wit he is no fool.*

In time he 'll learn to uſe, not waſte, his ſenſe,
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
He ſpares nor friend nor foe, but calls to mind,
Like Doomſday, all the faults of all mankind.
What tho' wit tickles, tickling is unſafe,
If ſtill 't is painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being ſmart,
Would leave a ſting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, goodnature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as ſeldom as your ſword,
And never on the weak, or you 'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So wit is by politeneſs ſharpeſt ſet:
Their want of edge from their offence is ſeen;
Both pain us leaſt when exquiſitely keen.
The ſame men give is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jeſter when the joke 's unkind.
Since Marcus, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a wit,
To pay my compliment what place ſo fit?
His moſt facetious Letters* came to hand,
Which my Firſt Satire ſweetly reprimand:
If that a juſt offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus! which art thou, a fool or knave?
For all but ſuch with caution I forbore;
That thou waſt either I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both what thou art and who;
No maſk ſo good but Marcus muſt ſhine thro'.

* Letters ſent to the Author, ſigned Marcus.

False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy best concealment had been writing well:
But thou a brave neglect of fame hast shown,
Of others' fame, great Genius! and thy own.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
The man who pardons disappoints his foe.

In malice to proud wits some proudly lull
Their peevish reason, vain of being dull:
When some home joke has stung their solemn souls,
In vengeance they determine—to be fools;
Thro' spleen, that little Nature gave make less,
Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness;
To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
And disinherit sons that are awake.
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—"He's a wit."
Poor negroes thus, to shew their burning spite
To cacodemons, say they're dev'lish white.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
Sigh's o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
How just his grief? one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead,
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a justice of the peace.
The dunghill-breed of men a di'mond scorn,
And feel a passion for a grain of corn;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins *their hearts* by knowing black from white.

Who with much pains, exerting all his ſenſe,
Can range aright his ſhillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby ſon,
And by Heav'n's bleſſing thinks himſelf undone.
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea,
One learns to liſp, another not to ſee:
Miſs D—, tottering, catches at your hand;
Was ever thing ſo pretty born to ſtand?
Whilſt theſe what Nature gave diſown, thro' pride,
Others effect what Nature has deny'd:
What Nature has deny'd fools will purſue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.
Craſſus, a grateful ſage, our awe and ſport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the ſage ſupport:
He hems, and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagirite to prove it true,
And adds, "The learn'd delight in ſomething new."
Is't not enough the blockhead ſcarce can read,
But muſt he wiſely look, and gravely plead?
As far a formaliſt from wiſdom ſits,
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.
Theſe ſubtle wights (ſo blind are mortal men,
Tho' Satire couch them with her keeneſt pen)
For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,
To put off nonſenſe with a better grace;
As pedlars with ſome hero's head make bold,
Illuſtrious mark! where pins are to be ſold.

's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
ly's wiſdom to conceal the mind.
of ſenſe can artifice diſdain,
of wealth may venture to go plain;
this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
ty's a cover for a ſot.
e fool when I behold the ſkreen,
the wiſe man's intereſt to be ſeen.
e, ——, that openneſs of heart,
t diſdain for that poor mimick art;
manly praiſe!) that manner, nobly free,
all admire, and I commend, in thee.
generous ſcorn how oft' haſt thou ſurvey'd
t and town the noontide maſquerade,
ſwarms of knaves the vizor quite diſgrace,
le ſecure behind a maked face?
Nature's end of language is declin'd,
n talk only to conceal the mind;
gen'rous hearts the greateſt hazard run,
who truſts a brother is undone?
e all their care expend on outward ſhow
lth and fame; for fame alone the beau.
at White's was young Florello ſeen,
ank his look? how diſcompos'd his mien?
it proves in grief ſincere to feign!
ere his ſpirits, for his coat was plain.
day his breaſt regain'd its wonted peace;
lth *was mended* with a ſilver lace.

A curious artiſt, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler ſort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by ſome god inſpir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty ſoul was fir'd.
The well-ſwoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either ſhoulder has its ſhare of fame;
His ſumptuous watcheaſe, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good conſcience, ſolid joy ſupplies.
He only thinks himſelf (ſo far from vain!)
St—pe in wit, in breeding D—l—ne.
Whene'er, by ſeeming chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
With how ſublime a tranſport leaps his heart?
But Fate ordains that deareſt friends muſt part.
In active meaſures, brought from France, he wheels,
And triumphs, conſcious of his learned heels.
So have I ſeen, on ſome bright ſummer's day,
A calf of genius, debonair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inſpir'd by Fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the ſtream.
Moroſe is ſunk with ſhame whene'er ſurpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undiſguis'd:
No ſublunary chance his veſtments fear,
Valu'd, like leopards, as their ſpots appear.
A ſam'd ſurtout he wears, which once was blue,
And his foot ſwims in a capacious ſhoe:
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barb'rous needle at his fame;

n force was vain; by night ſhe went,
hile he ſlept, ſurpris'd the darling rent:
yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt,
glory at one entrance, quite ſhut out†." 250
orns Florello, and Florello him;
tes the filthy creature, that the prim:
a each other, both theſe fools deſpiſe
wn dear ſelves, with undiſcerning eyes;
ethods various, but alike their aim; 255
ven and the fopling are the ſame.
Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
party-rage too warmly you purſue;
oth club nonſenſe, and impetuous pride
ly joins whom ſentiments divide. 260
nt your ſpleen, as monkeys, when they paſs,
at the mimick monkey in the glaſs,
oth are one; and henceforth be it known,
both ſides ſhall ſtand for fools alone.
t who art thou?" methinks Florello cries;
thy ſpecies art thou only wiſe?" 266
malleſt things can give our ſins a twich,
ing ſtraws retard a paſſing witch,
! thou my monitor ſhalt be,
ure thus ſome profit out of thee. 270
myſelf! abroad our counſels roam,
ke ill huſbands, take no care at home:

† Milton.

Thou, too, art wounded with the common dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wife means to gain it haft thou chofe?
Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of profe.
Is thy ambition fweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool! at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment 's paft;
I'm nearer death in this verfe than the laft:
What then is to be done? be wife with fpeed:
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what fo fooliſh as the chaſe of fame?
How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
For what are men who graſp at praiſe ſublime,
But bubbles on the rapid ſtream of time,
That riſe, and fall, that ſwell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thouſand in an hour?

End of Satire Second.

SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, Dodington! in debt, I long have fought
To eaſe the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you ſee,
Grant him two favours, and he 'll aſk for three:
For whoſe the preſent glory or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthleſs ſtrain.
You love and feel the poet's ſacred flame,
And know the baſis of a ſolid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the malice of a friend;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But more to raiſe my verſe, conceal your own.
An ill-tim'd modeſty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her learning, and her genius too, decays,
And dark and cold are her declining days;
As if men now were of another caſt,
They meanly live on alms of ages paſt.
Men ſtill are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the ſons of cold Deſpair;
Or if they fail, they juſtly ſtill take place
Of ſuch who run in debt for their diſgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements of their own.

We bring ſome new materials, and what 's old
New caſt with care, and in no borrow'd mould:
Late times the verſe may read, if theſe refuſe,
And from four criticks vindicate the Muſe.
" Your work is long," the criticks cry, "'Tis true,
And lengthens ſtill, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For grow but wiſe, you rob me of my game;
As hunted hags, who, while the dogs purſue,
Renounce their four legs, and ſtart up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feaſt!) the critick's rage,
And with the fell deſtroyer feed my page;
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than thoſe who thunder in the critick's name?
Good authors damn'd have their revenge in this,
To ſee what wretches gain the praiſe they miſs.
Balbutius, muffled in his ſable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens ſolemn, and as boding cries,
"Ten thouſand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye Doctors ſage! who thro' Parnaſſus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practiſe what you preach.
One judges as the weather dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a ſurer gage,
An author's principles or parentage;

Since his great anceſtors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtleſs muſt be written well.
Another judges by the writer's look;
Another judges, for he bought the book:
Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep;
Some judge, becauſe it is too ſoon to ſleep.
Thus all will judge, and with one ſingle aim,
To gain themſelves, not give the writer, fame.
The very beſt ambitiouſly adviſe,
Half to ſerve you, and half to paſs for wiſe.
Criticks on verſe, as ſquibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate:
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink, and die.
Rail on, my Friends! what more my verſe can crown
Than Compton's ſmile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on books their criticiſm waſte;
The genius of a diſh ſome juſtly taſte,
And eat their way to fame. With anxious thought
The ſalmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the ſun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May:
Their various cares in one great point combine
The buſ'neſs of their lives, that is—to dine.
Half of their precious day they give the feaſt,
And to a kind digeſtion ſpare the reſt.
Apicius, here, the taſter of the Town,
Feeds twice *a-week to ſettle their* renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare;
In those choice books their panegyricks read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed.
If man by feeding well commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame:
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords behind their backs.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And H—y's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own.
Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,
When those who bring that incense we despise?

For ſuch the vanity of great and ſmall,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can ev'n ſatire blame them; for, 't is true,
They have moſt ample cauſe for what they do.
O fruitful Britain! doubtleſs thou waſt meant
A nurſe of fools to ſtock the continent.
Tho' Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the ſithe will grow,
The plenteous harveſt calls me forward ſtill,
Till I ſurpaſs in length my lawyer's bill,
A Welch deſcent, which well paid heralds damn,
Or, longer ſtill, a Dutchman's epigram.
When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See Tityrus, with merriment poſſeſt,

To shew the strength and infamy of pride,
By all 't is follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to contemn it too?
Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in Modesty's disguise,
To win applause, and takes it by surprise.
"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate."
You know your answer, He's exact in great.
"My style," says he, "is rude and full of faults,"
"But, oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!"
That he wants algebra he must confess;
"But not a soul to give our arms success."
"Ah! that 's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries;
"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?
"I own 't was wrong, when thousands call'd me bac
"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack;
"All say 't was madness, nor dare I deny:
"Sure never soul so well deserv'd to die."
Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna! could deceive in thee,
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong:
Thou on one sleeve wilt thy revenue wear,
And haunt the court, without a prospect there.
Are these expedients for renown? confess
Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wiſe, Vincenna, and the court forſake;
Our fortunes there nor thou, nor I, ſhall make.
Ev'n men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy ſervice make a long campaign;
Moſt manfully beſiege their patron's gate,
And oft' repuls'd, as oft' attack the great
With painful art, and application warm,
And take at laſt ſome little place by ſtorm,
Enough to keep two ſhoes on Sunday clean,
And ſtarve upon diſcreetly in Sheer-lane.
Already this thy fortune can afford,
Then ſtarve without the favour of my Lord.
'Tis true great fortunes ſome great men confer,
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:
From caprice, not from choice, their favours com

AME.

did temples rais'd,
seen him prais'd;
Roman, shown,
in a tongue unknown.
thy god of vice
les, cards, and dice;
an hundred maids!
midnight masquerades!
exhausted Town denies,
of cuckolds may suffice.
pleas'd with the converted land,
arches at a stand.
minister may never fail,
and has planted still prevail,
ts, a succession sure,
of thy zeal secure.
, Peers, and Ministers of State,
l met, and deep debate!
terprise is taking birth?
pens on th' expecting earth?
loud applause the council rings!
of whores and fiddlestrings!
se truths, thou, Muse! with truths like
d whom 'tis a praise to please: [these
er to be flatter'd, thou,
als, bend an awful brow.
were to common sense
re which gave none offence?

For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.
Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian musick 's sweet, because 't is dear;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear:
Their tastes would lessen if the prices fell,
And Shakespeare's wretched stuff do quite as well:
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And own that English is their mother-tongue.
To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine:
While tradesmen starve, these Philomels are gay;
For gen'rous lords had rather give than pay.
Behold the masquerade's fantastick scene!
The legislature join'd with Drury-lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country—if the dance is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.
Worth of politeness is the needful ground;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis solid bodies only polish well.
Great, chosen Prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways!
Well, H——r, dost thou thy master serve;
Well has he seen his servant should not starve:

Thou to his name haſt ſplendid temples rais'd,
In various forms of worſhip ſeen him prais'd;
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, ſhown,
And ſung ſweet anthems in a tongue unknown.
Inferiour off'rings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in fiddles, cards, and dice;
Thy ſacrifice ſupreme an hundred maids!
That ſolemn rite of midnight maſquerades!
If maids the quite exhauſted Town denies,
An hundred head of cuckolds may ſuffice.
Thou ſmil'ſt, well pleas'd with the converted land,
To ſee the fifty churches at a ſtand.
And that thy miniſter may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted ſtill prevail,
Of minor prophets, a ſucceſſion ſure,
The propagation of thy zeal ſecure.
See Commons, Peers, and Miniſters of State,
In ſolemn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterpriſe is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applauſe the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of whores and fiddleſtrings!
Tho' bold theſe truths, thou, Muſe! with truths like these
Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praiſe to pleaſe:
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like juſt tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common ſenſe
To write a *ſatire which* gave none offence?

And ſince from life I take the draughts you ſee,
If men diſlike them, do they cenſure me?
The fool and knave 't is glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honeſt men pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man ſhall make his fortune in a trice,
If bleſs'd with pliant, tho' but ſlender, ſenſe,
Feign'd modeſty, and real impudence,
A ſupple knee, ſmooth tongue, an eaſy grace,
A curſe within, a ſmile upon his face.
A beauteous ſiſter, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will ſoon defeat,
And lodge you in the boſom of the great.
To merit is but to provide a pain,
From men's refuſing what you ought to gain.
May Dodington! this maxim fail in you,
Whom my preſaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendſhip grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd,
And lending, here, thoſe awful councils aid,
Which you abroad with ſuch ſucceſs obey'd:
Bear this from one who holds your friendſhip dear;
What moſt we wiſh, with eaſe we fancy near.

End of Satire Third.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

Round ſome fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,
And breathes her ſweets on the ſupporting boughs:
So ſweet the verſe, th' ambitious verſe, ſhould be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes ſupport from thee;
Thee, Compton! born o'er ſenates to preſide,
Their dignity to raiſe, their councils guide;
Deep to diſcern, and widely to ſurvey,
And kingdoms' fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of diſtant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's aſſerter, and the people's friend:
Nor doſt thou ſcorn, amid ſublimer views,
To liſten to the labours of the Muſe;
Thy ſmiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
And 'tis but half thy glory to inſpire.
Vex'd at a publick fame, ſo juſtly won,
The jealous Chremes is with ſpleen undone;
Chremes, for airy penſions of renown,
Devotes his ſervice to the ſtate and crown:
All ſchemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves;
Tho' Britain 's thankleſs, ſtill this patriot loves:
But patriots differ; ſome may ſhed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the publick good;
Conſults the ſacred ſtream, and there foreſees
What *ſtorms or ſunſhine* Providence decrees;

Knows for each day the weather of our fate:
A quidnunck is an almanack of ſtate.
You ſmile, and think this ſtateſman void of uſe;
Why may not time his ſecret worth produce?
Since apes can roaſt the choice Caſtanian nut,
Since ſteeds of genius are expert at put,
Since half the ſenate Not Content can ſay,
Geeſe nations ſave, and puppies plots betray.
What makes him model realms and counſel kings?
An incapacity for ſmaller things.
Poor Chremes cann't conduct his own eſtate,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.
Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' ſkill,
And boldly claims a province higher ſtill:
To raiſe a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible and a ſhoulder-knot:
Deep in the ſecret, he looks thro' the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that ſaves his ſoul:
To talk with rev'rence you muſt take good heed,
Nor ſhock his tender reaſon with the creed:
Howe'er wellbred, in publick he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blaſphemies.
Peerage is poiſon; good eſtates are bad
For this diſeaſe; poor rogues run ſeldom mad.
Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,
And falling ſtocks quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the ſun ſhines, Blunt talks with wondrous force;
But thunder mars ſmall beer and weak diſcourſe.

Such uſeful inſtruments the weather ſhow,
Juſt as their Mercury is high or low.
Health chiefly keeps an Atheiſt in the dark.
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logick in his pulſe decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray:
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apoſtate youth who reaſon'd once ſo well.
C——, who makes ſo merry with the creed,
He almoſt thinks he diſbelieves indeed;
But only thinks ſo: to give both their due,
Satan and he believe and tremble too.
Of ſome for glory ſuch the boundleſs rage,
That they 're the blackeſt ſcandal of their age.
Narciſſus the Tartarian club diſclaims;
Nay, a Free-maſon with ſome terrour names;
Omits no duty; nor can Envy ſay
He miſs'd, theſe many years, the church or play:
He makes no noiſe in parliament, 'tis true,
But pays his debts, and viſit, when 't is due:
His character and gloves are ever clean,
And then he can outbow the bowing Dean:
A ſmile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wiſe and worthleſs ſhares.
In gay fatigues, this moſt undaunted chief,
Patient of idleneſs beyond belief,
Moſt charitably lends the Town his face,
For ornament *in ev'ry publick* place:

As ſure as cards he to th' aſſembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawingrooms!
When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two he fails not—to make three.
Narciſſus is the glory of his race,
For who does nothing with a better grace?
To deck my liſt by Nature were deſign'd
Such ſhining expletives of humankind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Senſe to be right, and paſſion to be wrong.
To counterpoiſe this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are ſingular and odd;
What other men diſlike is ſure to pleaſe,
Of all mankind, theſe dear antipodes:
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter ſtill,
And birthdays are their days of dreſſing ill.
Arb—t is a fool, and F——a ſage,
S—ly will fright you. E——engage:
By Nature ſtreams run backward, flame deſcends,
Stones mount, and S——x is the worſt of friends.
They take their reſt by day, and wake by night,
And bluſh if you ſurpriſe them in the right;
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A ſwan is white, or Q——y is fair.
Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in faſhion, but a fool that 's out;
His paſſion for abſurdity 's ſo ſtrong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.

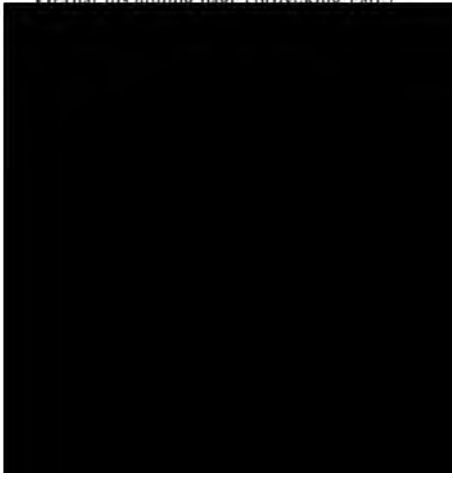
Tho' wrong the mode, comply: more ſenſe is ſhewn
In wearing others' follies than your own.
If what is out of faſhion moſt you prize,
Methinks you ſhould endeavour to be wiſe.
But what in oddneſs can be more ſublime
Than S——, the foremoſt toyman of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich ſhell enhances,
And Aſhmole's baby-houſe is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languiſh! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which Joſeph never wore!
He ſhews, on holidays, a ſacred pin
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Beſs's chin.
"Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
"Since the great plague that ſwept as many more,
"Was ever year unbleſs'd as this?" he 'll cry,
"It has not brought us one new butterfly!"
In times that ſuffer ſuch learn'd men as theſe,
Unhappy I——y! how came you to pleaſe?
Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game,
But in effect his chaſe is much the ſame:
Warm in purſuit, he levées all the great,
Stanch to the foot of title and eſtate:
Where'er their lordſhips go, they never find
Or Lico or their ſhadows lag behind;
He ſets them ſure, where'er their lordſhips run,
Cloſe *at their elbows, as* a morning-dun;

As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,
And fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
But after ſeven years dance from place to place
The Dane† is more familiar with his Grace.
Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer,
Or living pendent dangling at his ear,
For ever whiſp'ring ſecrets which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the Town?
Who'd be a gluſs, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face?
Or happy pin to ſtick upon his ſleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchſafes it leave?
Or cuſhion, when his heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll or thump it for his better eaſe?
Or a vile butt, for noon or night beſpoke,
When the peer raſhly ſwears he'll club his joke?
Who'd ſhake with laughter, tho' he could not find
His lordſhip's jeſt, or, if his noſe broke wind?
For bleſſings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry chimney-ſweep, or drive a plough?
With terms like theſe how mean the tribe that cloſ
Scarce meaner they who terms like theſe impoſe.
But what's the tribe moſt likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors, lie;
The writing tribe, who ſhameleſs auctions hold
Of praiſe, by inch of candle to be ſold;

† A Daniſh dog of the Duke of Argyle.

All men they flatter, but themſelves the moſt,
With deathleſs fame their everlaſting boaſt:
For Fame no cully makes ſo much her jeſt,
As her old conſtant ſpark, the bard profeſt.
" B—le ſhines in council, M———t in the fight,
" P—l—m 's magnificent, but I can write,
" And what to my great ſoul like glory dear?"
Till ſome god whiſpers in his tingling ear,
That fame 's unwholeſome taken without meat,
And life is beſt ſuſtain'd by what is ate:
Grown lean and wife, he curſes what he writ,
And wiſhes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner 's loſt,
That his triumphant name adorns a poſt?
Or that his ſhining page (provoking Fate)



All other trades demand, verſe-makers beg.
A dedication is a wooden leg;
A barren labeo, the true mumper's faſhion,
Expoſes borrow'd brats to move compaſſion.
Tho' ſuch myſelf, vile bards I diſcommend;
Nay more, tho' gentle Damon is my friend.
"Is't then a crime to write?"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear:
For ſome, tho' few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unſeen the labours of the pen:
Who know the Muſe's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her ſupport;
Who ſerve, unaſk'd, the leaſt pretence to wit,
My ſole excuſe, alas! for having writ.
A—le true wit is ſtudious to reſtore,
And D—t ſmiles, if Phœbus ſmil'd before;
P—ke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a Muſe inſpires.
But, ah! not inſpiration can obtain
That fame which poets languiſh for in vain.
How mad their aim who thirſt for glory, ſtrive
To graſp what no man can poſſeſs alive?
Fame's a reverſion in which men take place
(O late reverſion!) at their own deceaſe.
This truth ſagacious Lintot knows ſo well,
He ſtarves his authors, that their works may ſell.
That fame is wealth, fantaſtick poets cry;
That wealth is fame, another clan reply,

Who know no guilt, no ſcandal, but in rags,
And ſwell in juſt proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;
The firſt young lord which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the verieſt hunks in Lombard-ſtreet,
From reſcu'd candles' ends who rais'd a ſum,
And ſtarves to join a penny to a plum.
A beardleſs miſer! 't is a guilt unknown
To former times, a ſcandal all our own.
Of ardent lovers the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
For love, young, noble, rich, Caſtalio dies;
Name but the fair, love ſwells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down,
No rival can prevail,—but half-a-crown.
He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made:
Not ſuch ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:
He'd be a ſlave, a pimp, a dog, for gain;
Nay, a dull ſheriff for his golden chain.
"Who 'd be a ſlave?" the gallant col'nel cries,
While love of glory ſparkles from his eyes:
To deathleſs fame he loudly pleads his right,—
Juſt is his title,—for he will not fight.
All ſoldiers valour, all divines have grace,
As maids of *honour beauty*,—by their place:

But when, indulging on the laſt campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of ſlain,
He gives the foes he ſlew, at each vain word,
A ſweet revenge, and half abſolves his ſword.
Of boaſting more than of a bomb afraid,
A ſoldier ſhould be modeſt as a maid.
Fame is a bubble the reſerv'd enjoy;
Who ſtrive to graſp it, as they touch, deſtroy:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree,
But if you pay yourſelf the world is free.
Were there no tongue to ſpeak them but his own,
Auguſtus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known;
Auguſtus' deeds, if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and miſguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth of whom I ſpeak,
The Roman would not bluſh at the miſtake.

End of Satire Fourth.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost!———— MILTON.

Nor reigns ambition in bold man alone;
Soft female hearts the rude invader own:
But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies and dethroning kings.
Attend, and you discern it in the fair,
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair,
Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye,
Or in full joy elaborate a sigh.

The sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame,
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme;
A theme fair———! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing those is praising thee;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyrick of a grosser kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the publick eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the fated sight:

As unreserv'd and beauteous as the sun,
Thro' ev'ry sign of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortunetellers' caves and lions' dens;
Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, drawingrooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers and funeral, puppetshows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabates, (and, still stranger!) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame,
And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame:
Warm gleams of hope she now dispenses, then,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again:
With all her lustre now her lover warms,
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.
'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.
O how she rolls her charming eyes in spight!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.

Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows,
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,

pſalms and chapters for the day,
opatra, or the laſt new play.
Zara, with a ſolemn grace,
ıkind, and hides behind her face.
neath her in renown is ſhe,
ood-breeding, is ill company;
ers will not let her larum ceaſe;
you are unhappy when at peace;
ews who racks her ſubtle head,
that her great-grandfather is dead.
of words a woman need not fear,
k indeed to learn—to hear:
ill of converſation lies;
r makes you both polite and wiſe.
ries, "Let nymphs who nought can ſay
ilence, and reſign the day;
e guilty wife her guilt confeſs
ehaviour and a ſoft addreſs."
ſhe refuſes to comply
dictates of humanity;
n ſhe refuſes to ſubmit
s rules, and raves to prove her wit;
ıblemiſh'd honour to maintain,
uſband's kindneſs with diſdain:
ance, an ill-adapted word
the lip of her unwary lord,
china, in a whirlwind ſent,
s the lady's diſcontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekeſt dame,
But keen Xantippe, ſcorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play
O'er cooling gruel, and compoſing tea;
Nor reſts by night, but, more ſincere than nice,
She ſhakes the curtains with her kind advice;
Doubly, like Echo, ſound is her delight,
And the laſt word is her eternal right.
Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rift
To laſh our crimes, but muſt our wives be wife
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd th
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong.
What black, what ceaſeleſs, cares beſiege our ſt
What ſtrokes we feel from Fancy and from Fat
If Fate forbears us, Fancy ſtrikes the blow;
We make misfortune; ſuicides in wo.
Superfluous aid! unneceſſary ſkill!
Is Nature backward to torment or kill?
How oft' the noon, how oft' the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with ſolemn knell
On Folly's errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from h
Men drop ſo faſt, ere life's mid ſtage we tread,
Few know ſo many friends alive as dead;
Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chaſe
We preſs coy Fortune with unſlacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the toys we ſeek,
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week.

Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between ſatiety and fierce deſire.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But one; a female friend's endearing ſmile;
A tender ſmile, our ſorrows' only balm,
And in life's tempeſt the ſad ſailor's calm.
How have I ſeen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, perſuaſion in her eye;
Victorious tenderneſs! it all o'ercame,
Huſbands look'd mild, and ſavages grew tame.
The ſylvan race our active nymphs purſue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There Maſter Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair Miſs Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor raſhly tempts the barb'rous ſun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroick breed,
And vault from hunters to the manag'd ſteed;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the ſair.
More than one ſteed muſt Delia's empire feel,
Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying wheel,
And as ſhe guides it thro' th' admiring throng,
With what an air ſhe ſmacks the ſilken thong?
Graceful as John, ſhe moderates the reins,
And whiſtles ſweet her diuretick ſtrains:
Seſoſtris-like, ſuch charioteers as theſe
May drive ſix harneſs'd monarchs if they pleaſe:

They drive, row, run, with love of glory ſmit,
Leap, ſwim, ſhoot flying, and pronounce on wit.
O'er the belle-lettre lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs toſs'd high, on her ſophee ſhe ſits,
Vouchſafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance ſhe 's the final teſt;
One act read o'er, ſhe propheſies the reſt;
And then, pronouncing with deciſive air,
Fully convinces all the Town—ſhe's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecateſſa's face,
How would her elegance of taſte decreaſe!
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius ſparkles from their eyes.
But hold, ſhe cries, Lampooner! have a care;
Muſt I want common ſenſe becauſe I'm fair!
O no: ſee Stella; her eyes ſhine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right:
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She ſeems inſpir'd, and can herſelf inſpire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publiſh, and could ſhe forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to ſenſe,
Nor is't a ſanction for impertinence.
Sempronia lik'd her man, and well ſhe might;
The youth in perſon and in parts was bright;
Poſſeſs'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims juſt empire o'er the female heart:

He met her paſſion, all her ſighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd:
Large his poſſeſſions, and beyond her own,
Their bliſs the theme and envy of the Town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In ſtepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diſeas'd, Threeſcore.
The fatal ſequel I, thro' ſhame forbear.
Of pride and av'rice who can cure the fair!

Man 's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Thoſe few wants anſwer'd bring ſincere delights,
But fools create themſelves new appetites.
Fancy and pride ſeek things at vaſt expenſe,
Which reliſh not to reaſon, nor to ſenſe.
When ſurfeit or unthankfulneſs deſtroys,
In Nature's narrow ſphere, our ſolid joys,
In Fancy's airy land of noiſe and ſhow,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleaſures, grow,
Like cats in airpumps, to ſubſiſt we ſtrive
On joys too thin to keep the ſoul alive.

Lemira 's ſick; make haſte; the doctor call:
He comes: but where 's his patient? at the ball.
The doctor ſtares; her woman curt'ſies low,
And cries, "My lady, Sir, is always ſo:
"Diverſions put her maladies to flight;
"True, ſhe cann't ſtand, but ſhe can dance all night:
"I've known my Lady (for ſhe loves a tune)
"*For fevers take an opera in* June:

" And tho', perhaps, you 'll think the practice bold,
" A midnight Park is fov'reign for a cold:
" With cholicks breakfasts of green fruit agree,
" With indigestions supper juſt at three."
A ſtrange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Muſt women have a doctor or a dance?
Tho' ſick to death, abroad they ſafely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health at home.
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill,
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's bill.

Alas, my Heart! how languiſhingly fair
Yon' lady lolls? with what a tender air?
Pale as a young dramatick author, when
O'er darling lines ſell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has Veny † chid?
Dead is her father, or the maſk forbid?
" Late ſitting up has turn'd her roſes white."
Why went ſhe not to bed? " Becauſe 't was night."
Did ſhe then dance or play? " Nor this nor that."
Well, night ſoon ſteals away in pleaſing chat.
" No, all alone her pray'rs ſhe rather choſe,
" Than be that wretch to ſleep till morning roſe."
Then Lady Cynthia, miſtreſs of the ſhade,
Goes with the faſhionable owls to bed:
This her pride covets, this her health denies;
Her ſoul is ſilly, but her body 's wiſe.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.

† Lapdog.

You, in the morning, a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;
Next day ſhe ſhines in gloſſy black, and then
Revolves into her native red again:
Like a dove's neck ſhe ſhifts her tranſient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But one admirer has the painted laſs,
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glaſs:
Yet Laura 's beautiful to ſuch exceſs,
That all her art ſcarce makes her pleaſe us leſs.
To deck the female cheek he only knows,
Who paints leſs fair the lily and the roſe.

How gay they ſmile? Such bleſſings Nature pours,
O'erſtock'd mankind enjoy but half her ſtores:
In diſtant wilds, by human eyes unſeen,
She rears her flow'rs, and ſpreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely deſert trace,
And waſte their muſick on the ſavage race.
Is Nature then a niggard of her bliſs?
Repine we guiltleſs in a world like this?
But our lewd taſtes her lawful charms refuſe,
And painted Art's deprav'd allurements chuſe.
Such Fulvia's paſſion for the Town: freſh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and ſhady groves, and cryſtal ſprings,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But ſmoke, and duſt, and noiſe, and crowds, delight,
And to *be preſs'd to death* tranſports her quite.

Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes the
Black kennels' absent odours she regrets, [shad
And stops her nose at beds of violets.
Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
Or is the publick to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way,
Thro' briers and brambles in the world we stray;
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choke our passage our career control,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
O sacred Solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid;
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are Innocence and Peac
There from the ways of men laid safe ashor
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, bless'd with health, with bus'ness un
This life we relish, and ensure the next:
There, too, the Muses sport: these numbe
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.
There sport the Muses, but not there
Their sacred force Amelia feels in Town
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit:

Both wits tho' miracles are ſaid to ceaſe,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth ſun a warm diſpute aroſe
On Durfey's poeſy and Bunyan's proſe.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.
Phœbe, tho' ſhe poſſeſſes nothing leſs,
Is proud of being rich in happineſs;
Laboriouſly purſues deluſive toys,
Content with pains, ſince they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted tranſport will ſhe ſay,
"Well, ſure we were ſo happy yeſterday!
"And then that charming party for to-morrow!"
Tho' well ſhe knows t' will languiſh into ſorrow:
But ſhe dares never boaſt the preſent hour;
So groſs that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r:
For ſuch is or our weakneſs or our curſe,
Or rather ſuch our crime, which ſtill is worſe.
The preſent moment, like a wife, we ſhun,
And ne'er enjoy, becauſe it is our own.
Pleaſures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleaſure, like quickſilver, is bright and coy;
We ſtrive to graſp it with our utmoſt ſkill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters ſtill:
If ſeiz'd at laſt, compute your mighty gains;
What is it but rank poiſon in your veins?
As Flavia in her glaſs an angel ſpies,
Pride *whiſpers in her ear* pernicious lies;

Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine.
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears:
She fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd:
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
"What miracle," says Strephon, "makes thee weep?"
"Ah, barb'rous man," she cries, "how could you—
Men love a mistress as they love a feast; [sleep?"
How grateful one to touch, and one to taste?
Yet sure there is a certain time of day
We wish our mistress and our meat away:
But soon the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn:
Eternal love let man, then, never swear;
Let women never triumph nor despair;
Nor praise nor blame, too much, the warm or chill:
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.
There is, indeed, a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind;
But not of that unfashionable set
Is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Damon met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phyllis demands eternal love at least.
Embracing Phyllis with soft-smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies;

[redacted] all, my miſtreſs, and my friend!
[redacted] with, ah! eternity ſhall end?
[redacted] nymphs prefer aſtronomy to love,
[redacted] immortal man, and range above.
[redacted] philoſopher to Rowley flies,
[redacted] in a box, the whole creation lies:
[redacted] the planets in their turns advance,
[redacted] come, Poinier! thy ſublunary dance:
[redacted] gulier ſhe beſpeaks freſh air,
[redacted] hilſon has engagements with the fair.
[redacted] rain experiments Sophronia tries!
[redacted] in airpumps the gay col'nel dies.
[redacted] o' to-day this rage of ſciences reigns,
[redacted] le Sex!) ſoon end her learned pains.
[redacted] g from Jupiter her heart has got,
[redacted] out the ſtars, and Newton is a ſot.
[redacted] —— turn; ſhe never took the height
[redacted] orn, yet is ever in the right:
[redacted] ikes each point with native force of mind,
[redacted] puzzled Learning blunders far behind.
[redacted] ul to fight, and elegant to thought,
[redacted] reat are vanquiſh'd, and the wiſe are taught.
[redacted] eeding finiſh'd, and her temper ſweet,
[redacted] ſerious eaſy, and when gay diſcreet;
[redacted] t'ring ſcenes, o'er her own heart ſincere,
[redacted] wds collected, and in courts ſevere;
[redacted] e and warm, with zeal well underſtood,
[redacted] kes a *noble pride in doing* good;

Yet not ſuperiour to her ſex's cares,
The mode ſhe fixes by the gown ſhe wears:
Of ſilks and china ſhe's the laſt appeal;
In theſe great points ſhe leads the commonweal;
And if diſputes of empire riſe between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkneſs! till ſuſpended Fate
Aſſumes her nod, to cloſe the grand debate.
When ſuch her mind, why will the fair expreſs
Their emulation only in their dreſs?
But, oh! the nymph that mounts above the ſkies,
And, gratis, clears religious myſteries,
Reſolv'd the church's welfare to enſure,
And make her family a ſinecure;
The theme divine at cards ſhe'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at Piquet;
In thoſe licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would theſe be, who thus excel
In theologicks, could they ſew as well!
Yet why ſhould not the fair her text purſue?
Can ſhe more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, ſhe who makes no uſe but chat
Of her religion, ſhould be barr'd in that.
Iſaac, a brother of the canting ſtrain,
When he has knock'd at his own ſkull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.

his pious ſoul exults to find
ove for holy men in womankind?
'd with her learning, with what rapture he
on her bloom, like an induſtrious bee;
round about her, and with all his pow'r
ls ſweet wiſdom from ſo fair a flow'r?
young and gay declining, Appia flies
ler game, the mighty and the wiſe:
ture more an eagle than a dove,
piouſly prefers the world to love.
wealth give happineſs? look round and ſee
gay diſtreſs! what ſplendid miſery!
ver Fortune laviſhly can pour,
ind annihilates, and calls for more.
1 is a cheat; believe not what it ſays;
ny lord it promiſes—and pays.
vill the miſer ſtartle to be told
1 a wonder as inſolvent gold?
Nature wants has an intrinſick weight,
ire is but the faſhion of the plate,
for one moment charms the fickle view;
ms us now, anon we caſt a new,
ie freſh birth of fancy more inclin'd;
ved not acres, but a noble mind.
:aken lovers, who make worth their care,
iink accompliſhments will win the fair;
ir 't is true by genius ſhould be won,
v'rs unfold their beauties to the ſun:

And yet in female ſcales a fop outweighs,
And Wit muſt wear the willow and the bays.
Nought ſhines ſo bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy:
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid,
For him, as yet unhang'd, ſhe ſpreads her charms,
Snatches the dear deſtroyer to her arms,
And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiſs)
The man of merit his revenge in this.
If you reſent, and wiſh a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.

The languid lady next appears in ſtate,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, ſtaggers, till ſome foreign aid
To her own ſtature lifts the feeble maid;
Then, if ordain'd to ſo ſevere a doom,
She, by juſt ſtages, journeys round the room;
But, knowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
To ſcale the Alps—that is, aſcend the ſtairs.
My fan! let others ſay, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! ſcarf! is her laconick ſtyle,
And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That Betty rather ſees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound.

And help! oh, help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce lifts the other to her head;
If there a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away! and is no more.
Let the robuſt, and the gigantick, crave,
Life is not worth ſo much; ſhe 'd rather ſtarve;
But chew ſhe muſt herſelf: ah, cruel fate!
That Roſalinda cann't by proxy eat.
An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind Heav'n!) againſt the poiſon of their eyes.
Thaleſtris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phraſe obſcene.
In fair and open dealing where 's the ſhame?
What Nature dares to give, ſhe dares to name.
This honeſt fellow is ſincere and plain,
And juſtly gives the jealous huſband pain.
(Vain is the taſk to petticoats aſſign'd,
If wanton language ſhews a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath ſupplies the vacancies of ſenſe.
Hark! the ſhrill notes tranſpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to ſwear.
By Jove is faint, and for the ſimple ſwain;
She, on the Chriſtian ſyſtem, is profane:
But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dreſs ſhe 's not a grenadier.
If thunder 's awful, how much more our dread,
When *Jove deputes a lady in his ſtead*?

A lady! pardon my miſtaken pen:
A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of men.
Few to good-breeding make a juſt pretence;
Good-breeding is the bloſſom of good ſenſe;
The laſt reſult of an accompliſh'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns,
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With Chineſe painters modern toaſts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity:
They throw their perſons, with a hoyden air,
Acroſs the room, and toſs into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They for our manners have exchang'd their own.
The modeſt look, the caſtigated grace,
The gentle movement, and ſlow-meaſur'd pace,
For which her lovers dy'd, her parents pray'd,
Are indecorums with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worſe intrude,
Nor conquer Art and Nature to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D—'s ſelf will be polite.
Ye riſing Fair! ye bloom of Britain's iſle!
When high-born Anna, with a ſoften'd ſmile,
Leads on your train, and ſparkles at your head,
What ſeems moſt hard is not to be wellbred:
Her bright example with ſucceſs purſue,
And all but adoration is your due.

[illegible] I give me ſomething more,
[illegible]on the borders of threeſcore.
[illegible]ands ſo ſilent at the foot of Time;
e miſtake our autumn for our prime.
dy wife to know, before we 're told,
unholy news that we grow old.
ıl Lyce carries in her face
Meri to each publick place.
our beating breaſt a miſtreſs warms,
ks thro' ſpectacles to ſee your charms!
val undertakers hover round,
h his ſpade the ſexton marks the ground,
ıt on her own, but others' doom,
s new conqueſts, and defrauds the tomb.
he cock has ſummon'd ſprites away,
ts at noon, and blaſts the bloom of day;
ibow ſilks her mellow charms infold,
ight of Lyce but herſelf is old:
:zled locks aſſume a ſmirking grace,
: has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face:
nge demand no mortal can approve;
k her bleſſing, but cann't aſk her love:
its, indeed, a lady may decline
ies but herſelf) at ninety-nine.
v unlike her was the ſacred age
ent Portia? her gray hairs engage,
houghts are ſuited to her life's decline:
the paint that can make wrinkles ſhine,

That, and that only, can old age ſuſtain,
Which yet all wiſh, nor know they wiſh for pain.
Not num'rous are our joys when life is new,
And yearly ſome are falling of the few;
But when we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace: by Nature ſome decay,
And ſome the blaſts of Fortune ſweep away;
Till naked quite of happineſs, aloud
We call for death, and ſhelter in a ſhroud.
Where's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like bluſhing roſe-buds dipp'd in morning dew?
Who into ſhelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and paſſion toſs it to and fro,
A while torment, and then quite ſink in wo.
Ye beauteous Orphans! ſince in ſilent duſt
Your beſt example lies, my precepts truſt.
Life ſwarms with ills; the boldeſt are afraid;
Where then is ſafety for a tender maid?
Unfit for conflict, round beſet with woes,
And man, whom leaſt ſhe fears, her worſt of foes!
When kind, moſt cruel; when oblig'd the moſt,
The leaſt obliging; and by favours loſt:

[illegible]y for kindneſs hate,
[illegible] thoſe ills themſelves create.
[illegible]our ſex a blot has thrown,
[illegible]hro' malice of your own.
pleaſing your chief glory lies,
pleaſing your chief dangers riſe:
he beſt; and know, for men of ſenſe
t charms are native innocence.
ind, like paint upon the face,
t's worth your love from your embrace.
ners all the ſecret lies;
irtuous, you 'll be bleſs'd and wiſe.
d noiſe intoxicate the brain,
iddineſs, and end in pain.
pty fame and idle praiſe,
ſe wretches I deſcribe betrays.
ry 't is to ſhine unknown;
ſe be fondeſt of your own.
ver of the mind; that thirſt
he age is eminently curs'd:
leaſure but inflames deſire,
ce alone can quench the fire;
m life, and terrour from the tomb,
hand, and promiſe bliſs to come.

End of Satire Fifth.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

Inſcribed to the

RIGHT HON. THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen et tollit commeadis vocem. HOR.

I sought a patroneſs. but ſought in vain;
Apollo whiſper'd in my ear—"Germain."—
I know her not—"Your reaſon 's ſomewhat odd;
"Who knows his patron now?" reply'd the god.
"Men write to me, and to the world unknown,
"Then ſteal great names to ſhield them from the
"Detected worth, like beauty diſarray'd, [Town.
"To covert flies, of praiſe itſelf afraid.
"Should ſhe refuſe to patronize your lays,
"In vengeance write a volume in her praiſe:
"Nor think it hard ſo great a length to run;
"When ſuch the theme, 't will eaſily be done."
Ye Fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human ſtrength:
You here, in miniature, your picture ſee,
Nor hope from Zincks more juſtice than from me:

My portraits grace your mind, as his your ſide;
His portraits will inflame, mine quench, your pride:
He 's dear, you frugal; chuſe my cheaper lay,
And be your reformation all my pay.

Lavinia is polite, but not profane,
To church as conſtant as to Drury-lane:
She decently, in form, pays heav'n its due,
And makes a civil viſit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a ſolemn air,
Conceals her face, which paſſes for a pray'r:
Curt'ſies to curt'ſies, then, with grace ſucceed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed:
Or if ſhe joins the ſervice, 't is to ſpeak;
Thro' dreadful ſilence the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himſelf, and fondly think they pray:
But ſweet their accent, and their air refin'd;
For they 're before their Maker—and mankind.
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himſelf will toll the pariſh bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite wellbred,
Druſa receives her viſitants in bed;
But, chaſte as ice, this Veſta, to defy
The very blackeſt tongue of Calumny,
When from the ſheets her lovely form ſhe lifts,
She begs you juſt would turn you while ſhe ſhifts.

Thoſe charms are greateſt which decline the ſight;
That makes *the banquet poignant* and polite.

There is no woman where there 's no reserve;
And 't is on plenty your poor lovers starve.
But with a modern fair meridian merit
Is a fierce thing they call a nymph of spirit.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe if you dare draw nigh:
"Or if you take a lion by the beard *,
"Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
"Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"
First make your will, and then converse with her.
This lady glories in profuse expense,
And thinks distraction is magnificence.
To beggar her gallant is some delight;
To be more fatal still is exquisite.
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
In duel fell two lovers; one run mad.
Her foes their honest execrations pour;
Her lovers only should detest her more.
Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And gen'rously supports him in his want:
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell no lady so polite can bear.
She 's faithful, she 's observant; and with pains
Her angel-brood of bastards she maintains;
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of guilt, above the marriage-bed,

* Shakespeare.

ſia hates a prude, and ſcorns reſtraint;
er ſhe is, ſhe 'll not appear a ſaint:
l ſuperiour flies formality:
her air, her conduct is ſo free,
ight ſuſpect the nymph not overgood—
uld they be miſtaken if they ſhould.
arry'd Abra puts on formal airs;
hion 's threadbare with her conſtant pray'rs:
ly grief is that ſhe cannot be
engag'd in pray'r and charity.
is, to do her juſtice, muſt be ſaid,
would not think that Abra was a maid?"
e ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
ere 's the man that 's worthy of their bed?
ſeaſe reduce her pride before,
will be raviſh'd at threeſcore:
ie ſubmits to venture in the dark,
thing now is wanting—but her ſpark.
a thanks happineſs conſiſts in ſtate;
ds an idiot; but ſhe eats in plate.
goods of Fortune which her ſoul poſſeſs,
the ground of unmade happineſs;
le material: wiſdom add to this,
, the ſole artificer of bliſs:
n herſelf, if ſo compell'd by need,
content can draw the ſubtle thread;
detraction to her ſacred ſkill)
n work in gold 't is better ſtill.

If Tullia had been bleſs'd with half her ſenſe,
None could too much admire her excellence;
But ſince ſhe can make errour ſhine ſo bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With underſtanding ſhe is quite o'errun,
And by too great accompliſhments undone:
With ſkill ſhe vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever moſt divinely in the wrong.
Naked in nothing ſhould a woman be,
But veil her very wit with modeſty:
Let man diſcover, let not her diſplay,
But yield her charms of mind with ſweet delay
For pleaſure form'd, perverſely ſome believ
To make themſelves important, men muſt gr
Leſbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends the fop ſhe laughs at is ador'd.
In vain ſhe 's proud of ſecret innocence;
The fact ſhe feigns were ſcarce a worſe offen
Mira, endow'd with ev'ry charm to bleſs
Has no deſign but on her huſband's peace:
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mo
At ſmall inquietudes in her he lov'd
"How charming this?"—The pleaſure la
Now ev'ry day the fits come thick and ſtro
At laſt he found the charmer only feign'd
And was diverted when he ſhould be pain
What greater vengeance have the gods in
How tedious life now ſhe can plague no

She tries a thouſand arts, but none ſucceed;
She's forc'd a fever to procure indeed:
Thus ſtrictly prov'd this virtuous, loving wife,
Her huſband's pain was dearer than her life.
Anxious Melania riſes to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Viſit, preſent, treat, flatter, and adore,
Her majeſty to-morrow calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges querulouſly ſhrill.
"You went laſt night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it falſe. "Not go! that's worſt of all."
Nothing can pleaſe her, nothing not inflame,
And arrant contradictions are the ſame.
Her lover muſt be ſad to pleaſe her ſpleen;
His mirth is an inexpiable ſin;
For of all rivals that can pain her breaſt,
There's one that wounds far deeper than the reſt;
To wreck her quiet, the moſt dreadful ſhelf
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himſelf.
And this, becauſe ſhe's exquiſitely fair:
Should I diſpute her beauty, how ſhe'd ſtare?
How would Melania be ſurpris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? and yet the caſe is clear.
What's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all gentle graces ſhine?
They, like the ſun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms, becauſe* the ſoul is ſeen:

Hence men are often captives of a face;
They know not why, of no peculiar grace.
Some forms, thro' bright, no mortal man can be:
Some none refift, tho' not exceeding fair.
Aſpaſia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taſte refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her ſuperiour ſenſe,
But to be teas'd by her own excellence.
"Folks are ſo awkward! things ſo unpolite!"
She 's elegantly pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy 's ſhock'd where'er ſhe goes:
Each creature's imperfections are her woes.
Heav'n by its favour has the fair diſtreſs'd,
And pour'd ſuch bleſſings—that ſhe cann't be bleſt.
Ah! why ſo vain, tho' blooming in thy ſpring,
Thou ſhining, frail, ador'd, and wretched thing?
Old age will come; diſeaſe may come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as threeſcore.
Thy fortune and thy charms may ſoon decay;
But grant theſe fugitives prolong their ſtay,
Their baſis totters, their foundation ſhakes,
Life, that ſupports them, in a moment breaks;
Then wrought into the ſoul let virtue ſhine;
The ground eternal, as the work divine.
Julia 's a manager, ſhe 's born for rule,
And knows her wiſer huſband is a fool;
Aſſemblies holds, and ſpins the ſubtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;

amours can ſmooth the way,
etters dictate or convey;
'd of ſuch important cares,
condeſcends to leſs affairs.
breakfaſt ſhe 'll project a ſcheme,
: tea without a ſtratagem;
trifles with a ſerious face,
y the virtue of grimace
ɔreme among amuſements reign,
ɔrn to ſooth and entertain:
nce in a ſhare of folly lies:
ey be ſo weak as to be wiſe?
for ever in extremes,
vengeance ſhe commends or blames;
her diſcernment, which is good,
ɔo much to make it underſtood.
nt juſt, her ſentence is too ſtrong;
s right, ſhe 's ever in the wrong.
s wife in actions great and rare,
n trifles to beſtow her care;
iour Brunetta is to blame,
ɔccaſion is beneath her aim.
ht a trifle, tho' it ſmall appear;
the mountain, moments make the year,
ife. Your care to trifles give,
die before you truly live.
faſt with Alicea, there you 'll ſee
[illegible] to the laſt degree:

Unlac'd her stays, her nightgown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress is aside:
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace,
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her fa
A nail uneut, and head uncomb'd, she loves,
And would draw on jack-boots as soon as gloves
Gloves by Queen Bess's maidens might be miss'
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.
Lovers! beware, to wound how can she fail,
With scarlet finger and long jetty nail?
For H——y the first wit she cannot be,
Nor, cruel R—— d! the first toast for thee.
Since full each other station of renown,
Who would not be the greatest trapes in Town
Women were made to give our eyes delight:
A female sloven is an odious sight.
Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
That her dear self is her eternal theme:
Thro' hopes of contradiction oft she 'll say,
"Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"
When most the world applauds you, most bewa
'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.
Distrust mankind, with your heart confer,
And dread ev'n there to find a flatterer.
The breath of others raises our renown;
Our own as surely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

But own I muſt, in this perverted age,
Who moſt deſerve cann't always moſt engage.
So far is worth from making glory ſure,
It often hinders what it ſhould procure.
Whom praiſe we moſt? the virtuous, brave, and wiſe?
No; wretches whom in ſecret we deſpiſe.
And who ſo blind as not to ſee the cauſe?
No rivals rais'd by ſuch diſcreet applauſe;
And yet of credit it lays in a ſtore,
By which our ſpleen may wound true worth the more.
Ladies there are who think one crime is all:
Can women then no way but backward fall?
So ſweet is that one crime they do n't purſue,
To pay its loſs they think all others few.
Who hold that crime ſo dear muſt never claim
Of injur'd modeſty the ſacred name.
But Clio thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean task! how much more gen'rous to commend!"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind inſtructer, and example too.
"Daphnis," ſays Clio, "has a charming eye;
"What pity 't is her ſhoulder is awry!
"Aſpaſia's ſhape, indeed—but then her air—
"The man has parts who finds deſtruction there.
"Almeria's wit has ſomething that 's divine,
"And wit 's enough—how few in all things ſhine?
"Selina ſerves her friends, relieves the poor—
"*Who was it ſaid Selina* 's near threeſcore?

" At Lucia's match I from my ſoul rejoice;
" The world congratulates ſo wiſe a choice:
" His lordſhip's rent-roll is exceeding great—
" But mortgages will ſap the beſt eſtate.
" In Sherley's form might cherubims appear,
" But then—ſhe has a freckle on her ear."
Without a but, Hortenſia ſhe commends,
The firſt of women, and the beſt of friends:
Owns her in perſon, wit, fame, virtue, bright:
But how comes this to paſs?—ſhe dy'd laſt night.
Thus nymphs commend, who yet at ſatire rail:
Indeed that 's needleſs, if ſuch praiſe prevail.
And whence ſuch praiſe? our virulence is thrown
On others' fame, thro' fondneſs for our own.
Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns,
For are not coronets akin to crowns?
Her greedy eye, and her ſublime addreſs,
The height of avarice and pride confeſs.
You ſeek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, ſeek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reaſon uncontroll'd,
For ever burns her ſacred thirſt of gold:
As fond of five pence as the verieſt cit,
And quite as much deteſted as a wit.
Can gold calm paſſion, or make reaſon ſhine?
Can we dig peace or wiſdom from the mine?
Wiſdom to gold prefer, for 't is much leſs
To make our fortune than our happineſs.

That happineſs which great ones often ſee,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themſelves unbleſs'd. The poor are only poor;
But what are they who droop amid their ſtore?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of ſtate.
The happy only are the truly great.
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And thoſe beſt ſatisfy'd with cheapeſt things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new ſenſe,
Our envy would be due to large expenſe:
Since not, thoſe pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of Flattery:
They languiſh! oh, ſupport them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taſte;
It ſtrikes our ſenſe, and gives a conſtant feaſt:
More we perceive by dint of thought alone:
The rich muſt labour to poſſeſs their own,
To feel their great abundance, and requeſt
Their humble friends to help them to be bleſt;
To ſee their treaſures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.

But ſome, great ſouls! and touch'd with warmth di-
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to ſhine. [vine,
All hoarded treaſures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well beſtow'd.
Grand reſervoirs of publick happineſs,
Thro' ſecret ſtreams diffuſively they bleſs,

And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our wants, and ſpare our bluſhes too.
But Satire is my taſk, and theſe deſtroy
Her gloomy province and malignant joy.
Help me, ye Miſers! help me to complain,
And blaſt our common enemy, G————n:
But our invectives muſt deſpair ſucceſs,
For next to praiſe ſhe values nothing leſs.
What picture 's yonder looſen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Aſturia! that affected dame.
The brighteſt forms, thro' affectation, fade
To ſtrange new things, which Nature never made.
Frown not, ye Fair! ſo much your ſex we prize,
We hate thoſe arts that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is ſeen
What you, who labour at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learn'd with eaſe,
Retain your gentle ſelves, and you muſt pleaſe.
Here might I ſing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the ſoft machine;
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the Bohea, and inflame the beau;
While one white finger and a thumb conſpire
To lift the cup, and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal ſtream!
As Lethe dreadful to the Love of Fame.
What devaſtations on thy banks are ſeen!
What ſhades of mighty names which once have been!

An hecatomb of character ſupplies
Thy painted altars' daily ſacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aſpers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of fineſt ſugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taſte:
Scandal 's the ſweet'ner of a female feaſt.
But this inhuman triumph ſhall decline,
And thy revolting N[illegible] for wine;
Spirits no longer ſha[illegible] thee,
But reign in thy ow[illegible] d tea!
Citronia's noſe decla[illegible] gh,
And who dares give [illegible] the lie *?
The ladies long at [illegible] exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both nearn and virtue blam'd;
At length, to reſcue man, the gen'rous laſs
Stole from her conſort the pernicious glaſs.
As glorious as the Britiſh queen renown'd,
Who ſuck'd the poiſon from her huſband's wound.
Nor to the glaſs alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But ev'ry bolder vice of bold mankind.
O Juvenal! for thy ſeverer rage!
To laſh the ranker follies of our age.
Are there, among the females of our iſle,
Such faults at which it is a fault to ſmile?
There are: Vice, once by modeſt Nature chain'd,
And legal ties, expatiates unreſtrain'd;

* ——Solem quis dicere falſum
Audeat? Virg.

Without thin Decency held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.
Our matrons lead such examplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for none, but for their wives;
Who marry to be free, to range the more,
And wed one man to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 't is stedfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
What foul eruptions from a look most meek!
What thunders burstling from a dimpled cheek!
Their passions bear it with a lofty hand!
But then their reason is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask what kindred is a spouse to them?
What swarms of am'rous grandmothers I see!
And misses, ancient in iniquity!
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
Such griping av'rice, such profuse expense,
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

...ndays have no balls, the well-dress'd belle
...the pew, but smiles to hear of hell,
...s an eye of sweet disdain on all
...sten less to C—ns than St. Paul.
...s have been but rare: since Nature's birth,
...w, she-Atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
...n of deep researches! say, whence springs
...aring character in tim'rous things?
...tart at feathers, from an insect fly,
...ch for nothing—but the Deity.
...not to wrong the fair, the Muse must own,
...pursuit they court not Fame alone,
...in to that a more substantial view,
...n thinking free, to be free agents too."
...y strive with their own hearts, and keep them
...plaisance to all the fools in Town. [down,
...r they tremble at the name of prude!
...ie with shame at thought of being good!
...hat will Artimis, the rich and gay,
...will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?
...Heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave,
...cowardice most execrably brave.
...our own judgments durst we to comply,
...ue should we live, in glory die.
...hen, my Muse! in honest fury rise;
...dread a satire who defy the skies.
...eists are few: most nymphs a Godhead own,
...othing but his attributes dethrone.

From Atheiſts far, they ſtedfaſtly believe
God is, and is almighty—to forgive.
His other excellence they 'll not diſpute;
But mercy, ſure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleaſures of a ſhort duration chain
A lady's ſoul in everlaſting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms deſtro
For now and then a ſip of tranſient joy?
No, he 's for ever in a ſmiling mood;
He 's like themſelves, or how could he be go
And they blaſpheme who blacker ſchemes ſu
Devoutly thus Jehovah they depoſe,
The pure! the juſt! and ſet up, in his ſtead,
A deity that 's perfectly wellbred.

" Dear T—l—n! be ſure the beſt of men
" Nor thought he more than thought great
" Tho' once upon a time he miſbehav'd,
" Poor Satan! doubtleſs he 'll at length be fav
" Let prieſts do ſomething for their one in te
" It is their trade; ſo far they 're honeſt men
" Let them cant on, ſince they have got the
" And dreſs their notions, like themſelves, in
" Fright us with terrours of a world unknow
" From joys of this, to keep them all their ov
" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed they claim a f
" But then they leave our untith'd virtue free
" *Virtue's a* pretty thing to make a ſhow;
" *Did ever* mortal write like Rochefoucault?

[redacted] the devil's fair apologist,
[redacted]ing, safely enters on his list.
[redacted]gel-forms angelick truths maintain,
[redacted] disjoins the beauteous and profane.
[redacted]t's true beauty but fair Virtue's face?
made visible in outward grace?
[redacted]en that 's haunted with an impious mind,
ore the charms, the more the shocks mankind.
charms decline: the fair long vigils keep:
keep no more! Quadrille * has murder'd Sleep.
K—p! cries Livia; I have not been there
se two nights. the poor creature will despair.
e a crowd—but to do good, you know—
people of condition should bestow."
ac'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run,
et a daughter, and now take a son;
alth, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly,
eggar half their race—thro' charity.
ortal were we, or else mortal quite,
hould blame this criminal delight;
ee the gay assembly's gayest room
n upper story to some tomb,
nks we need not our short beings shun,
hought to fly, contend to be undone.
ed not buy our ruin with our crime,
ive eternity to murder time.

* Shakespeare.

The love of gaming is the worſt of ills;
With ceaſeleſs ſtorms the blacken'd ſoul it fills;
Inveighs at Heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,
Deſtroys the pow'r and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in diſgrace,
And, what is ſtill more dreadful—ſpoils your face.
See yonder ſet of thieves that live on ſpoil,
The ſcandal and the ruin of our iſle!
And ſee, (ſtrange ſight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her ſnowy hand,
That rattles loud a ſmall enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board ſhe knocks:
And as fierce ſtorms, which earth's foundation ſhook,
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke,
From this ſmall cavern a mix'd tempeſt flies,
Fear, rage, convulſion, tears, oaths, blaſphemies!
For men, I mean,—the fair diſcharges none;
She (guiltleſs creature!) ſwears to Heav'n alone.
See her eyes ſtart! cheeks glow! and muſcles ſwell!
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.
Thus that divine one her ſoft nights employs!
Thus tunes her ſoul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The die ſpins lovely, or the cards go round;
Imaginary ruins charm her ſtill:
Her happy lord 's cuckolded by Spadil;

And if she 's brought to bed, 't is ten to one
He marks the forehead of her darling son.
O scene of horrour and of wild despair!
Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?
Why pale distraction thro' the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay son to distant regions sent?
What fiends that daughter's destin'd match prevent?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but last night---my lady play'd.
But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is this, too, owing to the Love of Fame?
Tho' now your hearts on lucre are bestow'd,
'T was first a vain devotion to the mode.
Nor cease we hear, since 't is a vice so strong,
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said, in honour of our times,
That none now stand distinguish'd by their crimes.
In fact you must, take Nature for your guide;
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride.
Yet can apostates from Love's ancient pow'r
Claim nothing ravish but a golden show'r?
Can gold alone your glowing fancy fire?
Must Cupid learn to paint ere he can please?

When you 're enamour'd of a lift or caſt,
What can the preacher more to make us chaſte?
Why muſt ſtrong youths unmarry'd pine away;
They find no woman diſengag'd—from play.
Why pine the marry'd?—O ſovereign fate!
They find from play no diſengag'd—eſtate.
Flavia, at lovers falſe, untouch'd, and hard,
Turns pale and trembles at a cruel card.
Nor Arria's Bible can ſecure her age;
Her threeſcore years are ſhuffling with her page,
While Death ſtands by but till the game is done,
To ſweep that ſtake, in juſtice long his own:
Like old cards ting'd with ſulphur ſhe takes fire,
Or like ſnuffs ſunk in ſockets blazes higher.
Ye Gods! with new delights inſpire the fair,
Or give us ſons, and ſave us from deſpair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, huſbands, tradeſmen, cloſ
In my complaint, and brand your ſins in proſe:
Yet I believe as firmly as my creed,
In ſpite of all our wiſdom, you 'll proceed.
Our pride ſo great, our paſſion is ſo ſtrong,
Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.
I hear you cry, "This fellow 's very odd."
When you chaſtiſe who would not kiſs the rod?
But I 've a charm your anger ſhall control,
And turn your eyes with coldneſs on the vole.

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That burſts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your ſight.

: guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your ſouls with awe?
leeds are precepts, her example law;
ſt empires charms how Carolina's heart
's with the love of virtue and of art!
avour is diffus'd to that degree,
ſs of goodneſs! it has dawn'd on me.
n in my page, to balance num'rous faults,
odlike deeds were ſhown, or gen'rous thoughts,
mil'd, induſtrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
whom my pen the borrow'd luſtre drew.
ius the majeſtick mother of mankind *,
er own charms moſt amiably blind,
ie green margin innocently ſtood,
gaz'd indulgent on the cryſtal flood;
:y'd the ſtranger in the painted wave,
ſmiling, prais'd the beauties which ſhe gave.

* Milton.

End of Satire Sixth.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit ipse, canemus. VIRG.

On this last labour, this my closing strain,
Smile, Walpole! or the Nine inspire in vain:
To thee 't is due: that verse how justly thine,
Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design!
That glory which thy counsels make so bright;
That glory which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To give and take a lustre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
How all mankind will be surpris'd to see
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless,
For Caprice is the daughter of Success,
(A bad effect but from a pleasing cause!)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause,
Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of Peace.

While I ſurvey the bleſſings of our iſle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal ſmile,
Her publick wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce ſpreading ſails in ev'ry ſky,
The pleaſing ſcene recalls my theme agen,
And ſhews the madneſs of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodſhed, draw the murd'ring ſword,
And burn to give mankind a ſingle lord.

The follies paſt are of a private kind;
Their ſphere is ſmall, their miſchief is confin'd;
But daring men there are (awake, my Muſe!
And raiſe thy verſe!) who bolder frenzy chuſe;
Who, ſtung by glory, rave, and bound away,
The world their field, and humankind their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthuſiaſt of his pride,
With Rage and Terrour ſtalking by his ſide,
Raves round the globe; he ſoars into a god!
Stand faſt, Olympus! and ſuſtain his nod.
The peſt divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miſeries and pains.
What ſlaughter'd hoſts! what cities in a blaze!
What waſted countries! and what crimſon ſeas!
With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repoſe.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraiſe
The boiſt'rous boy, and blaſt his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the ſtorm,
Or famine *or volcano?* they perform

Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can ſlay,
And ſpread their ample deſerts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With dearth and peſtilence to ſhare the crown.
When men extol a wild deſtroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preſerver they blaſpheme.
One to deſtroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thouſands takes a ſpacious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
When after battle I the field have ſeen
Spread o'er with ghaſtly ſhapes which once were me
A nation cruſh'd, a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this ſide the grave!
Are there, ſaid I, who from this ſad ſurvey,
This human chaos, carry ſmiles away?
How did my heart with indignation riſe!
How honeſt Nature ſwell'd into my eyes!
How was I ſhock'd to think the hero's trade
Of ſuch materials, fame and triumph, made!
How guilty theſe? yet not leſs guilty they
Who reach falſe glory by a ſmoother way;
Who wrap deſtruction up in gentle words,
And bows and ſmiles, more fatal than their ſword
Who ſtifle nature, and ſubſiſt on art;
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
All real kindneſs for the ſhew diſcard,
As marble poliſh'd, and as marble hard;

, serve you disincli
and in their height of kindness are unk
Such courtiers were, and such again ma
Walpole! when men forget to copy the
Here cease, my Muse! the catalogue
Nor one more candidate for fame admit,
Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
The justice yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait, and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain.
Some future strain, in which the Muse sh
How science dwindles, and how volumes sw
How commentators each dark passage shu
nd hold their farthing candle to the
How tortur'

How lawyers' fees to ſuch exceſs are run,
That clients are redreſs'd till they 're undone.
How one man's anguiſh is another's ſport,
And ev'n denials coſt us dear at court.
How man eternally falſe judgments makes,
And all his joys and ſorrows are miſtakes.
This ſwarm of themes that ſettles on my pen,
Which I, like ſummer flies, ſhake off again,
Let others ſing, to whom my weak eſſay
But ſounds a prelude, and points out their preys
That duty done, I haſten to complete
My own deſign, for Tonſon's at the gate.
The Love of Fame in its effects ſurvey'd,
The Muſe has ſung, be now the cauſe diſplay'd:
Since ſo diffuſive, and ſo wide its ſway,
What is this pow'r whom all mankind obey?
Shot from above, by Heav'n's indulgence, came
This gen'rous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raiſe, to deify mankind,
Still burning brighteſt in the nobleſt mind.
By large-ſoul'd men, for thirſt of fame renown'd,
Wiſe laws were fram'd, and ſacred arts were found;
Deſire of praiſe firſt broke the patriot's reſt,
And made a bulwark of the warriour's breaſt;
It bids Argyle in fields and ſenates ſhine:
What more can prove its origin divine?
But, oh! this paſſion planted in the ſoul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,

ining minister of virtue meant,
alse gods, and wrong'd her high descent.
ition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
and beauties an alternate source;
Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
rives upon the carcasses of Wit,
art-loving Scarborough is seen
ind a pattern Pollio might have been.
of fame with pedants fills our schools,
o coxcombs burnishes our fools,
of fame makes solid learning bright,
ewton lifts above a mortal height;
y of Nature, by whose wit she clears
g, long secrets of five thousand years.
ld you then fully comprehend the whole,
nd in what degrees, Pride sways the soul?
o' in all, not equally, she reigns)
to knowledge, and attend my strains.
octors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
as if 't were writ in dullest prose;
letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
primatur usher'd it to light.
ition, in the truly noble mind,
fter Virtue is for ever join'd;
m'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
uilt and shame by her last conduct fled:
tue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
e sword pointed at her la art in vain;

But when the ſlave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her ſide, her Love of Fame obey'd.
In meaner minds Ambition works alone,
But with ſuch art puts Virtue's aſpect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
The god * and mortal in the comick ſcene.
Falſe Julius, ambuſh'd in this fair diſguiſe,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.
No maſk in baſeſt minds Ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her aſs's ears:
All I have ſung are inſtances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiſs.
Ye Vain! deſiſt from your erroneous ſtrife;
Be wiſe, and quit the falſe ſublime of life.
The true ambition there alone reſides,
Where juſtice vindicates, and wiſdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward ſtate,
Our purpoſe good, as our achievement great;
Where publick bleſſings publick praiſe attend;
Where glory is our motive, not our end.
Wouldſt thou be fam'd? have thoſe high deeds inv
Brave men would act, tho' ſcandal ſhould enſue.
Behold a prince! whom no ſwoln thoughts infl
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;
But when the welfare of mankind inſpires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conqueſts then, then regal pomps delight
Then crowns, then triumphs, ſparkle in his ſigh

* Amphitryon.

[illegible]life are dear, which with them bring
[illegible]blessings to their ardent king;
[illegible]shou's great heroick motives cease,
[illegible]ng soul subsides to native peace;
[illegible]ious Grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
foe to splendour and applause;
deferring his arrears of fame,
and angels jointly shout his name.
celestial! which can pride disdain;
ambition! which can ne'er be vain.
me fam'd Alpine hill, which props the sky,
deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
t the Rhone and sounding Po, there shine,
rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
ngdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.
nswick such a source the Muse adores,
iblick blessings thro' half Europe pours.
heart burns with such a godlike aim,
d George are rivals for the fame;
who in foes can soft affections raise,
m envenom'd satire into praise.
man rage alone his pow'r perceives,
iad winds, and the tumultuous waves *.
ns (Death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
eir own wild empire learn to spare.

* The King in danger by sea.

Thus Nature's ſelf, ſupporting man's decree,
Styles Britain's ſov'reign Sov'reign of the ſea.
While ſea and air, great Brunſwick! ſhall obey
And ſported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what ſhe lov'd, and preſs'd with fea
Of ever loſing what ſhe held moſt dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles *, weep,
And tell her ſorrows to the kindred deep?
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive for thee with the ſurge, and fight the ſtorm
What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm!
Our Palinurus † ſlept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd, long ſince enur'd to wake,
And outwatch ev'ry ſtar, for Brunſwick's ſake:
By thwarting paſſions toſs'd, by cares oppreſs'd,
He found the tempeſt pictur'd in his breaſt:
But now, what joys that gloom of heart diſpel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which Nature and the Graces form,
At will to raiſe or huſh the Civil ſtorm.

* Hom. Il. lib. i.
† Ecce Deus ramem Lethæo rore madentem, &c. Virg.

End of the Satires.

A KEY

TO THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE I.

—Gives applauſe to B——e, or to me.] Blackmore (Sir Richard.)

—Churchmen Scripture for the Claſſicks quit;—Polite apoſtates from God's grace to wit.] *N. B.* Virgil, Horace, Terence, Cattullus, Tibulius, Propertius, Manilius, Lucretius, Longinus, Ciceronis opera, Cæſaris Comment. Homer, &c. were publiſhed by Biſhop Hare, Dr. Bentley, Dr Davis, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Pearce, &c.

S—e's humour.] Steele (Sir Richard.)

P—y's eloquence.] Pulteney (William, Eſq.)

If at his title T—had dropt his quill, &c.] Dr. Trapp, when Profeſſor of Poetry in the Univerſity of Oxford, wrote *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, Poetical Lectures, which were deſervedly eſteemed; but upon his blank verſe verſion of Virgil, vol. I. Dr. Evans of St. John's college, Oxon, ſent the following diſtich:

Read the commandments, Trapp, tranſlate no further;—
For there 't is written, Thou ſhalt do no murder.

A is depoſ'd, and B with pomp reſtor'd.] This alludes to Mr. Theobald's publication of a book, entitled, Shakeſpeare Reſtor'd, in oppoſition to Mr. Pope's edition of that author.

C——das he 'll outdo.] Chandos (Duke of.)

—B—l—ton, thy taſte is not ſo true.] Burlington (Earl of.)

Not F——l——n's self more Parian charms I
Nor is good P——b——e more in love with flo
drew Fountaine, and the late Earl of Peter
great admirers of antique ſtatues.

Put off at night with Lady B——'s hair.] T
gray-headed Counteſs of Briſtol.

Fewer grave lords to S——pe diſcreetly
Scroope, a great money-lender.

SATIRE II.

Paul Diack, who gave name to a tulip
neſt, toping, old citizen of London, and a
jobber

——T——n turn'd upholſterer, &c.] Tor
fitted up many libraries of gilt books fo
coxcombs, 1720.

——Leaves to O——.] Orrery (Charle
D——.] Dorſet (Earl of), the poet's
Miſs D—— tottering.] Miſs Duncom
——the Stagirite.] Ariſtotle.

Hence, D——, that openneſs of heart]
St——pe in wit, in breeding D——l——
Inope, Earl of Cheſterfield.—Deloraine (

SATIRE III.

——H——y's eyes unmercifully keen.] La
Well, H——r, doſt thou thy maſter ſerve
ger, director of the maſquerades.

SATIRE IV.

While C——— mourns. &c.] Anthony Collins, Esq. founder of the sect of Freethinkers.

C———, who makes so merry with the Creed.] The same A. Collins.

Arb———t is a fool, and F——— a sage —S———ey will fright you, E——— engage.] Dr. Arbuthnot, Daniel de Foe, Sir Charles Sedley.

S——— is the worst of friends] Suffex.

Q———y is fair.] Duchess of Queensberry.

S——— the foremost toyman of his time] Sloan (Sir Hans) alluding to his Museum.

Unhappy J———y.] Lady Jersey.

B———le shines in council, M———t in the fight:— P—l—m's magnificent, but J——— can write] Boyle (Charles) Earl of Orrery. Mordaunt (Charles) Earl of Peterborough. Pelham, Duke of Newcastle. John Dennis.

Will H———t pardon, if I dare commend;—H———t, with zeal, a patron, and a friend?—A———le true wit is studious to restore:—And D———t smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before —P———ke, in years, the long-liv'd arts admires,—And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.] Harcourt (Lord Chancellor.) Argyle (Duke of.) Dorset (Duke of) Thomas Pembroke (late Earl of.) Lady Henrietta-Cavendish-Holles Harley. Char. Ster of Augustus, in the conclusion, applied to his late Majesty (George I.

Not F——t——n's self more Parian charms has known
Nor is good P——b——ke more in love with stone.] Sir drew Fountaine, and the late Earl of Pembroke, great admirers of antique ſtatues.

Puts off at night with Lady B——'s hair.] The venera gray-headed Counteſs of Briſtol.

Fewer grave birds to S——pe diſtrustly lend.] Scroope, a great money-lender.

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——T——a turn'd upholſterer, &c.] Tonſon (Jac fitted up many libraries of gilt books for South coxcombs, 1720.

——Leaves to O——.] Orrery (Charles of.)

D——.] Dorſet (Earl of), the poet's patron.

Miſs D—— tottering.] Miſs Duncomb.

——the Stagirite.] Ariſtotle.

Hence, D——, that openneſs of heart] Doding

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S——— is the worst of friends.] Suffex.

Q———y is fair.] Duchess of Queensberry.

S——— the foremost toyman of his time.] Sloan (Sir Hans) alluding to his Museum.

Unhappy J———y.] Lady Jersey.

B———le shines in council, M———t in the fight:—P—l—m's magnificent, but J——— can write.] Boyle (Charles) Earl of Orrery. Mordaunt (Charles) Earl of Peterborough. Pelham, Duke of Newcastle. John Dennis.

Will H———t pardon, if I dare commend;—H———t, with zeal, a patron, and a friend?—A———le true wit studious to restore:—And D———t smiles, if Phabus will'd before—P———ke, in years, the long-liv'd arts mires,—And Henriettalike a Muse inspires.] Harcourt ord Chancellor.) Argyle (Duke of.) Dorset (Duke) Thomas Pembroke (late Earl of.) Lady Henri- Cavendish-Holles Harley. Character of Augustus, e conclusion, applied to his late Majesty (George I.)

SATIRE V.

Foubert has the forming of the fair.] Major Fou
a riding-master.

Sir H——s.] Sir Hans Sloane, M. D.

The fair philosopher to Rowley flies.] The late
Rowley, an eminent mathematical instrument m
under St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.

Lady D——.] Dashwood or Dysart.

SATIRE VI.

Zinck.] The greatest master in miniature, and
mel painting, in Europe.

H——y the first wit.] Lord Hervey.

Cruel R——d.] Duke of Richmond.

G——a.] Lady Betty Germain.

H——, P——, B——.] Hervey, Pearce, Bl
(Ladies.)

C——s.] Collins (Anthony, Esq.)

T——l——n.] Archbishop Tillotson's and Dr.
net's doctrine of the non-eternity of hell torme

K——p.] Mrs. Kemp, keeper of an assemb

Carolina's heart, &c.] Acknowledgment of th
Queen's favours to the Author.

EPISTLES TO MR. POPE,

CONCERNING THE

AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

M. DCC. XXX.

EPISTLE I.

WHILST you at Twick'nham plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wiſe and good,
Our ſenate meets; at parties parties bawl,
And pamphlets ſtun the ſtreets and load the ſtall:
So ruſhing tides bring things obſcene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs ſwim in ſight;
The Civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' proſe works up, and Lico's ſtrains.
Lo! what from cellars riſe, what ruſh from high,
Where Speculation roofted near the ſky;
Letters, eſſays, ſock, buſkin, ſatire, ſong,
And all the garret thunders on the throng!
O Pope! I burſt; nor can nor will refrain;
I'll write, let others in their turn complain.
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear
Leſs dreads a *pillory than* pamphleteer;

I've heard myſelf to death, and, plagu'd each hour
Sha'n't I return the vengeance in my pow'r?
For who can write the true abſurd like me?—
Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee?
Pope! if like mine or Codrus' were thy ſtyle,
The blood of vipers had not ſtain'd thy file;
Merit leſs ſolid leſs deſpite had bred;
They had not bit, and then they had not bled.
Fame is a publick miſtreſs none enjoys,
But, more or leſs, his rival's peace deſtroys;
With fame, in juſt proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes:
Slight peeviſh inſects round a genius riſe,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To ſhew they live) they flutter, and they ſting;
But as by depredations waſps proclaim
The faireſt fruit, ſo theſe the faireſt fame.
Shall we not cenſure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous or champaign?
Whether they tread the vale of proſe, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college ſloven, or embroider'd ſpark;
The purple prelate, or the pariſh-clerk;
The quiet quidnunck, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or ſad
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad:

Profoundly dull, or ſhallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,
And meaſuring words to meaſuring ſhapes ſucceeds;
For bankrupts write when ruin'd ſhops are ſhut,
As maggots crawl from out a periſh'd nut:
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting ſenſe for tradeſmen, ſerve for wits.
By thriving men ſubſiits each other trade;
Of ev'ry broken craft a writer's made:
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the ſtuff on earth.
Hail, fruitful iſle! to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old ſong;
Thee well a Land of Liberty we name,
Where all are free to ſcandal and to ſhame;
Thy ſons, by print, may ſet their hearts at eaſe,
And be mankind's contempt whene'er they pleaſe;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject ſenſe
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
Their heavy proſe our injur'd reaſon tires;
Their verſe immoral kindles looſe deſire:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our ſport and pity, puniſhment and crime.
What glorious motives urge our authors on
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?
One loſes his eſtate, and down he ſits,
To ſhew (in vain) he ſtill retains his wits:

Another marries, and his dear proves kind:
He writes, as an hypnotick for the ſpleen:
Some write, confin'd by phyſick; ſome by debt;
Some for 't is Sunday; ſome becauſe 't is wet:
Thro' private pique ſome do the publick right,
And love their king and country out of ſpight:
Another writes becauſe his father writ,
And proves himſelf a baſtard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humour thought profound?
Neither: why write then? he wants twenty pound:
His belly, not his brains, this impulſe gives;
He 'll grow immortal, for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no proviſion made, but of his theme:
Perhaps a title has his fancy ſmit,
Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inſpiration puts his truſt,
Tho' wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them juſt
Genius directly from the gods deſcends,
And who by labour would diſtruſt his friends?
Thus having reaſon'd with conſummate ſkill,
In immortality he dips his quill;
And, ſince blank paper is deny'd the preſs,
He mingles the whole alphabet by gueſs;
In various ſets, which various words compoſe,
Of which he hopes mankind the meaning knows.
So ſounds ſpontaneous from the Sybil broke,
Dark to herſelf the wonders which ſhe ſpoke;

The prieſts found out the meaning if they cou'd,
And nations ſtar'd at what none underſtood.
Clodio dreſs'd, danc'd, drank, viſited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal ſoul!)
Oft' have I ſaid, "Awake! exiſt! and ſtrive
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft' I overheard the demon ſay,
Who daily met the loit'rer in his way,
"I'll meet thee, Youth! at White's." The youth re-
"I'll meet thee there," and falls his ſacrifice:
His fortune ſquander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry ſnare.
Clodio for bread his indolence muſt quit,
Or turn a ſoldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all but life they ſtake;
How muſt Spain tremble, and the German ſhake?
Such writers have we! all but ſenſe they print;
Ev'n George's praiſe is dated from the Mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such ſwords, ſuch pens, diſgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before you thus aſpire,
And ſteal (for you can ſteal) celeſtial fire.
O the juſt contraſt! O the beauteous ſtrife!
'Twixt their cool writings and Pindarick life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
The cheat the lender, and their works the buyer.
I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:

For who ſo ſad but muſt ſome mirth confeſs
At gay Caſtruchio's miſcellaneous dreſs?
Tho' there 's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There 's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.

Theſe, Nature's commoners, who want a hom
Claim the wide world for their majeſtick dome;
They make a private ſtudy of the ſtreet,
And, looking full on ev'ry man they meet,
Run ſouſe againſt his chaps, who ſtands amaz'd
To find they did not ſee, but only gaz'd.
How muſt theſe bards be rapt into the ſkies?
You need not read, you feel their ecſtaſies.

Will they perſiſt? 't is madneſs. Lintot, run,
See them confin'd.---" O, that 's already done."
Moſt, as by leaſes, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, poſſeſſion of the Mint.
If you miſtake, and pity theſe poor men,
Eſt Ulubris, they cry, and write agen.

Such wits their nuiſance manfully expoſe,
And then pronounce juſt judges learning's foes.
O frail concluſion! the reverſe is true;
If foes to learning, they 'd be friends to you:
Treat them, ye Judges! with an honeſt ſcorn,
And weed the cockle from the gen'rous corn:
There 's true goodnature in your diſreſpect;
In juſtice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality if hardſhips plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O! what wiſdom can convince a fool
But that 'tis dulneſs to conceive him dull?
'Tis ſad experience takes the cenſor's part,
Conviction not from reaſon, but from ſmart.
A virgin author, recent from the preſs,
The ſheets yet wet, applauds his great ſucceſs;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Thoſe in his hand, and glory in his head;
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor cloſe his eyes all night;
But riſing the next morn to claſp his fame,
He finds that without ſleeping he could dream.
So ſparks, they ſay, take goddeſſes to bed,
And find next day the devil in their ſtead.
In vain advertiſements the Town o'erſpread;
They 're epitaphs, and ſay the work is dead.
Who preſs for fame but ſmall recruits will raiſe;
'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.
A famous author viſits a great man,
Of his immortal work diſplays the plan,
And ſays, "Sir, I'm your friend; all fear diſmiſs;
"Your glory and my own ſhall live by this;
"Your pow'r is fix'd, your fame thro' time convey'd,
"And Britain Europe's queen—If I am paid."
A ſtateſman has his anſwer in a trice;
"Sir, ſuch a genius is beyond all price;
"What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns,
His work is folded, and his boſom burns:

His patron he will patronize no more,
But ruſhes like a tempeſt out of door.
Loſt is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the ſame;
For A, his magick pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe:
He rams his quill with ſcandal and with ſcoff,
But 'tis ſo very foul it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted roar,
But when once publiſh'd they are heard no more.
Thus diſtant bugbears fright, but nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.
Can theſe oblige whoſe heads and hearts are ſuch?
No; ev'ry party 's tainted by their touch.
Infected perſons fly each publick place,
And none, or enemies alone embrace:
To the foul fiend their ev'ry paſſion 's ſold;
They love and hate, *extempore*, for gold.
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulneſs and rage, a puddle in a ſtorm.
Reſt they in peace? If you are pleas'd to buy,
To ſwell your ſails, like Lapland winds they fly.
Write they with rage? the tempeſt quickly flags;
A ſtate Ulyſſes tames 'em with his bags:
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew,
For Chriſtian miniſters of ſtate are few.
Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head
That pours his politicks thro' pipes of lead,

Which far and near ejaculate and ſpout,
O'er tea and coffee, poiſon to the rout;
But when they have beſpatter'd all they may,
The ſtateſman throws his filthy ſquirts away!
With golden forceps theſe another takes,
And ſtate-elixirs of the vipers makes.
The richeſt ſtateſman wants wherewith to pay
A ſervile ſycophant, if well they weigh
How much it coſts the wretch to be ſo baſe;
Nor can the greateſt pow'rs enough diſgrace,
Enough chaſtiſe, ſuch proſtitute applauſe,
If well they weigh how much it ſtains their cauſe.
But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er ſeduce the venal tongue?
Yes: if well-brib'd, for virtue-ſelf they fight.

Now ſuch a gentle ſtream of eloquence,
As ſeldom riſes to the verge of ſenſe;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a flame,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodeſt traſh, the ſwine obſcene
Invites the Town to ſup at Drury-lane;
A dreadful lion, now he roars at pow'r,
Which ſends him to his brothers at the Tow'r;
He's now a ſerpent, and his double tongue,
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of thoſe he ſtung.
What note can bind him, his evaſion ſuch?
One knot he well deſerves which might do much.

The flood, flame, ſwine, the lion, and the ſnake,
Thoſe fivefold monſters modern authors make.
The ſnake reigns moſt; ſnakes, Pliny ſays, are bred
When the brain's periſh'd in a human head.
Yegrov'lling, trodden, whipt, ſtript, turncoat things,
Made up of venom, volumes, ſtains, and ſtings!
Thrown from the tree of Knowledge, like you, curs'd
To ſcribble in the duſt, was ſnake the firſt

What if the figure ſhould in fact prove true?
It did in Elkenah, why not in you?
Poor Elkenah, all other changes paſt,
For bread in Smithfield dragons hiſs'd at laſt,
Spit ſtreams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners ſuited to his ſhape.
Such is the fate of talents miſapply'd;
So liv'd your prototype, and ſo he dy'd.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently seen:
Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Thro' meager jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth:
Their feet thro' faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oft'ner chang'd their principles than shirt:
The transient vestments of these frugal men
Hasten to paper for our mirth agen:
Too soon (O merry melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble thro' a grate:
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight;
The friend thro' pity gives, the foe thro' spight;
And tho' full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
So fare the men who writers dare commence
Without their patent, probity, and sense.
From these their politicks our quidnuncks seek,
And Saturday 's the learning of the week:
These lab'ring wits, like paviers, mend our ways
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat, essays;
Ram their coarse nonsense down, tho' ne'er so dull,
And hem at ev'ry thump upon your scull:
These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honest Folly echoes to the lie.

O how I laugh when I a blockhead ſee
Thanking a villain for his probity;
Who ſtretches out a moſt reſpectful ear,
With ſnares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles thro' my ſoul to hear the cock's
Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,
Sole patron of his liberties and rights!
While graceleſs Reynard liſtens—till he bites.
As when the trumpet ſounds, th' o'erloaded ſtate
Diſcharges all her poor and profligate,
Crimes of all kinds diſhonour'd weapons wield,
And priſons pour their filth into the field;
Thus Nature's refuſe, and the dregs of men,
Compoſe the black militia of the pen.

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

All write at London; ſhall the rage abate
Here, where it moſt ſhould ſhine, the Muſes' ſeat?
Where, mortal or immortal, as they pleaſe,
The learn'd may chuſe eternity or eaſe?
Has not a royal patron* wiſely ſtrove
To woo the Muſe in her Athenian grove?
Added new ſtrings to her harmonious ſhell,
And give new tongues to thoſe who ſpoke ſo well?

* *His late Majeſty's* benefaction for modern languages.

Let theſe inſtruct, with truth's illuſtrious ray
Awake the world, and ſcar our owls away.
Mean-while, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to write and live;
Serious ſhould be an author's final views:
Who write for pure amuſement ne'er amuſe.
An Author! 'tis a venerable name!
How few deſerve it, and what numbers claim?
Unbleſs'd with ſenſe above their peers refin'd,
Who ſhall ſtand up dictators to mankind?
Nay, who dare ſhine, if not in virtue's cauſe?
That ſole proprietor of juſt applauſe.
Ye reſtleſs Men! who pant for letter'd praiſe,
With whom would you conſult to gain the bays?—
With thoſe great authors whoſe fam'd works you read?

Immortal wits, ev'n dead, break Nature's la
Injurious ſtill to virtue's ſacred cauſe;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be forgot.
Thus ends your courted fame: does lucre th
The ſacred thirſt of gold, betray your pen?
In proſe 'tis blameable, in verſe 'tis worſe,
Provokes the Muſe, extorts Apollo's curſe;
His ſacred influence never ſhould be ſold;
'Tis arrant Simony to ſing for gold:
'Tis immortality ſhould fire your mind:
Scorn a leſs paymaſter than all mankind.
If bribes you ſeek, know this, ye writing Tr
Who writes for virtue has the largeſt bribe:
All's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will ſurely ſerve him if they can;
The bad, when int'reſt or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their int'reſt and their pride;
But ſhould both fail to take him to their care,
He boaſts a greater friend, and both may ſpare.
Letters to man uncommon light diſpenſe,
And what is virtue but ſuperiour ſenſe?
In parts and learning you who place your pride
Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double-
What is a ſcandal of the firſt renown,
But letter'd knaves, and Atheiſts in a gown?
'Tis harder far to pleaſe than give offence;
The leaſt miſconduct damns the brighteſt ſenſ

Each ſhallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impreſſions deep
On thoſe that o'er a page of Milton ſleep:
Nor in their dulneſs think to ſave your ſhame;
True, theſe are fools; but wiſe men ſay the ſame.
  Wits are a deſpicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man ſhocks us, while the writer ſhines,
Our ſcorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence ſome diſpenſe
And play the fool becauſe they 're men of ſenſe.
What inſtances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their genius brought?
Againſt their wills what numbers ruin ſhun,

Yet ſtill forbear: your wit (conſider well)
'Tis great to ſhew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to ſeize the golden prize
Of place or pow'r, but greater to deſpiſe.
If ſtill you languiſh for an author's name,
Think private merit leſs than publick fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deſerve, and take the great prerogative:
But ponder what it is, how dear 't will coſt
To write one page which you may juſtly boaſt.
Senſe may be good, yet not deſerve the preſs;
Who write, an awful character profeſs;
The world as pupil of their wiſdom claim,
And for their ſtipend an immortal fame.
Nothing but what is ſolid or refin'd
Should dare aſk publick audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit;
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
No writer, fam'd in your own way, paſs o'er;
Much truſt example, but reflection more:
More had the Ancients writ they more had taught,
Which ſhews ſome work is left for modern thought
This weigh'd, perfection know, and known, adore
Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more:
Above, beneath it, the juſt limits fix,
And zealouſly prefer four lines to fix.
Write, and rewrite, blot out, and write again,
And for its ſwiftneſs ne'er applaud your pen;

Leave to the jockeys that Newmarke praiſe;
How runs the Pegaſus that wins the bayes.
Much time for immortality to pay
Is juſt and wiſe; for leſs is thrown away.
Time only can matute the lab'ring brain;
Time is the father and the midwife Pain:
The ſame good ſenſe that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impoſſibilities they ſeek.
What man can be immortal in a week?
Excuſe no fault, tho' beautiful 't will harm;
One fault ſhocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctneſs; Addiſon
And you this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The whole is mortal, if a part 's unſound.
He that ſtrikes out, and ſtrikes not out the beſt,
Pours luſtre in, and dignifies the reſt:
Give e'er ſo little, if what 's right be there,
We praiſe for what you burn, and what you ſpare:
The part you burn ſmells ſweet before the ſhrine,
And is as incenſe to the part divine.
Nor frequent write, tho' you can do it well;
Men may too oft', tho' not too much excel.
A few good works gain fame; more ſink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well; what can they more,
Unleſs *you let them* praiſe for giving o'er?

Do boldly what you do, and let your pa
Smile, if it ſmiles, and if it rages, rage,
So faintly Lucius cenſures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes except his friends.
Let ſatire leſs engage you than applauſe
It ſhews a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws.
Is genius your's? be your's a glorious end,
Be your king's, country's, truth's, religio
The publick glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run poſterity, in debt;
And ſince the fam'd alone make others liv
Firſt have that glory you preſume to give.
If ſatire charms, ſtrike faults, but ſpare
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal ſplinters fl
As the ſoft plume gives ſwiftneſs to the da
Good-breeding ſends the ſatire to the hear
Painters and ſurgeons may the ſtructur
Genius and morals be with you the man:
Defaults in thoſe alone ſhould give offence
Who ſtrikes the perſon pleads his innocen
My narrow-minded ſatire cann't extend
To Codrus' form; I 'm not ſo much his fri
Himſelf ſhould publiſh that (the world ag
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, ſhort, thin, o
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.

Is that call'd humour; it has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, nor ſenſe.
Unleſs you boaſt the genius of a Swift,
Beware of humour, the dull rogue's laſt ſhift.
Can others write like you? your taſk give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publiſh'd long before.
If nought peculiar thro' your labours run,
They 're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think cloſe, read Nature, turn
Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn.
To nurſe with quick reflection be your ſtrife,
Thoughts borne from preſent objects warm from life;
When moſt unſought, ſuch inſpirations riſe,
Slighted by fools, and cheriſh'd by the wiſe:
Expect peculiar fame from theſe alone;
Theſe make an author, theſe are all your own.
Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er,
Hence unexperienc'd children of threeſcore.
True, all men think of courſe, as all men dream,
And if they ſlightly think 't is much the ſame.
Letters admit not of a half renown;
They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.
Weighty the ſubject, cogent the diſcourſe;
Clear be the ſtyle, the very ſound of force;
Eaſy the conduct, ſimple the deſign,
Striking the moral, and the ſoul divine.

Let Nature art, and judgment wit, exceed;
O'er learning reaſon reign, o'er that your Creed;
Thus virtue's ſeeds at once, and laurels, grow;
Do thus, and riſe a Pope or a Deſpreaux;
And when your genius exquiſitely ſhines,
Live up to the full luſtre of your lines.
Parts but expoſe thoſe men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead Lucifer's deteſted cauſe,
Who for bare talents challenge our applauſe.
Would you reſtore juſt honours to the pen?
From able writers riſe to worthy men.
" Who's this with nonſenſe nonſenſe would reſtrain?
" Who's this (they cry) ſo vainly ſchools the vain?
" Who damns our traſh with ſo much traſh replete?
" As theſe cells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat?"
Shall I with Bavius, then, my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge examens overwhelm my page,
And darken reaſon with dogmatick rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In proſe a duller could excuſe the crime?
Sure next to writing, the moſt idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we ſing.
At that tribunal ſtands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe:
Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;
Falſe fame muſt wither, and the true will grow.

Arm'd with this truth, all criticks I defy;
For if I fall, by my own pen I die;
While ſnarlers ſtrive with proud but fruitleſs pain,
To wound immortals, or to ſlay the ſlain.
Sore preſs'd with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to ſerve me this campaign,
And ſafely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and ſleep behind my ſhield,
Unleſs dire Codrus rouſes to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.
As turns a flock of geeſe, and on the green
Poke out their fooliſh necks in awkward ſpleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to hiſs, not bite,
So war their quills when ſons of Dulneſs write.

AN EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

WHEN Rome, my Lord, in her full glory ſhone,
And great Auguſtus rul'd the globe alone;
While ſuppliant kings, in all their pomp and ſtate,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace-gate,
Horace did oft' the mighty man detain,
And ſooth'd his breaſt with no ignoble ſtrain;
Now ſoar'd aloft, now ſtruck an humbler ſtring,
And *taught the Roman* genius how to ſing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare purſue,
Who know no want of Cæſar, finding you;
The Muſes' friend is pleas'd, the Muſe ſhould preſs
Thro' circling crowds, and labour for acceſs;
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And ſhining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world induſtrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boaſt the glorious flame.
Long has the Weſtern World reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her ſorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell Diſcord thro' her borders fiercely rang'd,
And ſhook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and ſea its utmoſt rage employ'd,
Nor Heav'n repair'd ſo faſt as men deſtroy'd.
In vain kind ſummers plenteous fields beſtow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleaſure chas'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taſte;
The ſmiles of Nature could no bleſſing bring,
The fruitful Autumn, or the flow'ry ſpring;
Time was diſtinguiſh'd by the ſword and ſpear,
Not by the various aſpects of the year;
The trumpet's ſound proclaim'd a milder ſky,
And bloodſhed told us when the ſun was nigh.
But now (ſo ſoon is Britain's bleſſing ſeen,
When ſuch as you are near, her glorious Queen!)
Now Peace, tho' long repuls'd, arrives at laſt,
And bids us ſmile on all our labours paſt.

Bids ev'ry nation ceaſe her wonted moan,
And ev'ry monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now ſucceed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed:
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyle ſhall tell,
Wiſdom and proweſs in one breaſt may dwell;
Thro' milder tracks he ſoars to deathleſs fame,
And without trembling we reſound his name.
No more the riſing harveſt whets the ſword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord:
Who caſt the ſeed the golden ſheaf ſhall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the maſter's name:
Each ſtream, unſtain'd with blood, more ſmoot
The brighter ſun a fuller day beſtows; [flo
All Nature ſeems to wear a cheerful face,

See graceful Bolingbroke, your friend, advance,
Nor miſs his Lanſdown in the court of France:
So well receiv'd, ſo welcome, ſo at home,
(Bleſs'd change of fate!) in Bourbon's ſtately dome,
The monarch pleas'd, deſcending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part; and looking round to find
Something might ſpeak the fulneſs of his mind,
A di'mond ſhines, which oft' had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now firſt with joy beheld, well plac'd on one
Who makes him leſs regret his darling ſon:
So dear is Anna's miniſter, ſo great
Your glorious friend in his own private ſtate.
To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does Nature interpoſe the raging main:
The Gallick ſhore to diſtant Britain grows,
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:
From conflicts paſt each other's worth we find,
And thence in ſtricter friendſhip now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cauſe of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but muſt prize th' illuſtrious ſword
That cauſe of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who ſworn to Bourbon's ſceptre, but muſt frame
Vaſt thoughts of him that could brave Tallard tame?
Thus gen'rous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.

A thousand happy consequences flow,
(The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow)
Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole.
The British merchant, who with care and pain,
For many moons sees only skies and main,
When now, in view of his lov'd native shore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,
Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind:
By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To distant woods and streams for such supplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to sing;
Mean-while the fowler spreads his secret snare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurers of late,
The foaming ocean plough'd with equal fate.
Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,
And pow'r a curse, if not a friend to right.
To conquer is to make dissension cease,
That man may serve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
And shine abroad in perfect excellence;
Else may we dread some greater curse at hand,
To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land.

Now War is weary, and retir'd to reſt;
The meager Famine, and the ſpotted Peſt,
Deputed in her ſtead, may blaſt the day,
And ſweep the relicks of the ſword away.
When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulneſs of his glory ſhone:
Wiſe Solomon, a ſtranger to the ſword,
Was born to raiſe a temple to the Lord.
Anne, too, ſhall build, and ev'ry ſacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's iſle.
Thoſe mighty ſouls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united forces, to bleſs
Th' almighty Author of their late ſucceſs.
And what is all the world ſubdu'd to this?
The grave ſets bounds to ſublunary bliſs.
But there are conqueſts to great Anna known,
Above the ſplendour of an earthly throne;
Conqueſts! whoſe triumph is too great within
The ſcanty bounds of matter to begin;
Too glorious to ſhine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkneſs of the ſtars and ſun,
And ſhall whole ages paſt be ſtill, ſtill but begun.
Heroick Shades! whom war has ſwept away,
Look down, and ſmile on this auſpicious day;
Now boaſt your deaths, to thoſe your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Creſſy fell,

Then deep into eternity retire;
Of greater things than peace or war inquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd to know
What farther paſſes in the world below.
The braveſt of mankind ſhall now have leave
To die but once, nor peacemeal ſeek the grave:
On gain or pleaſure bent, we ſhall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each ſtreet,
(Owners of bones diſpers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or waſting in the bottom of the main)
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear
Leſt it an inſult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourſelves that wealth their blo
Perhaps preſerv'd, who ſtarve or beg for food.
Devotion ſhall run pure, and diſengage
From that ſtrange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On Heav'n without a ſin we now may call,
And guiltleſs to our Maker proſtrate fall;
Be Chriſtians while we pray; nor in one breath

Our cheeks ſhall glow, our heaving boſoms riſe,
And martial ardours ſparkle in our eyes;
Much we ſhall triumph in our battles paſt,
And yet conſent thoſe battles prove our laſt,
Leſt, while in arms for brighter fame we ſtrive,
We loſe the means to keep that fame alive.
In ſilent grooves the birds delight to ſing,
Or near the margin of a ſecret ſpring:
Now all is calm, ſweet muſick ſhall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurſe of love.
But what's the warbling voice, the trembling ſtring,
Or breathing canvaſs, when the Muſes ſing?
The Muſe, my Lord, your care above the reſt,
With riſing joy dilates my partial breaſt.
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to ſoar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal! was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bleed:
For Janus ſhut her Iö Pæans rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil ſung.
A thouſand various forms the Muſe may wear,
(A thouſand various forms become the fair)
But ſhines in none with more majeſtick mien,
Than when in ſtate ſhe draws the purple ſcene,
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning Beauty melt the crowded ſtage;
Charms back paſt ages, gives to Britain's uſe
The nobleſt virtues time did e'er produce;

Leaves from th' hiſtorians boaſted art behind;
They help the ſoul alone, and that's confin'd,
Taught out with pains, and but by proxy ſpeaks;
The hero's preſence deeper impreſſion makes;
The ſcene his ſoul and body reunite,
Furniſh a voice, produce him to the ſight;
Make our contemporary him that ſtood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Neſtor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our ſervice draw his ſword.

More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler ſervice to his country ſpring,
Than from thoſe labours which, in man's deſpight,
Poſſeſs him with a paſſion for the right?
With honeſt magick make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Thro' all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguiſh fall in love?

Who hears the godlike Monteſuma groan,
And does not wiſh the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your underſtanding, and their ſkill
Can domineer at pleaſure o'er your will:
Nor is the ſhort-liv'd conqueſt quickly paſt;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert faſt.

How often have I ſeen the gen'rous bowl
With pleaſing force unlock a ſecret ſoul,
And ſteal a truth, which ev'ry ſober hour
(The proſe of life) had kept within her pow'r?

The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd;
Yet when the ſpirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the ſentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confeſſion charge the lie.
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodneſs here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws,
Could render advocates in Virtue's cauſe,
Caught by the ſcene, have unawares reſign'd
Their wonted diſpoſition of the mind:
By ſlow degrees prevails the pleaſing tale,
As circling glaſſes on our ſenſes ſteal,
Till throughly by the Muſes' banquet warm'd,
The paſſions toſſing, all the ſoul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots, flufh'd with glorious rage
Riſe in their ſeats, and ſcarce forbear the ſtage,
Aſſiſtance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poniard on ſome tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how ſubſide
To dregs of vice, from ſuch a godlike pride?
To ſpoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept laſt night to ſee Monimia mourn?
In this gay ſchool of virtue whom ſo fit
To govern and control the world of wit
As Talbot, Lanſdown's friend, has Britain known
Him poliſh'd Italy has call'd her own;

He in the lap of Elegance was bred,
And trac'd the Muſes to their fountain-head;
But much we hope he will enjoy at home
What 's nearer ancient than the modern Rome,
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the Britiſh genius would advance:
There, too, has Shrewſbury improv'd his taſte,
Yet ſtill we dare invite him to our feaſt,
For Corneille's ſake I ſhall my thoughts ſuppreſs
Of Oroonoko, and preſume him leſs:
What tho' we wrong him? Iſabella's wo
Waters thoſe bays that ſhall for ever grow.
  Our foes confeſs, nor we the praiſe refuſe,
The drama glories in the Britiſh Muſe.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead

The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain;
The fickle Gallick taste to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden ages with gay flow'rs of love:
We know Heav'n made him a far greater man
Than any Cæsar in a human plan;
And such we drew him, nor are too refin'd,
To stand affected with what Heav'n design'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakespeare but wrote the play th' Almighty made;
Our neighbour's stage-art too bare fac'd betrays;
'Tis great Corneille at ev'ry scene we praise:
On Nature's surer aid Britannia calls;
None think of Shakespeare till the curtain falls;
Then, with a sigh, returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.
France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs.
That oft' they think more justly we must own,
Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown:
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too;
We sometimes err, by striving more to do.
So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,
But change a sentiment you make a fault:
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame:
When we boast more we own ourselves to blame.
And yet in Shakespeare something still I find
That makes me less esteem all humankind;

He made one nature, and another found:
Both in one page with masterstrokes abound:
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
Bids us no longer at our nurses smile.
Of lost historians we almost complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.
Who lives when his Othello's in a trance?
With his great Talbot*, too, he conquer'd France.
Long may we hope brave Talbot's blood will run
In great descendents; Shakespeare has but one;
And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind silence spare his rival's shame:—
Yet I in vain that author would suppress;
What cann't be greater cannot be made less:
Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
And to himself great Agamemnon name.
Should Shakespeare rise, unbless'd with Talbot's smile,
Ev'n Shakespeare's self would curse this barren isle;
But if that reigning star propitious shine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine,
Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,
Shall not repent my passion for the stage.
Thus did the will-almighty disallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command,
And spar'd the labour of the weakest hand.

* An ancestor of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakespeare.

Auſpicious fate! that gives me leave to writ
To you the Muſes glory and delight,
Who know to read, nor falſe encomiums raiſe,
And mortify an author with your praiſe.
Praiſe wounds a noble mind when 'tis not due
But Cenſure's ſelf will pleaſe, my Lord, from
Faults are our pride and gain, when you deſcer
To point them out, and teach us how to mend
What tho' the great man ſet his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the poet's pride,
Whoſe inſpiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is beſt rewarded when beſt underſtood?
The Muſes write for glory, not for gold;
'Tis far beneath their nature to be ſold:
The greateſt gain is ſcorn'd, but as it ſerves
To ſpeak a ſenſe of what the Muſe deſerves;
The Muſe, which from her Lanſdown fears no
Beſt judge, as well as ſubject, of her ſong,
Should this great theme allure me farther ſtill,
And I preſume to uſe your patience ill,
The world would plead my cauſe, and none bu
Will take diſguſt at what I now purſue.
Since what is mean my Muſe cann't raiſe, I'll
A theme that 's able to exalt my Muſe.
For who, not void of thought, can Granville
Without a ſpark of his immortal flame?
Whether we ſeek the patriot or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna, recommend;

Whether we chuſe to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.
Such native graces without thought abound,
And ſuch familiar glories ſpread around,
As more incline the ſtander-by to raiſe
His value for himſelf, than you to praiſe.
Thus you befriend the moſt heroick way,
Bleſs all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that 's well,
'Tis ſcarce a virtue when you moſt excel.
Tho' ſweet your preſence, graceful is your mien;
You to be happy want not to be ſeen;
Tho' priz'd in publick, you can ſmile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conſcious of thoſe eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, tho' reſolute to pleaſe,
You, were all blind, would ſtill deſerve applauſe;
The world 's your glory's witneſs, not its cauſe;
That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.
You take delight in others' excellence,
A gift which Nature rarely does diſpenſe:
Of all that breathe, 't is you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to ſee yourſelf outdone.
You wiſh not thoſe who ſhew your name reſpect,
So little worth as might excuſe neglect;
Nor are in pain leſt merit you ſhould know,
Nor ſhun the well-deſerver as a foe;

A troubleſome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with ſhame.
You wiſh your country's good; that told, ſo well
Your pow'rs are known, th' event I need not tell.
When Neſtor ſpoke, none aſk'd if he prevail'd;
That god of ſweet perſuaſion never fail'd:
And ſuch great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd only ſaid he fought.
When you, my Lord, to ſylvan ſcenes retreat,
(No crowds around for pleaſure or for ſtate)
You are not caſt upon a ſtranger land,
And wander penſive o'er the barren ſtrand;
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to ſhun the diſcipline of thought;
But, unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You chuſe companions from all human race;
Converſe with thoſe the deluge ſwept away,
Or thoſe whoſe midnight is Britannia's day.
Books not ſo much inform, as give conſent
To thoſe ideas your own thoughts preſent;
Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cauſe to like yourſelf the more.
In Grecian ſages you are only taught
With more reſpect to value your own thought.
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Thoſe precepts we behold alive in you.
Your life is ſo adjuſted to their ſchools,
It makes that hiſtory they meant for rules.

What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise
Within your breasts, and lift you to the skies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find some part of your own conduct told?
So pleas'd and so surpris'd, Æneas stood,
And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan shores the hero spy'd
His story shining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand
The praise and wonder of a foreign land.

He knows not half his being who 's confin'd
In converse and reflection on mankind:
Your soul, which understands her charter well,
Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;
Ranges eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.

When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss,
In heav'nly numbers you your soul unbend,
And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
Ye Kings! would ye true greatness understand?
Read Seneca, grown rich in Granville's hand *.

Behold the glories of your life complete!
Still at a flow, and permanently great:
New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
And yet your greatest is that you must die.

* See his Lordship's tragedy, entitled Heroick Love.

Thus Anna saw, and rais'd you to the seat
Of honour, and confess'd her servant great;
Confess'd, not made him such; for faithful Fame
Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's name.
Tho' you in modesty the title wear,
Your name shall be the title of your heir,
Farther than ermine make his glory known,
And cast in shades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high distinction springs,
The soul's endowments from the King of kings.
Lo, one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granvilles in five thousand years.
Anna! be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and control the great;
But, O! to bid thy Granville brighter shine!
To him that great prerogative resign,
Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,
His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.
Yet still one bliss, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my Lord, whom you must blame
That I grow thus familiar with your name.
He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice;
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
But friends, indeed, goodnature in excess.
You cannot boast the merit of a choice
In making him your own; 't was Nature's voice,

Which call'd too loud by man to be withſtood,
Pleading a tie far nearer than by blood;
Similitude of manners, ſuch a mind,
As makes you loſe the wonder of mankind.
Such eaſe his common converſe recommends,
As he ne'er felt a paſſion, but his friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles beyond the force
Of all beneath the ſun to bend his courſe*.
Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air,
Salutes each paſſing breeze with head reclin'd,
The pliant branches dance in ev'ry wind;
But fix'd the ſtem, her upright ſtate maintains,
And all the fury of the North diſdains.
How are ye bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendſhip end.
O Harriſon! I muſt, I will, complain;
Tears ſooth the ſoul's diſtreſs, tho' ſhed in vain.
Didſt thou return, and bleſs thy native ſhore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more!—
Thy talk was early done, and I muſt own
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
But 't is in me a vanity to mourn,
The ſorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loſs perceive;
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.

* His Lordſhip's nephew who took orders.

With akeing heart and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When firſt inform'd of his approaching fate,
But reach'd the partner of my ſoul too late.
'Twas paſt; his cheek was cold; that tuneful tor
Which ſo charm'd with its melodious ſong,
Now languiſh'd, wanted ſtrength to ſpeak his p
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and ſunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow thro' my bleeding heart.
To what ſerv'd all his promis'd wealth and pow
But more to load that moſt unhappy hour?
Yet ſtill prevail'd the greatneſs of his mind,
That not in health, or life itſelf, confin'd,
Felt thro' his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and ſmil'd in Death's embrace
His ſpirit now juſt ready to reſign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He graſps my hand, his ſwimming eyeballs roll
My hand he graſps, and enters in my ſoul;
Then with a groan—Support me—O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear†!
Pardon, my Lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom ſeeks relief:
To better fate your love I recommend;
O! may you never loſe ſo dear a friend!

†The Author here bewails that moſt ingenious gentl
Mr. William Harriſon, fellow of New-College, Oxon.

May nothing interrupt your happy hours!
Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe show'rs:
Nor yet disdain these blessings to adorn;
To make the Muse immortal you was born.
Sing! and in latest time, when story 's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark;
Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page.
The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain sway'd when Granville sung;
That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
When this great man was first saluted Lord.

A LETTER

TO MR. TICKELL.

Occasioned by the death

OF THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ. 1719.

——Tu nunc eris alter ab illo. . . . . VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In social arts and sacred friendship join'd;
Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;
Thy wonted aid, my dear Companion! bring,
And teach me thy departed friend to sing:

A darling theme! once pow'rful to inſpire,
And now to melt, the Muſes' mournful choir:
Now, and now firſt, we freely dare commend
His modeſt worth, nor ſhall our praiſe offend.
Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And raviſh'd Iſis liſten'd to his ſtrain.
See, ſee, ſhe cry'd, old Maro's Muſe appears,
Wak'd from her ſlumber of two thouſand years:
Her finiſh'd charms to Addiſon ſhe brings,
Thinks in his thought, and in his number ſings.
All read tranſported his pure claſſick page;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.
The State, when now his riſing fame was known,
Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own,
Nor would that one for ſcenes of action ſtrong,
Should let a life evaporate in ſong.
As health and ſtrength the brighteſt charms diſpenſe,
Wit is the bloſſom of the ſoundeſt ſenſe:
Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inſpir'd,
With quickneſs pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conſcious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themſelves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they eſteem a gay but worthleſs pow'r,
The ſlight amuſement of a leiſure hour,
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majeſtick Wiſdom wears the bright diſguiſe.
Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy;

Lightly ſhe toy'd and trifled with his charms,
And knew not that a god was in her arms.
Who greateſt excellence of thought could boaſt,
In action, too, have been diſtinguiſh'd moſt:
This Sommers knew, and Addiſon ſent forth
From the malignant regions of the North,
To be matur'd in more indulgent ſkies,
Where all the vigour of the ſoul can riſe;
Thro' warmer veins where ſprightlier ſpirits run,
And ſenſe enliven'd ſparkles in the ſun.
With ſecret pain the prudent patriot gave
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the ſtars reſign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in ſea and wind.
Auſonia ſoon receiv'd her wond'ring gueſt,
And equal wonder in her turn confeſt,
To ſee her ſervours rivall'd by the pole,
Her luſtre beaming from a northern ſoul:
In like ſurpriſe was her Æneas loſt,
To find his picture grace a foreign coaſt.
Now the wide field of Europe he ſurveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and conſummate thought;
Great work! by Naſſau's favour cheaply bought.
He now returns to Britain a ſupport,
Wiſe in her ſenate, graceful in her court;
And when the publick welfare would permit,
The ſource of learning, and the ſoul of wit.

O Warwick! (whom the Muſe is fond to name,
And kindles, conſcious of her future theme)
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright,
How early didſt thou catch his radiant light!
By him inſpir'd, how ſhine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!

On ſome warm bank, thus, fortunately borne,
A roſe-bud opens to a ſummer's morn,
Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride diſplays,
And ſhews th' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
We now, ſurpris'd, her fruitful branches ſee;
Or, Orange-like, till his auſpicious time
It grew indeed, but ſhiver'd in our clime:
He firſt the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed;
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her uſe.

When looſe from publick cares the grove he ſou
And fill'd the leiſure interval with thought,
The various labours of his eaſy page,
A chance amuſement, poliſh'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards could ſcarce invent,
Who durſt to frame a world by accident.

What he has ſung, how early, and how well,
The Thames ſhall boaſt, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more ſublime remains in ſtore,
Since ſuch his talents, that he ſung no more.

No fuller proof of pow'r th' Almighty gave,
Making the ſea, than ſubduing her proud wave.
Nought can the genius of his works tranſcend,
But their fair purpoſe and important end;
To rouſe the war for injur'd Europe's laws,
To ſteel the patriot in great Brunſwick's cauſe;
With virtue's charms to kindle ſacred love,
Or paint the eternal bow'rs of bliſs above.
Where hadſt thou room, great Author? where, to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal ſoul?
Thro' paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were brought
Thy proofs ſo ſtrong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel,
"How could a mortal eſſence think ſo well?"
But why ſo large is the great writer's praiſe?
More lofty ſubjects ſhould my numbers raiſe:
In him (illuſtrious rivalry!) contend
The ſtateſman, patriot, Chriſtian, and the friend!
His glory ſuch it borders on diſgrace
To ſay he ſung the beſt of human race.
In joy once join'd, in ſorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell! accept this verſe, thy mournful due;
Thou farther ſhalt the ſacred theme purſue;
And as thy ſtrain deſcribes the matchleſs man,
Thy life ſhall ſecond what thy Muſe began.
Tho' ſweet the numbers, tho' a fire divine
Dart thro' the whole, and burn in ev'ry line,

Who ſtrives not for that excellence he draws,
Is ſtain'd by fame, and ſuffers from applauſe.
But haſte to thy illuſtrious taſk; prepare
The noble work well truſted to thy care,
The gift bequeath'd by Addiſon's command,
To Craggs made ſacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays,
The ſcatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him ſo true, ſo truly lov'd,
In life diſtinguiſh'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs awhile
In gen'rous anguiſh o'er the glorious pile;
With anxious pleaſure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What tho' thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike fri
Thy other cares for Britain's weal ſuſpend?
Think not, O Patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow,
Thoſe cares ſuſpended for a private wo;
Thy love to him is to thy country ſhown;
He mourns for her who mourns for Addiſon.

CONTENTS.

Page

THE LAST DAY. A POEM. IN THREE BOOKS.

Book I. 1
Book II. 13
Book III. 28

THE FORCE OF RELIGION; OR, VANQUISH'D LOVE. A POEM. IN TWO BOOKS.

Book I. 40
Book II. 51

LOVE OF FAME, THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. IN SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

Preface to the Satires. 61
Satire I. To his Grace the Duke of Dorset, 67
Satire II. 78
Satire III. 89
Satire IV. To the Right Hon. Sir Spenser Compton, 99
Satire V. On Women, 109
Satire VI. Ditto, 130
Satire VII. To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole, 152

EPISTLES.

Page
Epistles to Mr. Pope, concerning the Authors of the age.
Epistle I. 165
Epistle II. From Oxford, 176
An Epistle to the Right Hon. George Lord Lansdown, 185
A Letter to Mr. Tickell, occasioned by the death of the Right Hon. Joseph Addison, Esq. 1719, 205

From the APOLLO PRESS,
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June 5. 1784.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

BELL'S EDITION.

THE POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

YOUNG VOLUME IV.

I lead the Choir and they conspire
With Voice and Shell to lift it high

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE REVEREND

DR. EDWARD YOUNG

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the Law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classicks quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyrick reign, and censure cease?——
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing——but their praise? SAT. I.

Bell's *second edition.*

VOL. IV.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE REVEREND

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS

ODE TO THE KING,
OCEAN. AN ODE,
SEA-PIECE. AN ODE,
MERCHANT. AN ODE,
PARAPH. ON PART OF JOB
RESIGNATION. TWO PAR
INSTALMENT. TO WALPO
FOREIGN ADDRESS,

&c. &c. &c.

Tho' bold these truths, thou, Muse! with truths like these
Wilt some offend whom 't is a praise to please.
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a satire which gave none offence?
And since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me?
The fool and knave 't is glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend:
The world! where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all. SAT.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.

ODES.

ODE, OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE SEA-SERVICE.

I THINK myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance, and I should look upon it as a great happiness if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general, that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country as oft' as occasion shall require it; a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of Greenwich Hospital, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country. Speech, Jan. 27. 1727-8.

TO THE KING. MDCCXXVIII.

I.

OLD Ocean's praise
Demands my lays;
A truly British theme I sing;
A theme so great
I dare complete,
And join with Ocean ocean's King.

II.

The Roman ode
Majeſtick flow'd,
Its ſtream divinely clear and ſtrong
In ſenſe and ſound
Thebes roll'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

III.

Let Thebes nor Rome,
So fam'd, preſume
To triumph o'er a northern iſle;
Late time ſhall know
The north can glow,
If dread Auguſtus deign to ſmile.

IV.

The naval crown
Is all his own!
Our fleet, if War or Commerce call,
His will performs
Thro' waves and ſtorms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

V.

No former race,
With ſtrong embrace,
This theme to raviſh durſt aſpire;
With virgin charms
My ſoul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

VI.

My lays I file
With cautious toil;
Ye Graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your ſtrokes repeat:
At ev'ry ſtroke the work refines!

VII.

How muſick charm
How metre warms!
Parent of actions gr
How vice it tames!
And worth inflame !
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

VIII.

Jove mark'd for man
A ſcanty ſpan,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit ſcorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

IX.

Since years will fly,
And pleaſures die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since while life laſts
Joy ſuffers blaſts
From frowning Fate and fickle Chance;

X.

Nor life is long,
But ſoon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, Death's pallid ſhore;
We make at leaſt
Of bad the beſt,
If in life's phantom, Fame, we ſoar.

XI.

Our ſtrains divide
The laurel's pride;
With thoſe we liſt to life we live;
By Fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And ſhare the bleſſings which we give.

XII.

What hero's praiſe
Can fire my lays
Like his with whom my lay begun?
" Juſtice ſincere,
" And courage clear,
" Riſe the two columns of his throne.

XIII.

" How form'd for ſway!
" Who look obey,
" They read the monarch in his port:
" Their love and awe
" Supply the law,
" And his own luſtre makes the court."

XIV.

On yonder height
What golden light
Triumphant ſhines? and ſhines alone.
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the ſun; 't is Britain's throne.

XV.

Our monarch there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempeſts riſe nd;
Like Britiſh oak,
Derides the ſtroke;
His blooming hono d!

XVI.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an n'rous maid;
While intereſt wing.
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, t ſhade.

VII.

At his proud foot
The ſea, pour'd out,
Immortal nourihment ſupplies;
Thence wealth and ſtate,
And pow'r and fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

XVIII.

From what we view
We take the clue
Which leads from great to greater things:
Men doubt no more,
But gods adore,
When ſuch reſemblance ſhines in kings.

OCEAN.

AN ODE.

Let the ſea make a noiſe, let the floods clap their h

I.

Sweet rural ſcene
Of flocks and green!
At careleſs eaſe my limbs are ſpread;
All Nature ſtill
But yonder rill,
And liſt'ning pines nod o'er my head.

II.

In proſpect wide
The boundleſs tide!
Waves ceaſe to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze
The curling ſeas
Dance on in meaſure to the ſhore.

III.

Who ſings the ſource
Of wealth and force?
Vaſt field of commerce and big war,
Where wonders dwell!
Where terrours ſwell!
And Neptune thunders from his car?

IV.

Where? where are
Whom Pœan's ray
Has touch'd, and bi
What! none aſpire!
I ſnatch the lyre,
And plunge into th wave.

V.

The wave reſounds!
The rock rebounds!
The Nereids to my
I lead the choir,
And they conſpire,
With voice and ſhel gh.

They ſpread in air
Their boſoms fair,
Their verdant treſſes pour behind;
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant ſwell the wind.

VII.

Who love the ſhore,
Let thoſe adore
The god Apollo, and his Nine
Parnaſſus' hill,
And Orpheus' ſkill,
But let Arion's harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
Her ſtrength, her glory, is her fleet:
The main! the main!
Be Britain's ſtrain;
As Triton's ſtrong, as Syrens ſweet.

IX.

Thro' Nature wide
Is nought deſcry'd
So rich in pleaſure or ſurpriſe;
When all-ſerene,
How ſweet the ſcene?
How dreadful when the billows riſe!

X.

And ſtorms deface
The fluid glaſs,
In which erewhile Britannia, fair,
Look down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjuſting her majeſtick air!

XI.

When tempeſts ceaſe,
And, huſh'd in peace,
The flatten'd ſurges ſmoothly ſpread,
Deep ſilence keep,
And ſeem to ſleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken, ſhoots al
Which tempt from
The painted oar,
And ev'ry canvaſs c urts ze!

XIII.

When ruſhes forth
The frowning North
On black'ning billows, with what dread
My ſhudd'ring ſoul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head!

XIV.

With terrour mark
Yon' flying bark!
Now centre-deep deſcend the brave;
Now, toſs'd on high,
It takes the ſky,
A feather on the tow'ring wave!

XV.

Now ſpins around
In whirls profound:
Now whelm'd, now pendent near the clouds;
Now ſtunn'd, it reels
Midſt thunder's peals,
And now fierce lightning fires the ſhrouds.

XVI.

All ether burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends, once more, the ſeas and ſkies:
No ſpace between
Thy boſom green,
O deep! and the blue concave lies.

XVII.

The northern blaſt,
The ſhatter'd maſt,
The ſyrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking ſpout,
The ſtars gone out,
The boiling ſtreight, the monſters' ſhock.

XVIII.

Let others fear;
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
Thoſe terrours charm
Which keep her warm
In chaſe of honeſt gain or fame.

XIX.

The ſtars are bright
To cheer the night,
And ſhed, thro' ſhadows, temper'd fire
And Phœbus flames,
With burniſh'd beams,
Which ſome adore, and all admire.

XX.

Are then the ſeas
Outſhone by theſe?
Bright Thetis! thou
With kinder beams,
And ſofter gleams,
Thy boſom wears the
wn.

There, ſet in green,
Gold ſtars are ſeen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the ſun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Thoſe clouds, whoſe dyes
Adorn the ſkies,
That ſilver ſnow, that pearly rain,
Has Pœbus ſtole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII.

The gaudy bow,
Whoſe colours glow,
Whoſe arch with ſo much ſkill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray,
Which paints ſo gay,
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters ſleep,
What unknown treaſures pave the floor!
The pearl, in rows,
Pale luſtre throws;
The wealth immenſe which ſtorms devour.

XXV.

From Indian mines,
With proud deſigns,
The merchant, ſwoln, digs golden ore;
The tempeſts riſe
And ſeize the prize,
And toſs him, breathleſs, on the ſhore.

XXVI.

His ſon complains
In pious ſtrains;
"Ah! cruel thirſt of gold," he cries;
Then ploughs the main
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet ſwelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou wat'ry vaſt!
What mounds are caſt
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er!
Thy proudeſt foam
Muſt know its home;
But rage of gold diſdains a ſhore.

Gold pleaſure buys;
But pleaſure dies;
Too ſoon the groſs fr
Tho' raptures court,
The ſenſe is ſhort;
But virtue kindles li

Joys felt alone!
Joys aſk'd of none!
Which Time's and I ows miſs;
Joys that ſubſiſt,
Tho' fates reſiſt,
An unprecarious, en

The ſoul refin'd
Is moſt inclin'd
To ev'ry moral excellence;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool,
And Virtue is the child of Senſe.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind,
Nor wave nor wind,
Nor Civil rage, nor tyrants' frown,
The ſhaken ball,
The planet's fall,
From its firm baſis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With gen'rous paſſions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On publick weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

XXXIII.

What end ſo great
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the Main;
Which tow'ring roſe,
With George to cloſe,
And rival great Eliza's reign?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To reinflame a grand deſign;
That voice ſhall rear
Yon' fabrick fair *,
As Nature's roſe at the divine.

* A new fund for Greenwich Hoſpital, recommended the throne.

XXXV.

When Nature ſprung
Bleſs'd angels ſung,
And ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
For ſtrains as high
As man's can fly
The ſea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boiſt'rous ſeas,
The lap of Eaſe
Receives our wounded and our old;
High domes aſcend!
Stretch'd arches bend;
Proud columns ſwell? wide gates unfold!

XXXVII.

XXXIX.

Unhappy they!
And falsely gay!
Who bask for ever in success:
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress.

XL.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting mariner regains,
What transport flows
From bare repose?
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

XLI.

Ye Warlike! slain
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a wat'ry windingsheet,
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet *.

XLII.

What pow'rful charm
Can Death disarm?
Your long, your iron slumbers break:
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

* *Written* soon after K. George I.'s accession.

ODES.

XLIII.

/ith ſpiral ſhell,
ull-blaſted, tell,
That all your war'ry realms ſhould ring;
Your pearl alcoves,
Your coral groves,
Should echo theirs and B[illegible]g.

X[illegible]

As long as ſtars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues pleaſe,
Or ſuns invite
The raviſh'd ſight,
The Britiſh flag ſhall ſweep the ſeas.

XLV.

Peculiar both!
Our ſoil's ſtrong growth,
And our bold natives' hardy mind;
Sure Heav'n beſpoke
Our hearts and oak,
To give a maſter to mankind.

XLVI.

That nobleſt birth
Of teeming earth,
Of foreſt fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coaſts
Our grandeur boaſts,
And Britain's pleaſure ſpeaks aloud:

XLVII.

Now, big with war,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand;
Now ſumptuous ſpoils
Of foreign ſoils
Pours in the boſom of our land.

XLVIII.

Hence Britain lays
In ſcales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms and of kings;
And as ſhe frowns,
Or ſmiles, on crowns,
A night or day of glory ſprings.

XLIX.

Thus Ocean ſwells
The ſtreams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high,
Or elſe withdraws
The mighty cauſe,
And leaves their famiſh'd channels dry

SEA-PIECE:

containing

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.
II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIRE.

I.

My Muſe, a bird of paſſage, flies

III.

But where 's his dolphin? know'ſt thou where?—
May that be found in thee Voltaire!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illuſtrious raiſe
My ſinking ſong? Mere mortal lays,
So patroniz'd, are reſcu'd from the grave.

IV.

"Tell me," ſay'ſt thou, "who courts my ſmile
"What ſtranger ſtray'd from yonder iſle?"—
No ſtranger, Sir! tho' born in foreign climes;
On Dorſet Downs, when Milton's page,
With Sin and Death, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, who ſooth'd with gentle r

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy cenſure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to deſcry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy ſtrong
Who half-inclin'd thee to confeſs,
Nor could thy modeſty do leſs,
That Milton's blindneſs lay not in his ſon

VI.

But ſuch debates long ſince are flown:
For ever ſet the ſuns that ſhone
On airy paſtimes, ere our brows were g
How ſhortly ſhall we both forget,
To thee, my patron, I my debt,
And thou to thine for Pruſſia's golden

VII.

preſent, in oblivion caſt,
oon ſhall ſleep, as ſleeps the paſt;
oon the wide diſtinction die between
frowns and favours of the great;
-fluſh'd Succeſs, and pale Defeat,
Gallick gayety, and Britiſh ſpleen.

VIII.

ing'd, ye rapid, Moments! ſtay:
Friend! as deaf, as rapid, they;
s little drama done, the curtain falls!—
thou not hear it? I can hear,
nothing ſtrikes the liſt'ning ear;
: groans his laſt; Eternal loudly calls!

IX.

A SEA-PIECE.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

I.

In lofty ſounds let thoſe delight
Who brave the foe but fear the fight,
And, bold in word, of arms decline the ſtroke;
'Tis mean to beaſt, but great to lend
To foes the counſel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence ariſe theſe loud alarms?
Why gleams the South with brandiſh'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from curs'd ambition ſprings;
Ambition mean! ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardours may ſubſide,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's ſailor ſings.

III.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Haſtes the huge oak, or ſhadeleſs foreſt leaves;
The mountain pines aſſume new forms,
Spread canvaſs wings, and fly thro' ſtorms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

ls again; the lab'ring earth
:s a tremendous birth;
king rivers runs her molten ore;
: monſters of enormous ſize,
deous aſpect, threat'ning riſe;
from the deck from trembling baſtions roar.

V.

miniſters of Fate fulfil,
pires wide, an iſland's will,
thrones unjuſt wake vengeance. Know, ye
len night, and pond'rous balls, [Pow'rs!
ods of flame, the tempeſt falls,
brav'd Britannia's awful ſenate low'rs.

VI.

grand council* ſhe ſurveys,
iot picture, what may raiſe,
olent attempts, a warm diſdain;
Hope's triumphant ſummit thrown,
arted lightning, ſwiftly down
ealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

VII.

nia ſheaths her courage keen,
ares her nitrous magazine;
nnon ſlumber, till the proud aſpire,
ave all law below them; then they blaze!
hunder from reſounding ſeas,
'd by their injur'd maſter's ſoul of fire.

* Houſe of Lords.

VIII.

Then furies riſe! the battle raves!
And rends the ſkies, and warms the waves!
And calls a tempeſt from the peaceful deep,
In ſpite of Nature, ſpite of Jove,
While all ſerene, and hoſh'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers ſleep.

IX.

A thouſand deaths the burſting bomb
Hurls from her diſembowel'd womb;
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by ſtrong ſulphureous blaſts,
Sweep in black whirlwinds, men and maſts,
And leave ſing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

X.

Dwarf laurels riſe in tented fields;
The wreath immortal Ocean yields;
There War's whole ſting is ſhot, whole fire is ſpent,
Whole glory blooms. How pale, how tame,
How lambent, is Bellona's flame!
How her ſtorms languiſh on the Continent!

XI.

From the dread front of ancient War
Leſs terrour frown'd; her ſithed car,
Her caſtled elephant, and batt'ring beam,
Stoop to thoſe engines which deny
Superiour terrours to the ſky,
And boaſt their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

XII.

The flames, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? or do I rave?
Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant-brothers frame?
Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call:
Unfinish'd let those bawbles fall,
Yon' shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Your strokes suspend, ye brawny Throng!
Charm'd by the magick of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin; and, first take rapid flight *,
Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,
And ghastly terrour, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the North his roar,
Mix groans, and deaths; one phial pour

* Alluding to Virgil's description of thunder.

Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
Gaul ſtarts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

ODE THE SECOND.

In which is

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

I.

So form'd the bolt ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon ſhake,
If Britain's crimes ſupport not Britain's foes,
And edge their ſwords. O Pow'r Divine!
If bleſs'd by thee the bold deſign,
Embattled hoſts a ſingle arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike Dead! who fell of old
In Britain's cauſe by Fame enroll'd
In deathleſs annal! deathleſs deeds inſpire;
From oozy beds, for Britain's ſake,
Awake illuſtrious Chiefs! awake,
And kindle in your ſons paternal fire.

III.

The day commiſſion'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full ſhock too feeble to ſuſtain,
Or firm to ſtand its final blow,
When vital ſtreams of blood ſhall flow,
And turn to crimſon the diſcolour'd main;

IV.

That day 's arriv'd, that fatal hour!——
" Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r!
" Our guide in counſel, and our ſtrength in fight!
" Now war's important die is thrown,
" If left the day to man alone,
" How blind is Wiſdom, and how weak is Might?

V.

" Let proſtrate hearts, and awful fear,
" And deep remorſe, and ſighs ſincere
" For Britain's guilt the wrath divine appeaſe;
" A wrath more formidable far
" Than angry Nature's waſteful war,
" The whirl of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas.

VI.

" From out the deep to thee we cry,
" To thee, at Nature's helm on high!
" Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
" To thee for ſuccour we reſort;
" Thy favour is our only port;
" Our only rock of ſafety thy defence.

VII.

" O Thou! to whom the lions roar,
" And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
" Thy throne our burſts of cannon loud invoke:
" Thou cann'ſt arreſt the flying ball,
" Or ſend it back, and bid it fall
" On thoſe from whoſe proud deck the thunder broke.

VIII.

" Britain in vain extends her care
" To climes remote * for aids in war;
" Still farther muſt it ſtretch to cruſh the foe:
" There's one alliance, one alone,
" Can crown her arms, or fix her throne,
" And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

" Ally Supreme! we turn to thee;
" We learn obedience from the ſea;
" With ſeas and winds, henceforth, thy laws ſh
" 'Tis thine our blood to freeze or warm,
" To rouſe or huſh the martial ſtorm,
" And turn the tide of conqueſt at thy will.

X.

" 'Tis thine to beam ſublime renown,
" Or quench the glories of a crown;
" 'Tis thine to doom, 't is thine from Death to
" To turn aſide his levell'd dart,
" Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
" There, we caſt anchor, we confide in thee.

XI.

" Thou! who haſt taught the North to roar,
" And ſtreaming † lights nocturnal pour
" Of frightful aſpect! when proud foes invade,
" Their blaſted pride with dread to ſeize,
" Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, blaze,
" And George depute to thunder in thy ſtead.

* Ruſſia. †Aurora Borealis.

XII.

"The right alone is bold and ſtrong;
"Black hov'ring clouds appal the wrong
"With dread of vengeance.—Nature's awful Sire!
"Leſs than one moment ſhouldſt thou frown,
"Where is Puiſſance and Renown?
"Thrones tremble, empires ſink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

"Let George the juſt chaſtiſe the vain.
"Thou! who doſt curb the rebel main,
"To mount the ſhore when boiling billows rave!
"Bid George repel a bolder tide,
"The boundleſs ſwell of Gallick pride,
"And check Ambition's overwhelming wave.

XIV.

"And when (all milder means withſtood)
"Ambition tam'd by loſs of blood
"Regains her reaſon; then, on angels' wings,
"Let Peace deſcend, and ſhooting greet,
"With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
"How richly freighted! it triumphant brings
"The poiſe of kingdoms and the fate of kings."

IMPERIUM PELAGI:

A NAVAL LYRICK.

Written in imitation of

PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

OCCASIONED BY

His Majesty's return from Hanover, Sept. 1729, *and the succeeding peace.*

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet, immensúsque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore.
Concines lætoſque dies, et urbis
Publicum ludum, ſuper impetrato
Fortis Auguſti reditu. HOR.

PREFACE.

A Pindarick carries a formidable ſound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it, of which (with utmoſt ſubmiſſion) I conceive the criticks have hitherto entertained a falſe idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not ſo familiar; as a fixed ſtar is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, tho' leſs obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar: I ſhall therefore ſoon ſupport at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very noble ſubject in itſelf, more proper than any for an Engliſhman, and particularly ſeaſonable at this juncture.

We have more ſpecimens of good writing in every province than in the ſublime, our two famous epick poems excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had the feweſt rivals.

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the real intereſt, or poſſible glory, of his country than before, or a ſtronger impreſſion from it, or a warmer concern for it, I give up to the critick any further reputation.

We have many copies and tranſlations that paſs for originals. This Ode, I humbly conceive, is an original, though it profeſſes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his particular works, any more than like Raphael, by copying the Cartoons. The genius and ſpirit of ſuch great men muſt be collected from the whole; and when thus we are poſſeſſed of it, we muſt exert its energy in ſubjects and deſigns of our own. Nothing is ſo unpindarical as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an original; and he muſt be ſo too who would be like Pindar in that which is his greateſt praiſe. Nothing ſo unlike as a cloſe copy and a noble original.

As for length, Pindar has an unbroken ode of ſix hundred lines. Nothing is long or ſhort in writing, but relatively to the demand of the ſubject, and the manner of treating it. A diſtich may be long, and a folio ſhort. However, I have broken this Ode into ſtrains, each of which may be conſidered as a ſeparate ode, if you pleaſe. And if the variety and fulneſs of matter be conſidered, I am rather apprehenſive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than from

length. But lank writing is what I think ought
be declined, if for nothing else, for our plenty of i
The ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the Pi
is the most spirited kind of ode. This I speak at
very great peril; but truth has an eternal title
confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

The Contents.

THE Ode consists of a Prelude; five Strains; a Moral; a Clos
Chorus.

PRELUDE.

THE Proposition. An Address to the Vessel that brought over t
Who should sing on this occasion. Pindarick boast.

STRAIN I. How the King attended. A prospect of happiness.
A surprising instance of it in Old Rome. The mischief of flot
happiness is. Sloth its greatest enemy. Trade natural to Britai
invoked. Described. What the greatest human excellence. T
of wealth. Its use, abuse, end. The variety of Nature. The
ral cause of it. The benefit of man's necessities. Britain's nav
She makes all nature serviceable to her end. Of reason. I
lance. How we should form our estimate of things. Reason's
talk. Why the first glory her's. Her effects in old Britain.

STRAIN II. Arts from commerce. Why Britain should pursue
wealth includes. An historical digression, which kind is most
in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The
of her ruin. The cause of it. Her crimes through all rank
ders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings' just refle
it. An awful image of the Divine power and vengeance. Pr
Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

STRAIN III. An inference from this history. Advice to Brita
proper to her than other nations. How far the broke of
reaches. What supports our endeavours. The unconsidered b
liberty. Britain's obligation to pursue trade. Why above half
is sea. Britain's grandeur from her situation. The winds, the
constellations, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain
with other states. The leviathan described. Britain's site an
title to the seas. Who rivals her. Of Venice, Holland. Som
trade as mean; censured for it. Trade's glory. The late Ca
tion. A surprising instance of magnificence. The merchant'
Compared with men of letters.

CONTENTS.

STRAIN IV. Pindar invoked. His praiſe. Britain ſhould decline but boldly aſſert her trade. Encouraged from the throne. Brit condition without trade. Trade's character, and ſurpriſing deeds. thage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The miſer's chara The wonderful effects of trade. Why religion recommended t Merchant. What falſe joy. What true. What religion is to the chant. Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How w ly and how long to be purſued by us. The Briton's legacy. Colun His praiſe. America deſcribed. Worlds ſtill unknown. Queen E beth. King George II.; his glory navally repreſented.

STRAIN V. What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that o moſt famed in hiſtory. The ſign Lyra. What the conſtellations Argo. The Whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The Lion. Libra. V Berenice. The Britiſh ladies cenſured. The Moon. What the ſe Apoſtrophe to the Emperour. The Spaniſh Armada. How Br ſhould ſpeak her reſentment. What gives power. What natives war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. Who maſter of the w What the hiſtory of the world is. The genealogy of glory. Milt about it. Peace the Merchant's harveſt. Ships of divine origin. chants ambaſſadors. The Briton's voyage. Praiſe the food of Britain's record.

THE MORAL.

THE moſt happy ſhould be the moſt virtuous. Of eternity. What tain's art ſhould be. Whence ſlavery.

THE CLOSE.

THIS [illegible] now firſt ſung. How ſung. Preferable to Pindar's [illegible]

THE MERCHANT.

AN ODE

On the British trade and navigation.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλατειαι παντοθεν λογιοι·
σιν εντι προσοδοι,
νασον ευκλεα ταν-
δε κοσμεειν. PIND. NEM. Ode vi.

PRELUDE.

FAST by the ſurge my limbs are ſpread,
The naval oak nods o'er my head,
The winds are loud, the waves tumult'ous roll;
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye ſounding billows! ceaſe to roar:
The god deſcends, and tranſports warm my ſoul.

II.

The waves are huſh'd, the winds are ſpent;
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in ſong. Fam'd Iſle! no leſs,
By Nature's favour, from mankind,
Than by the foaming ſea disjoin'd;
Alone in bliſs! an iſle in happineſs!

III.

Tho' Fate and Time have damp'd my ſtrains,
Tho' youth no longer fires my veins,
Tho' flow their ſtreams in this cold climate run,
The royal eye diſpels my cares,
Recalls the warmth of blooming years;
Returning George ſupplies the diſtant ſun.

IV.

Away, my Soul! ſalute the Pine *,
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand depoſit faithful to reſtore;
Salute the bark that ne'er ſhould hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My Soul! to thee ſhe ſpreads her ſails;
Their boſoms fill with ſacred gales;
With inſpiration from the Godhead warm;
Now bound for an eternal clime,
O ſend her down the tide of time,
Snatch'd from oblivion, and ſecure from ſtorm.

VI.

Or teach this flag like that to ſoar,
Which gods of old and heroes bore;
Bid her a Britiſh conſtellation riſe——
The ſea ſhe ſcorns; and now ſhall bound
On lofty billows of ſweet ſound:
I am her pilot, and her port the ſkies!

* The veſſel in which the King came over.

VII.

Dare you to ſing, ye twinkling Train!
Silence, ye Wretched! ye Profane!
Who ſhackle proſe, and boaſt of abſent gods;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
And labour ſtiff Anacreontick odes.

VIII.

Ye lawful ſons of Genius, riſe!
Of genuine title to the ſkies;
Ye founts of Learning! and ye mints of Fame!
You who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought with Attick art,
And drink pure ſong from Cam's or Iſis' ſtream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous ſtream from my unlabour'd breaſt;
As when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
The gen'rous burſts of willing wine
Diſtil nectareous from the grape unpreſs'd.

STRAIN I.

I.

"Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
What ſhining forms ſurround his throne,
O ſun! as planets thee. To my loud ſtrain
See Peace, by Wiſdom led, advance;
The Grace, the Muſe, the Seaſon, dance!
And Plenty ſpreads behind her flowing train!

II.

"Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
New glories kindle round his throne.
The viſions riſe! I triumph as I gaze.
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of Fate,
And now am preſent to the future blaze.

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty Months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the Sun!—O thou divine,
Bleſs'd Induſtry! a ſmiling earth
From thee alone derives its birth;
By thee the ploughſhare and its maſter ſhine.

IV.

From thee, maſt, cable, anchor, oar,
From thee the cannon, and his roar;
On oaks rear'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows.
O golden fruit! oak well might prove
The ſacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give the naval oak beſtows.

V.

What cannot Induſtry complete?
When punick war firſt flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent Roman Fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries*;
As ſoon they fall, as ſoon they riſe;
One moon a foreſt, and the next a fleet.

* L. Florus.

VI.

Is ſloth indulgence? 't is a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the ſoil;
Defeats creation, plunges in diſtreſs,
Cankers our being; all devours.
A full exertion of our pow'rs,
Thence, and thence only, glows our happineſs.

VII.

The ſtream may ſtagnate, yet be clear,
The ſun ſuſpend his ſwift career,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
Ere man his active ſprings reſign'd,
Can ruſt in body and in mind,
Yet taſte of bliſs, of which he chokes the ſource.

VIII.

Where, Induſtry! thy daughter fair?
Recall her to her native air:
Here was Trade born, here bred, here flouriſh'd long;
And ever ſhall ſhe flouriſh here:
What tho' ſhe languiſh'd? 't was but fear;
She's ſound of heart; her conſtitution's ſtrong.

IX.

Wake, ſling her up. Trade! lean no more
On thy fix'd anchor; puſh from ſhore;
Earth lies before thee, ev'ry climate court.
And ſee! ſhe's rous'd; abſolv'd from fears,
Her brow in cloudleſs azure rears,
Spreads all her ſail, and opens ev'ry port.

X.

See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
She levies gain on ev'ry place,
Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name!
Again she travels with the sun,
Again she draws a golden zone,
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth

XI.

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
In shameful sloth, with nerves unstrung,
The nation's languid load, defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd vessels wing to sea,
Worlds worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms

XII.

XIV.

Luxuriant Isle! what tide that flows,
Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial sun that shines, or show'r that pour
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours, for
How ev'ry heart dilates to see
Each land 's each season blending on thy sho

XV.

All these one British harvest make?
The servant Ocean, for thy sake,
Both sinks and swells: his arms thy bosom w
And fondly give, in boundless dow'r,
To mighty George's growing pow'r,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

XVI.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair Virtue with the first renown:
A large revenue, and a large expense,
When hearts for others' welfare glow,
And spend as free as gods bestow,
Gives the fool bloom to mortal excellence.

XVII.

Glow, then, my Breast! abound, my Store!
This, and this boldly I implore:
Their want and apathy let Stoicks boast;
Passion and riches, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our skill;
All blessings wound us when discretion 's lost

XVIII.

Wealth, in the virtuous and the wiſe,
'Tis vice and folly to deſpiſe:
Let thoſe in praiſe of poverty refine,
Whoſe heads or hearts pervert its uſe,
The narrow-ſoul'd or the profuſe:
The truly great find morals in the mine.

XIX.

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
Has learn'd the rare, illuſtrious art
Of being rich: ſtores ſtarve us or they cloy,
From gold if more than chymick ſkill
Extract not what is brighter ſtill:
'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

XX.

Plenty 's a means, and joy her end:
Exalted minds their joys extend.
A Chandos ſhines when others' joys are done;
As lofty turrets by their height,
When humble ſcenes reſign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining ſun.

XXI.

Pregnant with bleſſings, Britain! ſwear
No ſordid ſon of thine ſhall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace;
Who now his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nations, commerce and increaſe.

XXII.

How various Nature! turgid grain,
Here nodding, floats the golden plain;
There worms weave silken webs, here g
Lay forth their purple to the sun:
Beneath the soil there harvests run,
And kings' revenues ripen in the mines.

XXIII.

What 's various Nature? art divine,
Man's soul to soften and refine:
Heav'n diff'rent growths to diff'rent lan
That all may stand in need of all,
And int'rest draw around the ball
A net to catch and join all human hearts

XXIV.

Thus has the great Creator's pen,
His law supreme to mortal men,
In their necessities distinctly writ:
Ev'n appetite supplies the place
Of absent virtue, absent grace,
And human want performs for human

XXV.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around,
The wond'ring foreigner confound:
How stands the deep-aw'd Continent ag
As her proud sceptred sons survey,
At ev'ry port, on ev'ry quay,
Huge mountains rise of cable, anchor, n

XXVI.

Th' unwieldy tun! the pond'rous bale!
Each prince his own clime ſet to ſale
Sees here, by ſubjects of a Britiſh king.
How earth 's abridg'd! all nations range
A narrow ſpot! our throng'd Exchange,
And ſend the ſtreams of plenty from their ſpring.

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all Nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends.
Toils ſhe in trade? or bleeds in honeſt wars?
Her keel each yielding ſea enthrals,
Each willing wind her canvaſs calls;
Her pilot into ſervice lifts the ſtars.

XXVIII.

XXX.

The man of reaſon is a god,
Who ſcorns to ſtoop to Fortune's nod;
Sole agent he beneath the ſhining ſphere.
Others are paſſive, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, ſunk, or ſwell'd,
As Accident is pleas'd to domineer.

XXXI.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame;
Shall monarchs awe? or crowns inflame?
From groſs miſtake our idle tumult ſpringe:
Thoſe men the ſilly world diſarm,
Elude the dart, diſſolve the charm,
Who know the ſlender worth of men and things.

XXXII.

The preſent object, preſent day,
Are idle phantoms, and away:
What 's laſting only does exiſt. Know this,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, call;
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall,
To lanch us on the flood of endleſs bliſs.

XXXIII.

How foreign theſe, tho' moſt in view!
Go, look your whole exiſtence thro',
Thence form your rule; thence fix your eſtimate;
For ſo the gods. But as the gains,
How great the toil? 't will coſt more pains
To vanquiſh folly than reduce a ſtate.

XXXIV.

Hence, Reason! the first palm is thine;
Old Britain learn'd from thee to shine:
By thee, Trade's swarming throng, gay Freedom's smile,
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, Arts flowing down,
Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our isle.

STRAIN II.

I.

Commerce gives arts as well as gain;
By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barb'rous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffick of the soul!
May travel thus from pole to pole,
And gild the world with learning's brighter sun.

II.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold!
Ply Commerce then ye Britons bold,
Inur'd to winds and seas! left gods repent:
The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the trident's emblem, gave
A triple realm that awes the Continent:

III.

And awes with wealth; for wealth is pow'r:
When Jove descends, a golden show'r,
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.——
View, emulate, outshine old Tyre;
In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her Merchants princes! ev'ry deck a throne!

IV.

She ſat an empreſs! aw'd the flood!
Her ſtable column Ocean trod;
She call'd the nations, and ſhe call'd the ſeas,
By both obey'd; the Syrian ſings;
The Cyprian's art her viol ſtrings;
Togarmah's ſteed along her valley neighs.

V.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
And Baſhan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her maſt; far Dedan warms
Her mantled hoſt; Arabia feeds;
Her ſail of purple Egypt ſpreads;
Arvad ſends mariners; the Perſian arms.

VI.

The world's laſt limit bounds her fame,
The Golden City was her name!
Thoſe ſtars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
Beneath her foot. Extent of coaſt,
And rich as Nile's, let others boaſt,
Her's the far nobler harveſt of the ſeas.

VII.

O Merchant Land! as Eden fair!
Ancient of Empires! Nature's care!
The ſtrength of Ocean! head of Plenty's ſprings!
The pride of iſles! in wars rever'd!
Mother of crafts! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and ſupport of kings!

VIII.

Great mart of Nations!—but she fell:
Her pamper'd sons revolt! rebel!
Against his fav'rite rile loud roars the Main!
The tempest howls! her sculptur'd dome
Soon the wolf's refuge, dragon's home!
The land one altar! a whole people slain!

IX.

The destin'd Day puts on her frown;
The fable Hour is coming down;
She's on her march from yon' almighty throne:
The sword and storm are in her hand;
She trumpets thrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth, the boast unknown!

X.

For, oh! her sins, as red as blood,
As crimson deep, outcry the flood:
The Queen of Trade is bought, once wise and just;
Now venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to dross, her blossom into dust!

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,
Her sordid nobles sink! her mighty bow!
Is it for this the groves around
Return the tabret's sprightly sound?
Is it for this the great ones toss the brow?

XII.

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign?
To nuptials cold how glows the vein,
Confounding kindred, and misleading right?
The spurious lord it o'er the land,
Bold Blasphemy dares make a stand,
Assault the sky, and brandish all her might!

XIII.

Tyre's artizan, sweet orator,
Her Merchant, sage, big man of war,
Her judge, her prophet, nay, her hoary heads,
Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,
Her very priests in guilt abound:
Hence the world's cedar all her honours sheds.

XIV.

What dearth of truth, what thirst of gold!
Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold!
What youth unletter'd! base ones lifted high!
What publick boasts! what private views!
What desert temples! crowded stews!
What women—practis'd but to roll an eye!

XV.

O! foul of heart, her fairest dames
Decline the sun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts.
Alas! there is who sees them there;
There is who flatters not the fair,
When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chants.

XVI.

He sees, and thunders!—Now in vain
The courser paws and foams the rein,
And chariots stream along the printed soil:
In vain her high presumptuous air,
In gorgeous vestments, rich and rare,
O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her costly stain,
Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain!
In vain their golden heads her turrets rear;
In vain high-flavour'd, foreign fruits,
Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain wine flows in various streams,
With helm and spear each pillar gleams;
Damascus, vain! unfolds the glossy store,
The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
From Arab incense, vain, she boasts;
Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
The nations hiss! her glory ends!
To ships, her confidence! she flies from foes;
Foes meet her there: the wind, the wave,
That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in seas from which her glory rose.

XX.

Her iv'ry deck, embroider'd ſail,
And maſt of cedar, nought avail,
Or pilot learn'd! ſhe ſinks, nor ſinks alone;
Her gods ſink with her! to the ſky,
Which never more ſhall meet her eye,
She ſends her ſoul out in one dreadful groan.

XXI.

What tho' ſo vaſt her naval might,
In her firſt dawn'd the Britiſh right,
All flags abas'd her ſea-dominion greet†
What tho' ſhe longer warr'd than Troy?
At length her foes that iſle deſtroy,
Whoſe conqueſt fail'd as far as fail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings ſhe cloth'd in purple ſhake
Their awful brows: "O foul miſtake!
"O fatal pride! (they cry) this, this is ſhe
"Who ſaid—With my own art and arm
"In the world's wealth I wrap me warm—
"And ſwell'd at heart, vain empreſs of the ſe

XXIII.

"This, this is ſhe who meanly ſoar'd:
"Alas! how low to be ador'd,
"And ſtyle herſelf a God!—Thro' ſtormy w
"This eagle-iſle her thunder bore,
"High-fed her young with human gore,
"And would have built her neſt among the ſt

† Q. Curtius.

XXIV.

" But, ah, frail Man! how impotent
" To ſtand Heav'n's vengeance, or prevent!
" To turn aſide the great Creator's aim!
" Shall iſland-kings with him contend,
" Who makes the poles beneath him bend,
" And ſhall drink up the ſea herſelf with flame?

XXV.

" Earth, ether, empyreum, bow,
" When from the brazen mountain's brow
" The God of Battles takes his mighty bow:
" Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
" Puts on his veſture dipp'd in blood,
" And marches out to ſcourge the world below.

XXVI.

" Ah wretched Iſle! once call'd the Great!
" Ah wretched Iſle! and wife too late!
" The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out:
" Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
" And freedom loſt, the realms deride,
" Ador'd thee ſtanding, o'er thy ruins ſhout:

XXVII.

" To ſcourge with war, or peace beſtow,
" Was thine, O fallen! fallen low!
" 'Twas thine of jarring thrones to ſtill debates:
" How art thou fallen, down, down, down!
" Wide waſte, and night and horrour frown,
" Where empire flam'd in gold and balanc'd ſtates."

STRAIN III.

I.

Hence learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may thrive or periſh by the wave.
What ſtorms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes ſolicit down!
Ocean 's the womb of riches and the grave.

II.

This truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues ſhould riſe as fortunes ſwell.
What is large property?—the ſign of good,
Of worth ſuperiour: if 't is leſs,
Another's treaſure we poſſeſs,
And charge the gods with favours miſbeſtow'd.

III.

This counſel ſuits Britannia's iſle,
High-flush'd with wealth and Freedom's ſmile:
To vaſſals priſon'd in the Continent,
Who ſtarve at home, on meager toil,
And ſuch to death their mother ſoil,
'Twere uſeleſs caution, and a truth miſpent.

IV.

Fell tyrants ſtrike beyond the bone,
And wound the ſoul; bow genius down,
Lay virtue waſte! For worth or arts who ſtrain,
To throw them at a monſter's foot?
'Tis property ſupports purſuit.
Freedom gives eloquence, and freedom gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the ſtyle;
She makes the blood and ſpirits boil:
I feel her now! and rouſe, and riſe, and rave
In Theban ſong. O Muſe! not thine,
Verſe is gay Freedom's gift divine.
The man that can think greatly is no ſlave.

VI.

Others may traffick if they pleaſe;
Britain, fair daughter of the Seas,
Is born for trade, to plough her field, the wave,
And reap the growth of ev'ry coaſt:
A ſpeck of land! but let her boaſt
Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

VII.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Not cover'd half with ſolid ſpace,
Three parts are fluid. Empire of the ſea!
And why? for commerce. Ocean ſtreams
For that, thro' all his various names;
And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.

VIII.

Britain, like ſome great potentate
Of Eaſtern clime, retires in ſtate,
Shuts out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh?
He paſſes her ſtrong guards, the waves,
Of ſervant winds admiſſion craves.
Her empire has no neighbour but the ſky.

IX.

ıre her friends; ſoft Zephyr there
urus, Notus never fair,
Boreas burſting from the pole; all urge,
ge for her, their various toil;
ſpian, the broad Baltick, boil,
to life the dead Pacifick ſcourge.

X

ıre her friends, a marſhall'd train!
en hoſt! and azure plain!
ıs do duty, and by turns retreat:
nay retreat, but not from her;
ırs that quit this hemiſphere,
uit the ſkies to want a Britiſh fleet.

XI.

for her, leans o'er her urn;
Orion's glories burn,
ciads gleam. For Britons ſet and riſe
r fac'd ſons of Mazaroth,
ıe deep chambers of the South,
ging dog that fires the midnight ſkies.

XII.

nations Newton made his own;
imate with him alone,
ghty ſoul did, like a giant, run
laſt volume's cloſing ſtar;
er'd every character:
ſon pour'd new light upon the ſun.

XIII.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and barren ſtrand;
Not ſuch the ſea: let Fohe's ancient line
Vaſt tracks and ample beings vaunt;
The camel low, ſmall elephant;
O Britain! the leviathan is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan! whom Nature's ſtrife
Brought forth her largeſt piece of life!
He ſleeps an iſle! his ſports the billows warm!
Dreadful Leviathan! thy ſpout
Invades the ſkies; the ſtars are out:
He drinks a river, and ejects a ſtorm.

XV.

Th' Atlantick ſurge around our ſhore,
German and Caledonian roar;
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.—
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
"The ſeas are ours,"—the Monarchs ſaid—
The Floods their hands, their hands the Nations, clap.

XVI.

Whence is a rival then to riſe?
Can he be found beneath the ſkies?
No, there they dwell that can give Britain fear:
The pow'rs of earth, by rival aim,
Her grandeur but the more proclaim,
And prove their diſtance moſt as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves,
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves:
Art's noblest boast! but, O! what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle?
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil?
Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

XVIII.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom she rose;
The child of Britain! and shall she contend?
It were no less than parricide!——
What wonders rise from out the tide!
Her High and Mighty to the rudder bend.

XIX.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow
So far beneath the state of noble birth?
Alas! these chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, themselves how low,
The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

XX.

And what have earth's mean sons to do
But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil?
High Commerce from the gods came down,
With compass, chart, and starry crown,
Their delegate to make the nations smile.

XXI.

Bluſh, and behold the Ruſſian bow;
From forty crowns his mighty brow
To trade—to toil he turns his glorious hand;
That arm which ſwept the bloody field,
See! the huge axe or hammer wield,
While ſceptres wait, and thrones impatient ſtand

XXII.

O ſhame to ſubjects! firſt renown,
Matchleſs example to the crown!
Old Time is poor; what age boaſts ſuch a ſight?
Ye Drones! adore the man divine—
No virtue, ſtill, as mean, decline;
Call Ruſſians barb'rous and yourſelves polite.

XXIII.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudeſt heroes reign;
Thoſe trade in bleſſing, theſe in pain,
At ſlaughter ſwell, and ſhout while nations groan:
With purple monarchs Merchants vie:
If great to ſpend, what to ſupply!
Prieſts pray for bleſſings, Merchants pour 'em down.

XXVI.

Kings Merchants are, in league, and love,
Earth's odours pay ſoft airs above,
That o'er the teeming field prolifick range.
Planets are Merchants, take, return
Luſtre and heat; by traffick burn.
The whole creation is one vaſt Exchange.

XXVII.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
What ſay the ſons of letter'd Fame,
Proud of their volumes, ſwelling in their cells?
In open life, in change of ſcene,
'Mid various manners, throngs of men,
Experience, arts, and ſolid wiſdom dwells.

XXVIII.

Trade, art's mechanick, Nature's ſtores
Well weighs; to ſtarry ſcience ſoars;
Reads warm in life (dead-colour'd by the pen)
The ſites, tongues, int'reſts, of the ball:
Who ſtudies trade, he ſtudies all.
Accompliſh'd Merchants are accompliſh'd men.

STRAIN IV.

I.

How ſhall I farther rouſe the ſoul!
How Sloth's laſcivious reign control
By verſe with unextinguiſh'd ardour wrought?
How ev'ry breaſt inflame with mine?
How bid my theme ſtill brighter ſhine,
With wealth of words and unexhauſted thought?

II.

O thou Dircæan ſwan on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his own,
Thy ſpirit pour, like vernal ſhow'rs;
My verſe ſhall burſt out with the flow'rs,
While Britain's trade advances with her ſun.

III.

Tho' Britain was not born to fear,
Graſp not at bloody fame from war;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempeſt black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light:
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.

Britain, a comet or a ſtar,
In commerce this, or that in war;
Let Britons ſhout! earth, ſeas, and ſkies, reſound!
Commerce to kindle, raiſe, preſerve,
And ſpirit dart thro' ev'ry nerve,
Hear from the throne † a voice thro' time renown'd.

† The King's ſpeech.

V.

So fall from heav'n the vernal ſhow'rs,
To cheer the glebe and wake the flow'rs:
The bloom call'd forth, ſee azure ſkies display'd:
The bird of voice is proud to ſing,
Induſtrious bees ply ev'ry wing,
Diſtend their cells, and urge their golden trade.

VI.

Trade once extinguiſh'd, Britain's ſun
Is gone out too; his race is run;
He ſhines in vain; her life's an iſle indeed,
A ſpot too ſmall to be overcome:
Ah, dreadful ſafety! wretched doom!
No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

VII.

Trade's the ſource, ſinew, ſoul of all:
Trade's all herſelf: her's, her's the ball:
Where moſt unſeen, the goddeſs ſtill is there.
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze;
The courtier's pomp! the ſtudent's eaſe!
'Twas Trade at Blenheim fought and clos'd the w

VIII.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The Punick oar; behold it riſe
And battle for the world! Trade gave the call;
Rich cordials from his naval art
Sent the ſtrong ſpirits to his heart,
That bid an Afric Merchant graſp the ball.

IX.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the ſoil, and built the dome,
In which His Majeſty firſt deign'd to dwell;
The walls with ſilver ſheets o'erlaid,
Rich as the ſun, thro' gold unweigh'd,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column ſwell.

X.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon*!
Methinks the lab'ring earth ſhould groan
Beneath yon' load; created, ſure, not made!
Servant and rival of the ſkies!
Heav'n's arch alone can higher riſe;
What hand immortal rais'd thee?—humble Trad

XI.

XIII.

Trade barb'rous lands can poliſh fair,
Make earth well worth the wiſe man's care,
Call forth her foreſts, charm them into fleets;
Can make one houſe of human race,
Can bid the diſtant poles embrace;
Her's ev'ry ſun; and India India meets.

XIV.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
What bounty feeds with laurel courts;
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer ſtill to ſhine,
Enacts thoſe guards of gain, the laws,
Exalts ev'n Freedom's glorious cauſe:
Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine!

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid;
Why is Heav'n's ſmile in wealth convey'd?
Not to place vice, but virtues, in our pow'r.
Pleaſure declin'd is luxury,
Boundleſs in time and in degree;
Pleaſure enjoy'd, the tumult of an hour.

XVI

Falſe joy 's a diſcompoſing thing,
That jars on Nature's trembling ſtring,
Tempeſts the ſpirits, and untunes the frame:
True joy the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
A bright ſerene that calms the whole,
Which they ne'er knew whom other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! religion is the care
To grow as rich — as angels are;
To know false coin from true; to sweep the main.
The mighty stake secure, beyond
The strongest tin of field or fund.
Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

XVIII.

Join then religion to thy store,
Or India's mines will make thee poor.
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind,
Sea-sovereign Isle! proud War decline,
Trade patronize! What glory thine,
Ardent to bless, who could subdue, mankind?

XIX.

Rich Commerce ply, with warmth divine,
By day, by night; the stars are thine:
Wear out the stars in Trade! eternal run,
From age to age, the noble glow,
A rage to gain and to bestow:
While ages last! in Trade burn out the sun.

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our sires sent down,
With toil, blood, treasure, ages won:
This Edgar great bequeath'd; this Edward bold.
Let Forbisher's, let Raleigh's fire!
O let Columbus' shade inspire!
New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an old,

Her fruits, both men and gods to please.
Heav'n's faireſt birth! and but for thee in vain.

XXII.

World ſtill unknown deep ſhadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from Nature's lap;
New glory pour on her eternal fire:
O noble ſearch! O glorious care!
Are you not Britons? why deſpair?
New worlds are due to ſuch a godlike fire.

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's ſoul,
That trade as long as waters roll:
Ah! no; the gods chaſtiſe my raſh decree:
By great Eliza do not ſwear:
[illegible] O George! the gods declare,
[illegible] ſhall ſwear by

STRAIN V.

I.

BRITANNIA's ſtate what bounds confine!
(Of riſing thought! O golden mine!)
Mountains, Alps, ſtreams, gulfs, oceans, ſet no boı
She ſallies till ſhe ſtrikes the ſtar;
Expanding wide, and lanching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave reſound.

II.

Small Iſle! for Cæſars, for the ſon
Of Jove, who burſt from Macedon,
For gorgeous Eaſterns blazing o'er mankind,
Then when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from fable ſhown:
They roſe to gods in half thy ſphere confin'd.

III.

Here no demand for Fancy's wing;
Plain Truth's illuſtrious: as I ſing,
O hear yon' ſpangled harp repeat my lay!
Yon' ſtarry lyre has caught the ſound,
And ſpreads it to the planets round,
Who beſt can tell where ends Britannia's ſway.

IV.

The ſkies (fair printed page!) unfold
The naval fame of heroes old!
As in a mirror ſhew th' advent'rous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by gods, are writ in ſtars,
And noble verſe that ſhall endure as long.

V.

The skies are records of the main;
Thence Argo listens to my strain:
Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
For naval fame and song renews,
As Britain's fame he hears and views;
Chiron, the Shovel of a former age.

VI.

The Whale (for late I sung his praise)
Pours grateful lustre on my lays.
How smiles Arion's * friend with partial b
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealousies his smiles subdue;
He fears a British rival in the Thames.

VII.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
To see his British brothers reign
As stars below: the Balance, George! from
Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh
More accurate the night and day;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shi

VIII.

Of Britain's court, ye lesser Lights!
How could the wise man gaze whole night
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's air?
But, oh! you practise shameful arts;
Your own retain, seize others' hearts.
Pirates, not Merchants, are the British fair.

* The Dolphin.

IX.

"Tis truth, I ſwear by Cynthia's beam,
Pale Queen! be fluſh'd at Britain's fame;
And, rolling, tell the nations—O'er the main
"To ſhare her empire is thy pride."
He, mighty Pow'r! who curbs the tide,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign

X.

What is the main, ye Kings renown'd!
Britannia's centre, and your bound?
Auſtrian! where'er leviathan can roll
Is Britain's home! and Britain's mine
Where'er the rip'ning ſun can ſhine!
Parts are for emperours; for her the whole.

XI.

Why, Auſtrian! wilt thou hover ſtill
On doubtful wing, and want the ſkill
To ſee thy welfare in the world's? too late
Another Churchill thou may'ſt find,

XIII.

ou ſmile to hear my ſtrain,
inſpiration 's vain?
y prediction ſhould prove true?
the fatal pair who ſhine
s trading empire? thine
ted, what if one ſubdue?

XIV.

l ſcene * adorns the ſeat
Britain's high debate,
ier councils, and records her pow'r?
ions know, in glowing balls
ing thrones the tempeſt falls,
her auguſt, aſſembled ſenates low'r.

XV.

guage fit for thoughts ſo bold!
ld Britain have her anger told?
! never let a meaner language ſound,
an that which proſtrates human ſouls,
ro' Heav'n's dark vault impetuous rolls,
nd Nature rocks when angry Jove has fro

XVI.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
Of natives, not expenſe of blood,
Or reach of council, gives the world a lo
Trade calls him forth, and ſets him high
As mortal man o'er men can fly.
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the ke

* The Spaniſh Armada, in the Houſe

XVII.

Nay, her 's the ſword, for fleets have wings,
Like lightning fly to diſtant kings;
Like gods deſcend at once on trembling ſtates.
Is war proclaim'd? our wars are hurl'd
To fartheſt confines of the world,
Surpriſe your ports, and thunder at your gates.

XVIII.

The king of tempeſts, Æolus,
Sends forth his pinion'd people thus,
On rapid errands; as they fly they roar,
And carry ſable clouds, and ſweep
The land, the deſert, and the deep!
Earth ſhakes! proud cities fall, and thrones adore!

XIX.

The fools of Nature ever ſtrike
On bare outſides, and loathe or like
As glitter bids; in endleſs errour vie;
Admire the purple and the crown.
Of human welfare and renown
Trade 's the big heart; bright empire but their eye.

XX

Whence Tartar grand. and Mogul great?—
Trade gilt their titles, power'd their ſtate;
While Afric's black, laſcivious, ſlothful breed,
To claſp their ruin, fly from toil,
That meaneſt product of their ſoil,
Their people ſell; one half on th' other feed.

XXI.

Of Nature's wealth from commerce rent,
Afric 's a glaring monument:
Mid cinnon forefts, and pomegranate groves,
(Curs'd in a paradife!) fhe pines:
O'er gen'rous glebes, o'er golden mines,
Her beggar'd, famifh'd, tradelefs native roves.

XXII.

Not fo thine, China! blooming wide!
Thy num'rous fleet might bridge the tide;
Thy products would exhauft both Indias' mines.
Shut be that gate of trade! or wo
To Britain's! Europe 't will o'erflow.
Ungrateful fong! her growth † inſpires thy lines.

XXIII.

Britain! to theſe, and ſuch as theſe,
The river broad, and foaming ſeas,
Which ſever lands to mortals leſs renown'd,
Devoid of naval ſkill or might;
Thoſe ſever'd parts of earth unite:
Trade 's the full pulſe that ſends their vigour roun

XXIV.

Could, O could one engroſſing hand
The various ſtreams of trade command!
That, like the ſun, would gazing nations awe;
That awful pow'r the world would brave,
Bold War, and Empire proud, his ſlave;
Mankind his ſubjects, and his will their law.

† Coffee.

XXV.

Haſt thou look'd round the ſpacious earth?
From commerce, Grandeur's humble birth:
To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
Their pride their ſhame, their riſe, their fall,
Time's whole plain chronicle, is all
One bright encomium, undeſign'd, on trade.

XXVI.

Trade ſprings from peace, and wealth from trade
And pow'r from wealth: of pow'r is made
The god on earth: hail, then, the dove of peace!
Whoſe olive ſpeaks the raging flood
Of war repreſs'd: what 's loſs of blood?
War is the death of commerce and increaſe.

XXVII.

XXIX.

Sacred are ships, of birth divine!
An angel drew the first design;
With which the Patriarch * Nature's ruin brav'd
Two worlds abroad, an old and new,
He safe o'er foaming billows flew,
The gods made human race, a pilot sav'd.

XXX.

How sacred, too, the Merchant's name!—
When Britain blaz'd meridian fame†,
Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade ga
Merchants in distant courts rever'd,
Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants ambassadors! and thrones in awe

XXXI.

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times,
The march of stars, the births of climes:
Summer and winter theirs; theirs land an
Theirs are the seasons, months and years,
And each a diff'rent garland wears:—
O that my song could add eternity!

XXXII.

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of godlike deeds:
Immortal glory pays illustrious cares.
Whither, ye Britons! are ye bound?
O noble voyage, glorious round!
Launch from the Thames, and end am

* Noah. † In Queen Elizabe

XXXIII.

If to my ſubject roſe my ſoul,
Your fame ſhould laſt while oceans roll:
When other worlds in depths of time ſhall riſe,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her ſtory in the ſkies*.

XXXIV.

Ye Syrens! ſing; ye Tritons! blow;
Ye Nereids! dance; ye Billows! flow;
Roll to my meaſures, O ye ſtarry Throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Navies! to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong.

II.

Nor be too fond of life at home;
Her cheerful, not enamour'd, guests:
Let thought fly forward, with gay prospects glow,
Prospects immortal! that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perfect fortitude to live.

III.

O for eternity! a scene
To fair adventurers serene!
O, on that sea to deal in pure renown!
Traffick with gods! what transports roll!
What boundless import to the soul!
The poor man's empire! and the subject's crown!

IV.

Adore the gods, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
Let others pant for an immense command;
Let others breathe War's fiery god:
The proudest victor fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

V.

Glorious while heav'nborn freedom lasts,
Which Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts:
For what is tyranny? a monstrous birth
From luxury, by bribes caress'd,
By glowing pow'r in shades compress'd,
Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth.

CLOSE.

I.

THEE, Trade! I firſt, who boaſt no ſtore,
Who owe thee nought, thus ſnatch from ſhore,
The ſhore of proſe, where thou haſt ſlumber'd long,
And ſend thy flag triumphant down
The tide of time to ſure renown:
O bleſs my country! and thou pay'ſt my ſong.

II.

Thou art the Briton's nobleſt theme;
Why then unſung! my ſimple aim
To dreſs plain ſenſe, and fire the gen'rous blood,
Not ſport imaginations vain;
But liſt with yon' ethereal train *
The ſhining Muſe, to ſerve the publick good.

III.

Of ancient art, and ancient praiſe,
The ſprings are open'd in my lays †:
Olympick heroes' ghoſts around me throng,
And think their glory ſung anew,
Till chiefs of equal fame they view,
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban ſong.

* The ſtars.

† ——Tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artis
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes;
Aſcræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen. VIRG.

The wreath ....
And panting ſteed, to him belong;
The charioteer's, not empire's golden rei

V.

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muſe deſpiſe
That would to glowing Ætna riſe,
(Such Pindar's breaſt) thou Theron of ou
Seldom to man the gods impart
A Pindar's head or Theron's heart.
In life or ſong how rare the true ſublime!

VI.

None Britiſh born will ſure diſdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot ſtrain,
Tho' not with genius, with ſome virtue
(How vain the Muſe!) the lay may laſt
... wreath'd around the Britiſh maſt,

VIII.

Be dumb, ye grov'lling ſons of Verſe,
Who ſing not actions, but rehearſe,
And ſoil the Muſe with impotent deſire;
Ye Sacrilegious! who preſume
To tarniſh Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.

CHORUS.

Ye Syrens! ſing; ye Tritons! blow;
Ye Nereids! dance; ye Billows! flow;
Roll to my meaſures, O ye Starry throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Navies! to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong:
Britain to Heav'n; from Heav'n deſcends my ſong.

A PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF THE BOOK OF JOB *.

THRICE happy Job† long liv'd in regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.

* It is disputed among the critics, who was the author of the book of Job; some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of these opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following Notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, chap. xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient poem in the world. Bishop Patrick says its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of Job.

I use the word *paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The mountain, the comet, the sun, and other parts, are entirely added: those upon the peacock, the lion, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on Interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems, indeed, the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills succeed, a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue
And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'e
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more!
A change so sad what mortal heart could bear?
Exhausted wo had left him nought to fear,
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he press'd,
Wept, in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
And sev'n long days in solemn silence spent;
A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!
Then Job contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate.
His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, instant death, impatient for the grave,
That seat of peace, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his frien
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat.

Full o'er their heads, with terrible ſurpriſe,
A ſudden whirlwind blacken'd all the ſkies:
(They ſaw, and trembled!) from the darkneſs br
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke *.

Who gives his tongue a looſe ſo bold and vain,
Cenſures my conduct, and reproves my reign;
Lifts up his thought againſt me from the duſt,
And tells the world's Creator what is juſt:
Of late ſo brave, now lift a dauntleſs eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply
Where didſt thou dwell at Nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the ſpacious earth?
Who on its ſurface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?

* The book of Job is well known to be dramatick, and, the tragedies of Old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Prob. this moſt noble part of it, the Almighty ſpeaking out of whirlwind (ſo ſuitable to the after practice of the Greek ſt.

Who fix'd the utmost tides? what hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it in air,
When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
When heav'n's high arch with loud hosannas rung;
When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
Earth's mute foundations, hast thou view'd them all?
And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
Who hew'd the mountain which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the deep,
Can that wild world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd side,
And did a bason for the floods provide[a];
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea,
Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;
"Thus far thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
"And here, O Main! be thy proud billows stay'd."
Hast thou explor'd the secrets of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?

[a] There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of *Let there be light*, &c. so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument that Moses is author of the book of Job.

Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?
Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal thro' th' incumbent shade?
Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the Light? in what refulgent dome?
And where has Darkness made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wisdom thro' long ages brought,
Since Nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye!

Are mists begotten? who their father know?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the stream by night what hand can boast?
Or whiten morning with the hoary frost?
Whose pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?

Thou know'st me not; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.
Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow?

And when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with nig
Who lanch'd the clouds in air, and bid them re
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose where human face ne'er she
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.
To check the show'r who lifts his hand on hig
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her ruffet plains,
But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume
Hast thou e'er seal'd my wintry skies, and seen
Of hail and snows my northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my comma
Rage thro' the world, or waste a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strides thro' Nature with the solemn roar

Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,
And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the ſound, and in the flaſh expires.

Who drew the comet out to ſuch a train,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the plain?
Did thy reſentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein
That guides the ſtars along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their ſeaſons, and direct their courſe,
Their luſtre brighten, and ſupply their force?
Canſt thou the ſkies' benevolence reſtrain,
And cauſe the pleiades to ſhine in vain?
Or, when Orion ſparkles from his ſphere,
Thaw the cold ſeaſon, and unbind the year?
Bid Mazzaroth his deſtin'd ſtation know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the Night, with all her ſtars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reſerve in ſtore.

Doſt thou pronounce where Daylight ſhall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the Morn?
Awake the Sun, and bid him come away,
And glad thy world with his obſequious ray?
Haſt thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the ſpacious ring of heav'n?
That pomp of light, what hand ſo far diſplays,
That diſtant earth lies baſking in the blaze?

Who did the Soul with her rich pow'rs inveſt,
And light up reaſon in the human breaſt,
To ſhine, with freſh increaſe of luſtre, bright,
When ſtars and ſun are ſet in endleſs night?
To theſe my various queſtions make reply.
Th' Almighty ſpoke, and, ſpeaking, ſhook the ſky.
What then, Chaldean Sire! was thy ſurpriſe?
Thus thou, with trembling heart, and downcaſt eyes:
"Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
"My tongue has err'd, but ſhall preſume no more.
"My voice is in eternal ſilence bound,
"And all my ſoul falls proſtrate to the ground."
He ceas'd: when, lo! again th' Almighty ſpoke;
The ſame dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.
Can that arm meaſure with an arm divine?
And canſt thou thunder with a voice like mine?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-ſpreading main,
When, mad with tempeſts, all the billows riſe
In all their rage, and daſh the diſtant ſkies?
Come forth, in Beauty's excellence array'd,
And be the grandeur of thy pow'r diſplay'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The ſpacious round of the creation ſhake;
Diſpatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant Vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to duſt. When this is done,
I grant thy ſafety lodg'd in thee alone;

Thee thou art, and may'ſt undaunted ſhi
Mind the buckler of thine own right han
Fond Man! the viſion of a moment made
Dream of a dream! and ſhadow of a ſhade!
Whatworldshaſtthouproduc'd,whatcreatur
What inſects cheriſh'd, that thy God is bla
When, pain'd with hunger, the wild Rave
Loud calls on God *, importunate for food
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoar
And fills the clamour of the craving neſt?
Who in the ſtupid Oſtrich † has ſubdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?

* Another argument that Moſes was the auth
moſt of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian
ſon given why the raven is particularly mentioned
ject of the care of Providence is, becauſe by her clam
importunate voice ſhe particularly ſeems always c
it; thence κοράσσω & κόραξ, *Aelian.* lib. ii. c. .
earneſtly. And ſince there were ravens on the
Nile more clamorous than the reſt of that ſpecie
bably are meant in this place.

† There are many inſtances of this bird's
two ſuffice. Firſt, It covers its head in the ree
itſelf all out of ſight,

——————Stat lumine clauſo
Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque later
Quæ non ipſa videt——

Secondly, They that go in purſuit of the
of an oſtrich's neck on one hand, which pr
lure to take them with the other.

They have ſo little brain, that Heliogabalu
heads for his ſupper.

Here we may obſerve that our judicious

While far ſhe flies, her ſcatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner on the ſandy ground;
Caſt out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent ſky;
Adopted by the Sun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolifick ray;
Unmindful ſhe that ſome unhappy tread
May cruſh her young in their neglected bed:
What time ſhe ſkims along the field with ſpeed*,
She ſcorns the rider, and purſuing ſteed†.

How rich the peacock‡! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the ſun!

author juſt touches the great points of diſtinction in each creature, and then haſtens to another. A deſcription is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but ſomething peculiarly belonging to the thing deſcribed. A likeneſs is loſt in too much deſcription, as a meaning often in too much illuſtration.

* Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion compoſed of both, and, uſing its wings as ſails, makes great ſpeed.

Vaſta velut Lybiæ venantum vocibus alces
Cum premitur, calidas curſu tranſmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli ſinuatis flamine pennis
Pulverulenta volat---------- Claud. in Eutr.

† Xenophon ſays, Cyrus had horſes that could overtake the goat and the wild aſs, but none that could reach this creature. A thouſand golden ducats, or an hundred camels, was the ſtated price of a horſe that could equal their ſpeed.

‡ Though this bird is but juſt mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and ſpreading thoſe beautiful plumes (which are there ſhut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumſtance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the ſun is true: *Expandit colores adverſo maxime ſole, quia ſic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. lx. c. 20.

He proudly ſpreads them to the ge
Gives all his colours, and adorns th
With conſcious ſtate the ſpacious r
And ſlowly moves amid the wavi

Who taught the Hawk to find,
Perpetual ſummer, and a change
When clouds deform the year, ſhe
Shoots to the ſouth, nor fears the f
The ſun returning, ſhe returns ag
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill

Tho' ſtrong the Hawke, tho' pr
An eagle drops her in a lower ſky
An eagle, when, deſerting human
She ſeeks the ſun in her unweary'
Did thy command her yellow pin
So high in air, and ſeat her on the
Where far above thy world ſhe d
And proudly makes the ſtrength
Thence wide o'er nature takes he
And with a glance predeſtinates h
She feaſts her young with blood,
Th'unſlaughter'd hoſt, enjoys the

* Thuanus (*De re Accip.*) mentions
Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its
ſymbol for the wind; for which reaſ
hawke, as well as the crow above, to h
in Egypt.

† The eagle is ſaid to be of ſo acute

Know'ſt thou how many moons, by me aſſign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain Goat and foreſt Hind *,
While, pregnant, they a mother's load ſuſtain?
They bend in anguiſh, and caſt forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed,
Walk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted feed;
They live at once, forſake the dam's warm ſide,
Take the wide world with Nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or ſeek the diſtant glade,
And find a home in each delightful ſhade.

Will the tall Reem, which knows no lord but me
Low at the crib, and aſk an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn ſhoulder to the yoke,
Break the ſtiff clod, and o'er thy furrow ſmoke?
Since great his ſtrength, go truſt him, void of care

And lofe nimble
By Nature's hand magnificently new,
His meal is on the range of mountains ſpread
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He ſees in diſtant ſmoke the city throng;
Conſcious of freedom, ſcorns the ſmother'd tr
The threat'ning driver, and the ſervile rein.
Survey the warlike Horſe! didſt thou inve
With thunder his robuſt diſtended cheſt?
No ſenſe of fear his dauntleſs ſoul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his noſtrils blaze:
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulneſs of his might:
High rais'd, he ſnuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
-t- at death, and throws his foam ar

But neighs to the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful blaſt
Till death, and when he groans, he groans his laſt.
But, fiercer ſtill, the lordly Lion ſtalks,
Grimly majeſtick in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the deſert with his rolling eye.
Say, Mortal! does he rouſe at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
Doſt thou for him in foreſts bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morſel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambuſh, pant for blood;
Or, ſtretch'd on broken limbs, conſume the day,
In-darkneſs wrapt, and ſlumber o'er their prey?
By the pale moon they take their deſtin'd round*,
And laſh their ſides, and furious tear the ground.
Now ſhrieks and dying groans the deſert fill;
They rage, they rend; their rav'nous jaws diſtil
With crimſon foam; and when the banquet 's o'er
They ſtride away, and paint their ſteps with gore:
In flight alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
And ſhudders at the talon in the duſt.
Mild is my Behemoth, tho' large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repreſs'd his flame;

* Purſuing their prey by night is true of moſt wild beaſts, particularly the lion, *Pſal.* civ. 20. The Arabians have one among their five hundred names for the lion, which ſignifies *a prowler by moon-ſhine.*

While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts aſhore for food;
Earth ſinks beneath him as he moves along
To ſeek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See, with what ſtrength his harden'd loins are bo
All over proof, and ſhut againſt a wound!
How like a mountain-cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated ſinews fail.
Built high and wide, his ſolid bones ſurpaſs
The bars of ſteel; his ribs are ribs of braſs;
His port majeſtick, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide foreſt and the mountain law.
The mountains feed him; there the beaſts admi
The mighty ſtranger, and in dread retire;
At length his greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
Graze in his ſhadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marſhes are his cool retreat,
His noontide ſhelter from the burning heat;
Their ſedgy boſoms his wide couc h are made,
And groves of willows give him all their ſhade.
His eye drinks Jordan up, when, fir'd with drot
He truſts to turn its current down his throat;
In leſſen'd waves it creeps along the plain;
He ſinks a river*, and he thirſts again.

* Cepheſi glaciale caput quo ſuctus anhelam
Ferre ſitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto
Stat. Theb. v
Qui ſpiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
Flumina, &c. Claud. Pref. i

Let not then this hyperbole ſeem too much for an E*Poet, though* ſome commentators of name ſtrain hard to *Place for* a new conſtruction, through fear of it.

Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful ſide,
Caſt forth thy line into the ſwelling tide;
With ſlender hair Leviathan * command,
And ſtretch his vaſtneſs on the loaded ſtrand.
Will he become thy ſervant? will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
Or with his ſport amuſe thy leiſure day,
And, bound in ſilk, with thy ſoft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets ſwell with ſuch a prize
And the bowl journey round his ample ſize?
Or the debating merchants ſhare the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Thro' his firm ſkull what ſteel its way can win?
What forceful engine can ſubdue his ſkin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchleſs might;

Earth, sea, and air, all Nature is my own,
And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne;
And dar'st thou with the world's great Father vie,
Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my huge Leviathan shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size:
Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold
Destruction yawns *; his spacious jaws unfold,
And marshall'd round the wide expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows.
What hideous fangs on either side arise!
And what a deep abyss between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet sound,
The one how long, the other how profound!
His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire †.

* The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, says Pliny, *sit totum os.* Martial says to his old woman,

Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilus augusta.

So that the expression there is barely just.

† This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repressed is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so

The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
Fly threat'ning, this thy great superiour pleases;
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
His well join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
When, late-rous'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terrour spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.
Large is his front; and when his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise *.

fierce and animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note, I would caution against a false opinion of the Eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

* *His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphick for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator I have seen mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already that three or four of the creatures here described are Egyptian; the two last are notoriously so; they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
His naked breast their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
The cumber'd strand their wasted vollies strow;
His sport the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a chaldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
The billows feel him as he works his way,
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;
The foam high-wrought, with white divides the gre
And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face;
Alone in Nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd:
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around;
Makes ev'ry swoln disdainful heart subside,
And holds dominion o'er the sons of Pride.

more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dw on the two largest works of his hand, *viz.* the elephant a the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some co mentators have rendered behemoth and leviathan, the e phant and whale, though the descriptions in our author w not admit of it; but Moses being, as we may well suppo under an immediate terrour of the hippopotamus and croc dile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him, it very accountable why he should permit them to take plac

Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſs'd.
" Thou canſt accompliſh all things, Lord of mig
" And ev'ry thought is nak'd to thy ſight:
" But, oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
" Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye.
" Oft' have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r,
" But never ſaw thee till this dreadful hour.
" O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, the Lord of life I fee
" Abhor myſelf, and give my ſoul to thee;
" Nor ſhall my weakneſs tempt thine anger more
" Man is not made to queſtion but adore."

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

AND A POSTSCRIPT.

TO MRS. B*****.

---

foul ſhall be ſatisfied, even as it were with marrow and fatneſs;
hen my mouth praiſeth thee with joyful lips. Pſalm lxiii. 6.

PART I.

I.

HE days how few, how ſhort the years,
man's too rapid race!
ch leaving, as it ſwiftly flies,
ſhorter in its place?

II.

ey who the longeſt leaſe enjoy,
ve told us with a ſigh,
at to be born ſeems little more
an to begin to die.

III.

mbers there are who feel this truth
ith fears alarm'd; and yet,
life's deluſions lull'd aſleep,
is weighty truth forget.

IV.

d am not I to theſe akin?
e ſlumbers o'er the quill;

Its honour blots whate'er it writes,
And am I writing ſtill?

V.

Conſcious of Nature in decline,
And langnor in my thoughts,
To ſoften cenſure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults,

VI.

Permit me, Madam! ere to you
The promis'd verſe I pay,
To touch on felt Infirmity,
Sad ſiſter of Decay.

VII.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whoſe white hairs and furrow'd brows
Too many ſuns have roll'd.

VIII.

Happy the Patriarch! he rejoic'd
His ſecond world to ſee;
My ſecond world, tho' gay the ſcene,
Can boaſt no charms for me.

IX.

To me this brilliant age appears
With deſolation ſpread!
Near all with whom I liv'd and ſmil'd,
Whilſt life was life, are dead;

Cruel to ſpare! condemn'd to life
A cloud impairs my ſight!
My weak hand diſobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

XII.

What ſhall I write? Thalia! tell;
Say, long abandon'd Muſe!
What field of fancy ſhall I range?
What ſubject ſhall I chuſe?

XIII.

A choice of moment high inſpire,
And reſcue me from ſhame,
For doting on thy charms ſo late,
By grandeur in my theme.

XIV.

And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay Folly's flood reſtrain;

XVI.

Amidſt the ſtorms of life ſupport
A calm unſhaken mind,
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the reſign'd.

XVII.

O Reſignation! yet unſung,
Untouch'd by former ſtrains,
Tho' claiming ev'ry Muſe's ſmile,
And ev'ry poet's pains:

XVIII.

Beneath life's ev'ning ſolemn ſhade
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou ſafeſt guard of youth!
Thou ſole ſupport of age!

XIX.

All other duties creſcents are
Of virtue faintly bright;
The glorious conſummation thou!
Which fills her orb with light:

XX.

How rarely fill'd! the love divine
In evils to diſcern;
This the firſt leſſon which we want,
The lateſt which we learn:

XXI.

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts resign,
The distance greatly would decrease
'Twixt human and divine.

XXII.

But tho' full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
The bursting tear to fall.

XXIII.

The task I dread: dare I to leave
Of human prose the shore,
And put to sea? a dang'rous sea!
What throngs have sunk before!

XXIV.

How proud the poet's billows swell!
The God! the God! his boast;
A boast how vain! what wrecks abound!
Dead bards stench every coast.

XXV.

What then am I? shall I presume,
On such a moulten wing,
Above the gen'ral wreck to rise,
And in my winter sing?

XXVI.

When nightingales, when sweetest bards,
Confine their charming song

To ſummer's animating heats,
Content to warble young.

XXVII.

Yet write I muſt; a lady * ſues;
How ſhameful her requeſt?
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Her's teeming with the beſt!

XXVIII.

But you a ſtranger will excuſe,
Nor ſcorn his feeble ſtrain;
To you a ſtranger, but, thro' fate,
No ſtranger to your pain.

XXIX.

The ghoſt of Grief deceas'd aſcends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His ſorrows are recall'd to life
By thoſe he ſees in you:

XXX.

Too well he knows the twiſted ſtrings
Of ardent hearts combin'd,
When rent aſunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be reſign'd!

XXXI.

Thoſe tears you pour his eyes have ſhed;
The pang you feel he felt;
Thus Nature, loud as Virtue, bids
His heart at your's to melt.

* Mrs. M——.

XXXII.

But what can heart or head suggest?
What sad Experience say?
Thro' truths austere to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way.

XXXIII.

What are we? whence? for what? and whither?
Who know not needs must mourn;
But Thought, bright daughter of the Skies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

XXXIV.

Thought is our armour, 't is the mind's
Impenetrable shield,
When, sent by Fate, we meet our foes
In sore Affliction's field:

XXXV.

It plucks the frightful mask from ills,
Forbids pale Fear to hide,
Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

XXXVI.

Affection frail! train'd up by Sense,
From Reason's channel strays,
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

XXXVII.

Thought winds its fond erroneous stream
From daily-dying flow'rs,

urish rich immortal blooms,
aranthine bow'rs:

XXXVIII.

ice throngs, in ecſtaſy, look down,
hat once ſhock'd their ſight,
hank the terrours of the paſt
ges of delight.

XXXIX.

ithers here; who moſt poſſeſs
oſers by their gain;
by full proof that, bad at beſt,
idle, all is vain:

XL.

in its courſe, life's murm'ring ſtream;
ot its courſe offend,
urmur ceaſe, life, then, would ſeem
ainer from its end.

XLI.

wretched! who, thro' cruel Fate,
nothing to lament,
the poor alms this world affords,
rably content?

XLII.

ot the Greek his world miſtook,
iſh had been moſt wiſe;
content with but one world,
him, we ſhould deſpiſe.

XLIII.

Of earth's revenue would you ſtate
A full acccount and fair?
We hope, and hope, and hope, then caſt
The total up—deſpair.

XLIV.

Since vain all here, all future, vaſt,
Embrace the lot aſſign'd;
Heav'n wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
Its ſtrokes ſevere moſt kind.

XLV.

But in laps'd nature rooted deep,
Blind Errour domineers,
And on fools' errands in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears;

XLVI.

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleaſures overprize;
Theſe oft' perſuade us to be weak,
Thoſe urge us to be wiſe.

XLVII.

From Virtue's rugged path to right,
By Pleaſure are we brought
To flow'ry fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault:

XLVIII.

Yet whilſt it chides it ſpeaks of peace,
If folly is withſtood,

And ſays, time pays an eaſy price
For our eternal good.

XLIX.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in deluſion great,
What an economiſt is man!
To ſpend his whole eſtate,

L.

And beggar an eternity?
For which, as he was born,
More worlds than one againſt it weigh'd,
As feathers he ſhould ſcorn.

LI.

Say not your loſs in triumph leads,
Religion's feeble ſtrife;
Joys future amply reimburſe
Joys bankrupts of this life.

LII.

But not deferr'd your joy ſo long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand
Befriends our preſent ſtate.

LIII.

What are the tears which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? like pearls of price,
They purchaſe laſting peace.

If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear ſhould we ſee the will divine
Has but foreſtall'd our own.

LVI.

At variance with our future wiſh,
Self-ſever'd, we complain:
If ſo, the wounded, not the wound,
Muſt anſwer for the pain.

LVII.

The day ſhall come, and ſwift of wi
Tho' you may think it flow,
When in the lift of Fortune's ſmiles
You 'll enter frowns of wo.

LVIII.

For mark the path of Providence;

... to give you joy—
... joy of his deceaſe.

LXI.

An hour ſhall come, (you queſtion this)
An hour, when you ſhall bleſs,
Beyond the brighteſt beams of life,
Dark days of your diſtreſs.

LXII.

Hear then, without ſurpriſe, a truth,
A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of Fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliſs.

LXIII.

Eſteem you this a paradox?
My ſacred motto read:
A glorious truth, divin...

LXV.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our sabbaths are but few.

LXVI.

To real joy we work our way,
Encount'ring many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms, as found
A Venus in the block.

LXVII.

In some disaster, some severe
Appointment for our sins,
That mother-blessing, (not so call'd)
True happiness, begins.

LXVIII.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames
By stings of life unvex'd;
First rose some quarrel with this world,
Then passion for the next.

LXIX.

You see then pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be borne
True happiness on earth.

LXX.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or thro' time's records run,

LXXII.

Now need I, Madam! your ſupport.—
How exquiſite the ſmart!
How critically tim'd the news
Which ſtrikes me to the heart!

LXXIII.

The pangs of which I ſpoke I feel:
If worth like thine is born,
O long belov'd! I bleſs the blow,
And triumph whilſt I mourn.

LXXIV.

Nor mourn I long; by grief ſubdu'd
Be reaſon's empire ſhown,
Deep anguiſh comes by Heav'n's decree,
Continues by our own:

LXXVI.

And shall I, criminally mean,
Myself and subject wrong?
No; my example shall support
The subject of my song.

LXXVII.

Madam! I grant your loss is great,
Nor little is your gain:
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain.

LXXVIII.

When Heav'n would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

LXXIX.

But such a friend!—and sigh no more!
'Tis prudent, but severe:
Heav'n aid my weakness, and I drop
All sorrow—with this tear.

LXXX.

Perhaps your settled grief to sooth
I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
Had he been still alive:

LXXXI.

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief
In my distress of thought,

Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault.

LXXXII.

To touch our paſſions' ſecret ſprings
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In boſoms of the fair.

LXXXIII.

Nature, which favours to the few
All art beyond imparts,
To him preſented, at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

LXXXIV.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle ſmooth addreſs;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbings of diſtreſs.

LXXXV.

Howe'er, proceed I muſt, unbleſs'd
With Æſculapian art:
Know, Love ſometimes, miſtaken Love!
Plays diſaffection's part.

LXXXVI.

Nor lands, nor ſeas, nor ſuns, nor ſtars,
Can ſoul from ſoul divide;
They correſpond from diſtant worlds,
Tho' tranſports are deny'd.

LXXXVII.

Are you not then unkindly kind?
Is not your love severe?
O stop that crystal source of wo,
Nor wound him with a tear.

LXXXVIII.

As those above from human bliss
Receive increase of joy,
May not a stroke from human wo,
Its part, their peace destroy?

LXXXIX.

He lives in those he left;——to what?
Your now paternal care:
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will discern him there;

XC.

In features, not of form, alone,
But those I trust of mind,
Auspicious to the publick weal,
And to their fate resign'd.

XCI.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd,
Revolve his battles won,
And let those prophesy your joy
From such a father's son.

XCII.

Is consolation what you seek?
Fan then his martial fire;

And animate to flame the ſparks
Bequeath'd him by his ſire.

XCIII.

As nothing great is born in haſte,
Wiſe Nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may deſcend,
And flouriſh on his brow.

XCIV.

Nor, Madam! be ſurpris'd to hear,
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field
(Proud boaſters!) than to you.

XCV.

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a ſoldier, and to fight
Superiour battles born.

XCVI.

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
High-wav'd o'er all the world;

XCVII.

It, like a ſtreaming meteor, caſts
An univerſal light;
Sheds day, ſheds more, eternal day,
On nations whelm'd in night.

XCVIII.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to ſuſtain the dreadful blow,
When thoſe we love expire?

XCIX.

Go forth a moral Amazon,
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, tho' coſting dear,
You'll think it cheaply bought.

C.

The paſſive hero, who ſits down
Unactive, and can ſmile
Beneath Affliction's galling load,
Outacts a Cæſar's toil.

CI.

The billows ſtain'd by ſlaughter'd foes
Inferiour praiſe afford;
Reaſon's a bloodleſs conqueror,
More glorious than the ſword.

CII.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
From ſhouting nations, cauſe
Such ſweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whiſpers of applauſe.

CIII.

The dear deceas'd ſo fam'd in arms,
With what delight he'll view

His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd twice by you! 41

CIV.

Share his delight; take heed to ſhun
Of boſoms moſt diſeas'd
That odd diſtemper, an abſurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd. 41

CV.

Some ſeem in love with Sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me juſtly brand,
And ſtamp it with diſgrace. 42

CVI.

Sorrow! of horrid *parentage!*
Thou ſecond-born of hell!
Againſt Heav'n's endleſs mercies pour'd
How dar'ſt thou to rebel? 42

CVII.

From black and noxious *vapours* bred,
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the *door of Frenzy's* ſelf
By Perſeverance brought. 42

CVIII.

Thy moſt inglorious, *coward* mare,
From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, *immoderate* ſhrilles!
Are radiant marks of man; 43

Examine, we ſhall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguiſh of the mind.

CXI.

Reſign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove;
Its heavy tax, ten thouſand cares
Devolve on One above;

CXII.

Who bids us lay our burden down
On his Almighty hands,
Softens our duty to relief,
To bleſſing a command.

CXIII.

[illegible] how ev'ry fe

And [redacted], wrapt up in sense,
Their prospect at the sun:
CXV.
From that their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul.
CXVI.
Broke loose from Time's tenacious ties,
And Earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vast domain,
And talk with worlds to come:
CXVII.
They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run;
And doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done.
CXVIII.
Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds.
CXIX.
Tho' man sits still, and takes his ease,
God is at work on man;
No means, no moments unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.

CXX.

consents not, boldly beat
on his own fate;
more bungles in the trade,
is his crime too late.

CXXI.

loud laments. Let me thy cause,
gent Father! plead;
l the wretches we deplore,
one by thee was made.

CXXII.

iat is thy whole creation fair?
love divine the child:
ve brought it forth, and, from its birth,
as o'er it fondly smil'd.

CXXIII.

Now, and thro' periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heav'n is, and has in travail been,
Its birth the good of man.

CXXIV.

Man holds in constant service bound
The bluft'ring winds and seas;
Nor suns disdain to travel hard,
Their master, man, to please.

CXXV.

To final good the worst events
Thro' secret channels run;

or man their deſtin'd courſe,
s for man begun. 500

CXXVI.

nt (obſerv'd, perhaps, by few)
n ſmote, and ſmites
d, as demonſtration ſtrong
:av'n in man delights. 504

CXXVII.

known to man of things unſeen,
'e worlds or fates?
ı, nor more, than what to man's
affairs relates. 508

CXXVIII.

revelation then? a lift,
ntory juſt,
poor infect's goods ſo late
ut of night and duſt. 512

CXXIX.

arious motives to rejoice!
ler joy ſincere,
ı no weight? Our joy is felt
this narrow ſphere. 516

CXXX.

we in heav'n new heav'n create,
ıble its delight?
ıg world, when Heav'n looks down,
:aſing in its ſight! 520

CXXXI.

Angels ſtoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays;
As incenſe ſweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatick praiſe.

CXXXII.

Have we no cauſe to fear the ſtroke
Of Heav'n's avenging rod,
When we preſume to counteract
A ſympathetick God?

CXXXIII.

If we reſign, our patience makes
His rod an harmleſs wand;
If not, it darts a ſerpent's ſting,
Like that in Moſes' hand;

CXXXIV.

Like that it ſwallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whoſe baffled arts would boaſt below
Of joys a rival ſpring.

CXXXV.

Conſummate Love! the liſt how large
Of bleſſings from thy hand?
To baniſh ſorrow, and be bleſs'd,
Is thy ſupreme command.

CXXXVI.

Are ſuch commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliſs ſhall we complain?

The man who dares to be a wretch
Deſerves ſtill greater pain.

CXXXVII.

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The ſunſhine of the ſoul;
Our beſt encomium on the Pow'r
Who ſweetly plans the whole.

CXXXVIII.

Joy is our Eden ſtill poſſeſs'd:
Begone, ignoble Grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature our relief:

CXXXIX.

Relief, for man to that muſt ſtoop,
And his due diſtance know;
Tranſport 's the language of the ſkies,
Content the ſtyle below.

CXL.

Content is joy; and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilſt good preſent we poſſeſs,
More precious we purſue.

CXLI.

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, int'reſt bears,
Which daily ſwells the ſum.

CXLII.

" But how to ſmile, to ſtem the tide
" Of nature in our veins:
" Is it not hard to weep in joy?
" What then to ſmile in pains?"

CXLIII.

Victorious joy! which breaks the clou
And ſtruggles thro' a ſtorm,
Proclaims the mind as great as good,
And bids it doubly charm

CXLIV.

If doubly charming in our ſex,
A ſex by nature bold,
What then in your's? 'tis di'mond the
Triumphant o'er our gold.

CXLV.

And ſhould not this complaint repreſ
And check the riſing ſigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to ſupply.

CXLVI.

Since ſpirits greatly damp'd diſtort
Ideas of delight,
Look thro' the medium of a friend,
To ſet your notions right.

CXLVII.

As tears the ſight, grief dims the ſoul
Its object dark appears;

True friendſhip, like a riſing ſun,
The ſoul's horizon clears.

CXLVIII.

A friend 's an optick to the mind
With ſorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it ſtrength of ſight to ſee
Redreſs unſeen before.

CXLIX.

Reaſon is ſomewhat rough in man;
Extremely ſmooth and fair,
When ſhe, to grace her manly ſtrength,
Aſſumes a female air.

CL.

A friend you have *, and I the ſame,
Whoſe prudent ſoft addreſs
Will bring to life thoſe healing thoughts,
Which dy'd in your diſtreſs.

CLI.

That friend the ſpirit of my theme
Extracting for your eaſe,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common, ſuch as theſe.

CLII.

Let thoſe lament, to whom full bowls
Of ſparkling joys are giv'n;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heav'n.

Mrs. M——

CLIII.

Wo to the ſoul at perfect eaſe!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd Reaſon ſleeps, the Pulſe is king;
Deſpotick Body reigns.

CLIV.

Have you ne'er pity'd Joy's gay ſcenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas, poor Envy! ſhe's ſtone blind,
And quite miſtakes her mark:

CLV.

Her mark lies hid in Sorrow's ſhades,
But ſorrow well ſubdu'd;
And in proud Fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good.

CLVI.

By Reſignation; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heav'n, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind,

CLVII.

On pillows void of down for reſt
Our reſtleſs hopes we place;
When hopes of heav'n lie warm at leaſt,
Our hearts repoſe in peace.

CLVIII.

That peace, which reſignation yields,
Who feel alone can gueſs;

'Tis diſbeliev'd by murm'ring minds,
They muſt conclude it leſs.

CLIX.

The loſs or gain of that alone
Have we to hope or fear;
That Fate controls, and can invert
The ſeaſons of the year.

CLX.

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind;
Thro' clouds, and ſtorms, a ſummer breaks,
To ſhine on the reſign'd.

CLXI.

While man, by that, of ev'ry grace
And virtue is poſſeſs'd,
Foul Vice her Pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breaſt.

CLXII.

By Reſignation we defeat
The worſt that can annoy,
And ſuffer with far more repoſe
Than worldlings can enjoy.

CLXIII.

From ſmall experience this I ſpeak;
O grant to thoſe I love
Experience fuller far, ye Pow'rs
Who form our fates above!

And ſince of genius in our ſex,
O Addiſon! with thee
The ſun is ſet, how I rejoice
This ſiſter lamp to ſee!

CLXXVII.

It ſheds, like Cynthia, ſilver beams
On man's nocturnal ſtate:
His leſſen'd light, and languid pow'rs
I ſhow, whilſt I relate.

PART II.

I.

But what in either ſex, beyond
our glory crowns?

And from the purple grape unpreſs'd,
Spontaneous nectars run.

CLXX.

Pallas, ('t is ſaid) when Jove grew dull,
Forſook his drowſy brain,
And ſprightly leap'd into the throne
Of Wiſdom's brighter reign;

CLXXI.

Her helmet took; that is, ſhot rays
Of formidable wit;
And lance,—or genius moſt acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

CLXXII.

And Gorgon ſhield,—or, pow'r to fright
Man's folly dreadful ſhone;
And many a blockhead (eaſy change!)
Turn'd inſtantly to ſtone.

CLXXIII.

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
Now ſcratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddeſs fled.

CLXXIV.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd in by ſurly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free.

CLXXV.

In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
The noble thirst began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man.

CLXXVI.

And since of genius in our sex,
O Addison! with thee
The sun is set, how I rejoice
This sister lamp to see!

CLXXVII.

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
On man's nocturnal state:
His lessen'd light, and languid pow'rs,
I show, whilst I relate.

PART II.

I.

But what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns?
"In ruffling seasons to be calm,
"And smile while fortune frowns.

II

Heav'n's choice is safer than our
Of ages past inquire,
What the most formidable fate?
"To have our own desire."

III.

ur wrath, the worſt of foes
ſh extremely ill;
him to the thunder's ſtroke,
of his own will.

IV.

umbers ruſhing down the ſteep
nation ſtrong,
riſh'd in their ardent wiſh!
dent, ever wrong!

V.

ſignation's full reverſe,
rong, as it implies
moſt fatal in our choice,
nent from the ſkies.

VI.

ng with the ſkies, we make
ıtence our own;
ne, how formidable Ill's
ırmy is o'erthrown!

VII.

ger impotent and frail,
es above we riſe;
ce believe ourſelves below;
paſs on the ſkies.

VIII.

rd, and Soul, and ſource of all,
nan enjoys his caſe,

Is executing human will
In earth, and air, and seas.

IX.

Beyond us what can angels boast?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as—we desire.

X.

What glory this for man so mean,
Whose life is but a span?
This is meridian majesty!
This the sublime of man!

XI.

Beyond the boast of Pagan song
My sacred subject shines,
And for a foil the lustre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

XII.

"All that the sun surveys subdu'd,
"But Cato's mighty mind"——
How grand! most true; yet far beneath
The soul of the resign'd.

XIII.

To more than kingdoms, more than worl
To passion that gives law:
Its matchless empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe.

XIV.

That fatal pride, whoſe cruel point
Tranſfix'd his noble breaſt;
Far nobler! if his fate ſuſtain'd
Had left to Heav'n the reſt:

XV.

Then he the palm had borne away,
At diſtance Cæſar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the ſkies his own.

XVI.

What cannot Reſignation do?
It wonders can perform:
That pow'rful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudeſt ſtorm.

XVII.

Come, Reſignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, bleſs'd martyrs' ſouls
Aſcended to their King.

XVIII.

Who is it calls thee? One whoſe need
Tranſcends the common ſize;
Who ſtands in front againſt a foe
To which none equal riſe:

XIX.

In front he ſtands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal ſtate;

How dreadful his appointed poſt!
How ſtrongly arm'd by Fate!

XX.

His threat'ning foe! what ſhadows de
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremendous!—at fourſcore
My ſole aſylum thou.

XXI.

Haſte then, O Reſignation! haſte,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to ſmile.

XXII.

O for that ſummit of my wiſh,
Whilſt here I draw my breath,
That promiſe of eternal life,
A glorious ſmile in death!

XXIII.

What ſight, heav'n's azure arch beneat
Hath moſt of heav'n to boaſt!
The man reſign'd, at once ſerene,
And giving up the ghoſt.

XXIV.

At Death's arrival they ſhall ſmile
Who, not in life o'er-gay,
Serious and frequent thought ſend out
To meet him in his way.

XXV.

Coevals! (ſuch there are)
ieſs is dear,
hing Death's alarming day
y let us fear.

XXVI.

of Death is truly wiſe,
om can riſe higher;
n'd with pious fortitude,
readed once, deſire.

XXVII.

imacterick vanities
ieſt will deſpiſe;
when, beneath the ſnow of age,
naturely dies.

XXVIII.

iet I myſelf the man?
abroad to roam
of faults to be chaſtis'd;
uſe to bluſh at home!

XXIX.

lecline, when men relapſe
ſports of youth,
nd child outfools the firſt,
pts the laſh of Truth.

XXX.

iere truant from the grave
al boys engage?

His trembling voice attempt to ſing,
And ape the poet's rage?

XXXI.

Here, Madam! let me viſit mine,
My fault who partly ſhares,
And tell myſelf, by telling him,
What more becomes our years.

XXXII.

And if your breaſt with prudent zeal
For Reſignation glows,
You will not diſapprove a juſt
Reſentment at its foes.

XXXIII.

In youth, V—taire! our foibles plead
For ſome indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aim
Should change their colour too.

XXXIV.

O! I
How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By Nature's law, a mind diſcreet,
For joys it takes away.

XXXV.

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reverſing human lot;
In age 't is honour to lie hid,
'T is praiſe to be forgot.

XXXVI.

'e, as flow'rs, which ſpread at noon,
their charms expoſe,
v'ning damps and ſhades deſcend,
volutions cloſe.

XXXVII.

10' your Muſe has nobly ſoar'd,
our true ſublime?
oary Friend! is to preſer
y to time.

XXXVIII.

oſe a life ſo juſtly fam'd
ch bold traſh as this*?
renown? yes, ſuch as makes
ty a bliſs.

XXXIX.

aſh, with mine at open war,
ately bent†,
its below, to ſow your tares
m and diſcontent.

XL.

much ſunſhine at command,
ght with darkneſs mix?
aſh with pain our pleaſure? why
ſelicon with Styx?

XLI.

orks in our divided minds
ant paſſions raiſe,

* Candida. † Second Part.

O [illegible]
His dart tremendous!—at fourfcore
My ſole aſylum thou.

XXI.

Haſte then, O Reſignation! haſte,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to ſmile.

XXII.

O for that ſummit of my wiſh,
Whilſt here I draw my breath,
That promiſe of eternal life,
A glorious ſmile in death!

XXIII.

What ſight, heav'n's azure arch bene
Hath moſt of heav'n to boaſt!

XXV.

My gay Coevals! (ſuch there are)
If happineſs is dear,
Approaching Death's alarming day
Diſcreetly let us fear.

XXVI.

The fear of Death is truly wiſe,
Till wiſdom can riſe higher;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death, dreaded once, deſire.

XXVII.

Grand climacterick vanities
The vaineſt will deſpiſe;
Shock'd when, beneath the ſnow of age,
Man immaturely dies.

XXVIII.

But am not I myſelf the man?
No need abroad to roam
In queſt of faults to be chaſtis'd;
What cauſe to bluſh at home!

XXIX.

In life's decline, when men relapſe
Into the ſports of youth,
The ſecond child outfools the firſt,
And tempts the laſh of Truth.

XXX.

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?

His trembling voice attempt to sing,
And ape the poet's rage?

XXXI.

Here, Madam! let me visit one,
My fault who partly shares,
And tell myself, by telling him,
What more becomes our years.

XXXII.

And if your breast with prudent zeal
For Resignation glows,
You will not disapprove a just
Resentment at its foes

XXXIII.

In youth, V—taire! our foibles ple
For some indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thou
Should change their colour too.

XXXIV.

How are you cheated by your w
Old age is bound to pay.
By Nature's law, a mind discre
For joys it takes away.

XXXV.

A mighty change is wrought
Reversing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
'Tis praise to be forgot.

XXXVI.

The wife, as flow'rs, which ſpread at noon,
And all their charms expoſe,
When ev'ning damps and ſhades deſcend,
Their evolutions cloſe.

XXXVII.

What tho' your Muſe has nobly ſoar'd,
Is that our true ſublime?
Ours, hoary Friend! is to preſer
Eternity to time.

XXXVIII.

Why cloſe a life ſo juſtly fam'd
With ſuch bold traſh as this*?
This for renown? yes, ſuch as makes
Obſcurity a bliſs.

XXXIX.

Your traſh, with mine at open war,
Is obſtinately bent†,
Like wits below, to ſow your tares
Of gloom and diſcontent.

XL.

With ſo much ſunſhine at command,
Why light with darkneſs mix?
Why daſh with pain our pleaſure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

XLI.

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant paſſions raiſe,

* Candida. † Second Part.

Confound us with a double ſtroke;
We ſhudder, whilſt we praiſe:

XLII.

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inſpire,
From a black bag of poiſon ſpun,
With horrour we admire.

XLIII.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a diſdainful air,
I cann't forgive ſo great a foe
To my dear friend V—taire.

XLIV.

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praiſe him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate:

XLV.

A fate how much to be deplor'd,
At which our nature ſtarts!
Forbear to fall on your own ſword,
To periſh by your parts.

XLVI.

"But great your name"—To feed on air
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the ſcorn.

XLVII.

Can fame your carcafs from the worm, 18
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or foul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe, fave?

XLVIII.

But fame you lofe; good fenfe alone
Your idol, praife can claim; 19
When wild wit murders happinefs,
It puts to death our fame.

XLIX.

Nor boaft your genius; talents bright
Ev'n dunces will defpife,
If in your weftern beams is mifs'd 19
A genius for the fkies.

L.

Your tafte, too, fails: what moft excels,
True tafte muft reliſh moſt;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudeſt laurels boaſt? 20

LI.

Sound heads falvation's helmet * feek;
Reſplendent are its rays:
Let that ſuffice; it needs no plume
Of ſublunary praiſe.

LII.

May this enable couch'd V—taire 20
To ſee that—All is right †,

* *Eph. vi. 17.* † Which his romance ridicules.

His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
Restoring to its sight.

LIII.

If so, all's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiv'n;
I speak with joy, with joy he 'll hear,
"V—taires are now in heav'n."

LIV.

Nay, such philanthropy divine,
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop most profound!) to me.

LV.

Let others cruel stars arraign,
Or dwell on their distress;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart express.

LVI.

Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair:
The God as present, by plain steps
Of providential care.

LVII.

I behold passing thro' my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear:

LVIII.

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his ſight?
Naked the centre to that eye
To which the ſun is night.

LIX.

As yonder glitt'ring lamps on high
Thro' night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him by whom they ſhine
Chaſe darkneſs from my ſoul!

LX.

My ſoul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuſcript
Of ſun, and moon, and ſtars;

LXI.

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vaſt machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my ſmall world within;

LXII.

A world that ſhall ſurvive the fall
Of all his wonders here;
Survive, when ſuns ten thouſand drop,
And leave a darken'd ſphere.

LXIII.

Yon' matter groſs, how bright it ſhines!
For time how great his care!

Sure ſpirit and eternity
Far richer glories ſhare.

LXIV.

Let thoſe our hearts impreſs, on thoſe
Our contemplation dwell;
On thoſe my thoughts how juſtly thrown,
By what I now ſhall tell?

LXV.

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myſelf beyond
Propitious to my peace:

LXVI.

Thro' all the crooked paths I trode
My folly he purſu'd;
My heart aſtray, to quick return
Importunately woo'd.

LXVII.

Due Reſignation home to preſs
On my capricious will,
How many reſcues did I meet
Beneath the maſk of ill!

LXVIII.

How many foes in ambuſh laid
Beneath my ſoul's deſire!
The deepeſt penitents are made
By what we moſt admire.

LXIX.

I not ſometimes, (real good
le mortals know!)
ting the ſummit of my wiſh,
ndly plung'd in wo?

LXX.

y plann'd, but cauſe I found
lan's defeat to bleſs:
lamented an event,
a'd to my ſucceſs.

LXXI.

urpen'd appetite to give
od intenſe delight,
dark and deep perplexities
d me to the right.

LXXII.

s not this the gloomy path
h you are treading now?
ath moſt gloomy leads to light,
our proud paſſions bow.

LXXIII.

lab'ring under fancy'd ill,
irits to ſuſtain,
ndly cur'd with ſov'reign draughts
imagin'd pain.

LXXIV.

l Senſe from Fancy's tyranny
can ſet us free;

A thouſand miſeries we feel,
Till ſunk in miſery.

LXXV.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wiſh,
Our wiſh we reliſh leſs:
Succeſs, a ſort of ſuicide,
Is ruin'd by ſucceſs.

LXXVI.

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid Terrour whiſper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to ſave.

LXXVII.

To raiſe my thoughts beyond where worlds,
As ſpangles, o'er us ſhine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My ſoul's delight reſign.

LXXVIII.

We to ourſelves, but thro' the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you deſcry
No features of your own?

LXXIX.

And if you can, let that excuſe
Theſe ſelf-recording lines;
A record modeſty forbids,
Or to ſmall bound confines.

LXXX.

In grief why deep ingulf'd? you see
You suffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate;
That Wisdom cannot bear.

LXXXI.

When streams flow backward to their source,
And humbled flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human sorrows end:

LXXXII.

But human prudence, too, must cease
When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
And freezes into fear.

LXXXIII.

The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I see a fair creation rise
From Chaos and old Night.

LXXXIV.

From what seem'd horrour and despair,
The richest harvest rose,
And gave me, in the mid divine,
An absolute repose.

LXXXV.

Of all the blunders of mankind,
More gross, or frequent, none,

Than in their grief and joy misplac'd
Eternally are shown.

LXXXVI.

But whither points all this parade?
It says, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you should greatly prize.

LXXXVII.

Of self-perusal, science rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain.

LXXXVIII.

Self-knowledge, which from Heav'n itself
(So sages tell us) came,
What is it but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

LXXXIX.

Unletter'd and untravell'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they consult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

XC.

Enter your bosom; there you'll find
A revelation new,
A revelation personal,
Which none can read but you.

XCI.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, thro' life,
To freſh remembrance brought.

XCII.

A mighty Being! and in him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, ſpouſe; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end.

XCIII.

Who ſuch a matchleſs friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part.

XCIV.

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large cluſters big with wine,
We ſcarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

XCV.

My ſhort advice to you may ſound
Obſcure, or ſomewhat odd,
Tho' 'tis the beſt that man can give,
"Ev'n be content with God."

XCVI.

Thro' love he gave you the deceas'd;
Thro' greater took him hence:

This reaſon fully could evince,
Tho' murmur'd at by Senſe.

XCVII.

This friend far paſt the kindeſt kind,
Is paſt the greateſt great;
His greatneſs let me touch in points
Not foreign to your ſtate.

XCVIII.

His eye, this inſtant, reads your heart,
A truth leſs obvious hear,
This inſtant its moſt ſecret thoughts
Are ſounding in his ear.

XCIX.

Diſpute you this? O ſtand in awe,
And ceaſe your ſorrow; know,
That tear, now trickling down, he ſaw
Ten thouſand years ago;

C.

And twice ten thouſand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To Reaſon's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a ſmile;

CI.

A ſmile which thro' eternity
Diffuſes ſo bright rays,
The dimmeſt deifies ev'n guilt,
If guilt at laſt obeys.

CII.

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When ſuch a Sov'reign reigns)
Your guilt diminiſh, peace purſue;
How glorious peace in pains!

CIII.

Here, then, your ſorrows ceaſe; if not,
Think how unhappy they
Who guilt increaſe by ſtreaming tears,
Which guilt ſhould waſh away.

CIV.

Of tears that guſh profuſe reſtrain;
Whence burſt the diſmal ſighs?
They from the throbbing breaſt of one
(Strange truth!) moſt happy riſe.

CV.

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger ſhare
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care.

CVI.

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as abſolute
As all had been but one.

CVII.

And is he then ſo near? ſo kind?—
How little then, and great,

That riddle, Man! O let me gaze
At wonders in his fate!

CVIII.

His fate, who yeſterday did crawl
A worm from darkneſs deep,
And ſhall, with brother worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow ſleep.

CIX.

How mean! and yet if well obey'd
His mighty Maſter's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too ſmall:

CX.

Too ſmall the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the duſt!
Account amazing! yet moſt true;
My ſong is bold, yet juſt.

CXI.

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can deſtroy
The pow'r in exquiſite extremes
To ſuffer, or enjoy.

CXII.

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He 's beggar'd and undone!
Impriſon'd in unbounded ſpace!
Benighted by the ſun!

CXIII.

For what 's the ſun's meridian blaze
To the moſt feeble ray
Which glimmers from the diſtant dawn
Of uncreated day ?

CXIV.

'Tis not the poet 's rapture feign'd
Swells here, the vain to pleaſe ;
The mind moſt ſober kindles moſt
At truths ſublime as theſe.

CXV.

They warm ev'n me.—I dare not ſay
Divine ambition ſtrove
Not to bleſs only, but confound,
Nay fright us, with its love ;

CXVI.

And yet ſo frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd ſun, and riſing dead,
So formidably ſpoke ?

CXVII.

And are we darker than that ſun?
Than rocks more hard and blind?
We are ;—if not to ſuch a God
In agonies reſign'd.

CXVIII.

Yea, ev'n in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty Love ;

Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above.

CXIX.

What moſt imbitters time, that moſt
Eternity endears;
And thus by plunging in diſtreſs,
Exalts us to the ſpheres;

CXX.

Joy's fountain-head! where bliſs o'er bliſs,
O'er wonders wonders riſe,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wiſe;

CXXI.

Ambroſial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the ſoul!
What tranſports ſparkle from the ſtream,
As angels fill the bowl!

CXXII.

Fountain profuſe of ev'ry bliſs!
Good-will immenſe prevails:
Man's line cann't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

CXXIII.

Thy love and might, by what they know
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They aſk a drop, how deep the ſea?
One ſand, how wide the ſhore?

CXXIV.

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thouſandth part who comprehends,
A deity is He.

CXXV.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is ſown!
How tubes aſtoniſh us with thoſe
More deep in ether thrown!

CXXVI.

And thoſe beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?
In lieu of anſwer, let us all
Fall proſtrate and adore.

CXXVII.

Since thou art infinite in pow'r,
Nor thy indulgence leſs;
Since man, quite impotent, and blind,
Of drops into diſtreſs;

CXXVIII.

Say what is Reſignation? 'Tis
Man's weakneſs underſtood;
And Wiſdom graſping, with an hand
Far ſtronger, ev'ry good.

CXXIX.

Let raſh repiners ſtand appall'd,
In thee who dare not truſt;

Thoſe abject ſouls, like demons dark,
Are murm'ring in the duſt.

CXXX.

For man to murmur or repine
At what by thee is done,
No leſs abſurd than to complain
Of darkneſs in the ſun.

CXXXI.

Who would not, with an heart at eaſe,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wiſdom and Goodneſs at the helm,
The rougheſt ocean plough?

CXXXII.

What tho' I 'm ſwallow'd in the deep?
Tho' mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah ſafe
I 'm landed, and adore.

CXXXIII.

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its moſt temendous form:
Roar, Waves! rage, Winds! I know that thou
Canſt ſave me by a ſtorm.

CXXXIV.

From thee immortal ſpirits born,
To thee their fountain flow,
If wiſe, as curl'd around to theirs
Meandring ſtreams below.

CXXXV.

Not leſs compell'd by Reaſon's call,
To thee our ſouls aſpire,
Than to thy ſkies, by Nature's law,
High mounts material fire:

CXXXVI.

To thee aſpiring they exult;
I feel my ſpirits riſe,
I feel myſelf thy ſon, and pant
For patrimonial ſkies.

CXXXVII.

Since ardent thirſt of future good,
And gen'rous ſenſe of paſt,
To thee man's prudence ſtrongly ties,
And binds affection faſt.

CXXXVIII.

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wiſeſt blind,
And bliſs our aim, pronounce us all
Diſtracted or reſign'd!

CXXXIX.

Reſign'd thro' duty, int'reſt, ſhame;
Deep ſhame! dare I complain,
When (wondrous truth!) in heav'n itſelf
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

CXL.

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;

CXLII.

And when to praiſe thee man ſhall ceaſe
Or ſun to ſtrike the view;
A cloud diſhonours both, but man 's
The blacker of the two.

CXLIII.

For, oh! ingratitude how black!
With moſt profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Aſtoniſh'd angels gaze.

CXLIV.

Praiſe cheers, and warms, like gen'rous
Praiſe, more divine than pray'r:
Pray'r points our ready path to heav'n
Praiſe is already there.

CXLVI.

Makes the man bleſs'd as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams thro' Fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our ſun by night.

CXLVII.

'Tis Nature's brighteſt ornament,
The richeſt gift of Grace,
Rival of angels, and ſupreme
Proprietor of peace:

CXLVIII.

Nay, peace beyond, no ſmall degree
Of rapture 't will impart;
Know, Madam! "when your heart 's in heav'n,
"All heav'n is in your heart."

CXLIX.

But who to heav'n their hearts can raiſe?
Deny'd divine ſupport,
All virtue dies; ſupport divine
The wiſe with ardour court:

CL.

When pray'r partakes the ſeraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Burſts thro' heav'n's cryſtal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King.

CLI.

The lab'ring ſoul from ſore diſtreſs
That bleſs'd expedient ſeeks;

I see you far advanc'd in peace;
I see you on your knees.

CLII.

How on that posture has the beam
Divine for ever shone?
An humble heart, God's other seat*!
The rival of his throne.

CLIII.

And stoops Omnipotence so low?
And condescends to dwell
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well-pleas'd, in such a cell?

CLIV.

Such honour how shall we repay!
How treat our guest divine?—
The sacrifice supreme be slain!
Let self-will die: Resign.

CLV.

Thus far, at large, on our disease;
Now, let the cause be shown,
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
The dismal human groan.

CLVI.

What our sole fountain of distress?
Strong passion for this scene;
That trifles makes important, things
Of mighty moment mean.

* Isaiah lvii. 15.

CLVII.

When earth's dark maxims poiſon ſhed
On our polluted ſouls,
Our hearts and int'reſts fly as far
Aſunder as the poles.

CLVIII.

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims and ſordid joys
Our grandeur we diſgrace.

CLIX.

O for an Archimedes new,
Of moral pow'rs poſſeſs'd,
The world to move and quite expel
That traitor from the breaſt!

CLX.

No ſmall advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we deſcend;
From weighing well, and prizing, weigh'd,
Our origin and end;

CLXI.

From far above the glorious ſun
To this dim ſcene we came;
And may, if wiſe, for ever baſk
In great Jehovah's beam:

CLXII.

Let that bright beam, on reaſon rous'd,
In awful luſtre riſe,

arth's giant ills are dwarf'd at once,
nd all disquiet dies:

CLXIII.

Earth's glories, too, their splendour lose,
Those phantoms charm no more,
Empire 's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:

CLXIV.

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That lesson from the grave.

CLXV.

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.

CLXVI.

When, human glory rises high
As human glory can;
When, tho' the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man:

CLXVII.

The man is dead where virtue fails;
And tho' the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.

CLXVIII.

Wiſdom! where art thou? None on earth,
Tho' gaſping wealth, fame, pow'r,
But what, O Death! thro' thy approach
Is wiſer ev'ry hour.

CLXIX.

Approach how ſwift! how unconfin'd!
Worms feaſt on viands rare;
Thoſe little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare.

CLXX.

From kings what reſignation due
To that almighty Will,
Which thrones beſtows; and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher ſtill!

CLXXI.

Who truly great? the good and brave,
The maſters of a mind
The will divine to do reſolv'd;
To ſuffer it reſign'd.

CLXXII.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a ſolemn ſcene,
The border of the grave;

CLXXIII.

Where ſtrongly ſtrikes the trembling ſoul
Eternity's dread pow'r,

As burſting on it thro' the thin
Partition of an hour.

CLXXIV.

Hear this, V—taire! but this from me
Runs hazard of your frown:
However, ſpare it; ere you die,
Such thoughts will be your own.

CLXXV.

In mercy to yourſelf, forbear
My notions to chaſtiſe,
Leſt unawares the gay V—taire
Should blame V—taire the wiſe.

CLXXVI.

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear
Now makes us diſagree;
When a far louder trumpet ſounds,
V—taire will cloſe with me.

CLXXVII.

How ſhocking is that modeſty
Which keeps ſome honeſt men
From urging what their hearts ſuggeſt,
When brav'd by Folly's pen,

CLXXVIII.

Aſſaulting truths, of which in all
Is ſown the ſacred ſeed!
Our conſtitution 's orthodox,
And cloſes with our creed.

CLXXIX.

What then are they whose proud contempt
Superiour wiſdom boaſt?
Wretches, who fight their own intereſt,
And labour to be loſt.

CLXXX.

Tho' Vice by no ſuperiour joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Thro' pure diſintereſted love
Of ruin they obey;

CLXXXI.

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Tho' tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their ſtock
A magazine of lies

CLXXXII.

From Fancy's forge: gay Fancy fraught
At Reaſon plain and cool;
Fancy, whoſe curious trade it is
To make the fineſt fool

CLXXXIII.

V—taire! long life 's the greateſt curſe
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live;

CLXXXIV.

Quite thoughtleſs of their day of death,
That birthday of their ſorrow;

CLXXXVI.

But ſoon, quite level ſhall we lie;
And what pride moſt bemoans,
Our parts, in rank ſo diſtant now,
As level as our bones.

CLXXXVII.

Hear you that ſound? alarming ſound!
Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes *finis* to our works,
Is knocking at the gate.

CLXXXVIII.

Far other works will ſoon be weigh'd;
Far other judges ſit;
Far other crowns be loſt, or won,
Than fire ambitious wit:

CXC.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of bleſs'd eternity;
O may'ſt thou never, never loſe
That more than golden key*!

CXCI.

Whate'er may ſeem too rough, excuſe;
Your good I have at heart;
Since from my ſoul I wiſh you well,
As yet we muſt not part:

CXCII.

Shall you and I, in love with life,
Life's future ſchemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjuſt
That we are ſtill alive?

CXCIII.

What have we left? how mean in man
A ſhadow's ſhade to crave?
When life, ſo vain! is vainer ſtill,
'Tis time to take our leave.

CXCIV.

Happier, than happieſt life his death,
Who, falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes *Vici* on his ſhield:

CXCV.

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize,

* Alluding to Pruſſia.

Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.

CXCVI.

O how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix!
When Nature strikes no less than twelve,
And Folly points at six!

CXCVII.

To mend the movements of your heart,
How great is my delight!
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright!

CXCVIII.

That hand which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
Your antidote demands.

CXCIX.

To Satan dreadfully resign'd
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
And perish in the deep.

CC.

Men's praise your vanity pursues:
'Tis well, pursue it still;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll resign the will:

CCI.

And how ſuperiour they to thoſe
At whoſe applauſe you aim,
How very far ſuperiour they
In number and in name!

POSTSCRIPT.

I.

Thus have I written, when to write
No mortal ſhould preſume;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb.

II.

The publick frowns, and cenſures loud
My puerile employ:
Tho' juſt the cenſure, if you ſmile,
The ſcandal I enjoy.

III.

But ſing no more—no more I ſing,
Or reaſſume the lyre,
Unleſs vouchſaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir.

IV.

What myriads ſwell the concert loud!
Their golden harps reſound
High as the footſtool of the throne,
And deep as hell profound:

V.

Hell (horrid contraſt!) chord and ſong
Of raptur'd angels drowns

In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
And hideous burst of groans;

VI.

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)
From echoing pole to pole!

VII.

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—
"Above, beneath the sun,
"Thro' boundless age, by men, by gods,
"Jehovah's will be done."

VIII.

'Tis done in heav'n, whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will, with Satan, fell;
And must from earth be banish'd too,
Or earth 's another hell.

IX.

Madam! self-will inflicts your pains;
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
And points the shafts of Wo.

X.

Your debt to Nature fully paid,
Now Virtue claims her due;
But Virtue's cause I need not plead,
'Tis safe; I write to you.

XI.

ou know, that Virtue's baſis lies
ever judging right;
nd wiping Errour's clouds away,
'hich dim the mental ſight.

XII.

'hy mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
·om ſtorm that ſafe reſort;
'e are ſtill toſſing out at ſea,
ur admiral in port.

XIII.

'as death deny'd, this world a ſcene
ow diſmal and forlorn!
o death we owe, that 't is to man
bleſſing to be born.

XIV.

'hen ev'ry other bleſſing fails,
r ſapp'd by ſlow decay,
r ſtorm'd by ſudden blaſts of fate,
ſwiftly hurl'd away;

XV.

ow happy! that no ſtorm, or time,
f death can rob the juſt!
one pluck from their unaching heads
ɔft pillows in the duſt!

XVI.

'ell-pleas'd to bear Heav'n's darkeſt frown,
our utmoſt pow'r employ;

'Tis noble chymiſtry to turn
Neceſſity to joy.

XVII.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate ſhall be my choice;
Determin'd am I, whilſt I breathe,
To praiſe and to rejoice.

XVIII.

What ample cauſe! triumphant hope!
O rich eternity!
I ſtart not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpſe of thee.

XIX.

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious doſt thou ſhine!
And dart thro' ſorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine.

XX.

The void of joy (with ſome concern
The truth ſevere I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel.

XXI.

Weigh this, ye pupils of V—taire!
From joyleſs murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

[illegible] makes
[illegible] in renown,
And richer in celeſtial eyes
Than he who wears a crown.

XXIV.

Hence in the boſom of cold age
Is kindled a ſtrange aim
To ſhine in ſong, and bid me boaſt
The grandeur of my theme:

XXV.

But, oh! how far preſumption falls
Its lofty theme below!
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers ceaſe to flow.

XXVI.

Firſt! Greateſt! Beſt! grant what I [illegible]
For [illegible]

XXIX.

O for a clean and ardent heart!
O for a ſoul on fire!
Thy praiſe, begun on earth, to found
Where angels ſtring the lyre!

XXX.

How cold is man! to him how hard,
(Hard what moſt eaſy ſeems)
" To ſet a juſt eſteem on that
" Which yet he——moſt eſteems."

XXXI.

What ſhall we ſay, when boundleſs bl
Is offer'd to mankind,
And to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

ON THE

DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE,

AND THE

ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE.

Inscribed to

JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices, in the year 1714.

——Gaudia curis. H

SIR! I have long, and with impatience, sought
To ease the fulness of my grateful thought,
My fame at once and duty to pursue,
And please the publick by respect to you.
'Tho' you, long since beyond Britannia known,
Have spread your country's glory with your own
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Tho' you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Tho' rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens; virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, Sir! the great eſteem and l
I choſe, that moment, to profeſs to y
When ſadneſs reign'd, when Fortun
Had warm'd our boſoms to be moſt
And when no motive could have for
A ſerious value, and provoke my pra
But ſuch as riſe above, and far tranſc
Whatever glories with this world ſh
Then ſhining forth, when deepeſt ſh
The ſon's bright orb, and Cato be ſo

I ſing!—but, ah! my theme I nee
See ev'ry eye with conſcious ſorrow
Who now to verſe would raiſe his h
Can only ſhew his duty, not his choi
How great the weight of grief our h
We languiſh, and to ſpeak is to com

Let us look back, (for who too oft
That moſt illuſtrious ſcene, for ever
See all the ſeaſons ſhine on Anna's t
And pay a conſtant tribute not their
Her ſummers heats nor fruits alone
They reap the harveſt, and ſubdue
And when black ſtorms confeſs the
Her winters wear the wreaths her f
Revolving pleaſures in their turn ap
And triumphs are the product of th
To crown the whole, great joys in
And glorious victory is loſt in peac

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle!
Did partial Fortune on our virtue smile?
Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim;
The Queen and thy good fortune are the same.

Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky;
'Tis Anna reigns; the Gallick squadrons fly.
We spread our canvass to the southern shore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the South resigns her store.
Her virtue soothes the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain;
Argyle and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions lie subdu'd by Anna's pray'r.

How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride;
Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dream
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join'd their wings, a shelter o'er her head.

Tho' Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart;
She saw, and griev'd, to see the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;

She shed her bounty piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.
Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.
What strikes my sight! does proud Augusta rise
New to behold, and awfully surprise!
Her lofty brow more num'rous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raise!
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise:
Drown'd in a greater blaze it disappears,
Who dry'd the widow's and the orphan's tears?
Who stoop'd from high to succour the distress'd,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever sought, it was a Queen that gave.
Misfortune lost her name; her guiltless frown
But made another debtor to the crown;
And each unfriendly stroke from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal store.
Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.
Ye Numbers! who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When first the dreadful blast of Fame arriv'd,

Say, what a ſhock, what agonies you felt,
How did your ſouls with tender anguiſh melt!
That grief which living Anna's love ſuppreſs'd,
Shook like a tempeſt ev'ry grateful breaſt.
A ſecond fate our ſinking fortunes try'd;
A ſecond time our tender parents dy'd!
Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown;
His ſplendid wealth too raſhly we admire,
Catch the diſeaſe, and burn with equal fire.
Wiſely to ſpend is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd tranſcends a million ſlain.
When time ſhall aſk where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that ſwept whole troops away,
One drop of water that refreſh'd the dry
Shall raiſe a fountain of eternal joy.
But ah! to that unknown and diſtant date
Is Virtue's great reward puſh'd off by Fate;
Here random ſhafts in ev'ry breaſt are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
Auguſt in native worth and regal ſtate,
Anna ſat Arbitreſs of Europe's fate;
To diſtant realms did ev'ry accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be ſeen,
How ſmall a ſpot contains the mighty Queen!
No throng of ſuppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatneſs is compos'd in peace.

The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.
Thus end maturest honours of a crown!
This is the last conclusion of renown!
So when, with idle skill, the wanton boy
Breathes thro' his tube, he sees, with eage
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,
And, by degrees, expands the glittering b
But when, to full perfection blown, it fl
High in the air, and shines in various dy
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disap
'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our do
No groans unlock th' inexorable tom
Why then this fond indulgence of ov
What fruit can rise, or what advant
Yes, this advantage from our deep
We learn how much in George th
Had a less glorious princess left th
But half the hero had at first been
An Anna falling all the King em
To vindicate from guilt our risi
Our joys arise, and innocently
Auspicious monarch! what a
Welcome, great Stranger!
Nor let thy country think th
Of thy delay how oft' did w
Our hopes reach'd out, and

pray'r we ſmooth'd the billows for thy fleet,
ardent wiſhes fill'd thy ſwelling ſheet;
hen thy foot took place on Albion's ſhore,
nding bleſs'd the gods, and aſk'd no more.
hand but thine ſhould conquer and compoſe,
oſe whom int'reſt joins, and chaſe our foes?
the daring youth's preſumptuous aim,
y his rival's greatneſs give him fame!
n ſome foreign court he may ſit down,
uit, without a bluſh, the Britiſh crown,
his honour, tho' he loſe his ſtore,
ike a lucky moment to be poor.
think, great Sir! now firſt, at this late hour,
tain's favour you exert your pow'r:
far back in time, I joy to trace
um'rous tokens of your princely grace.
ier you chuſe to thunder on the Rhine,
grave councils, or in courts to ſhine:
more ſcenes your genius was diſplay'd,
reater debt was on Britannia laid:
all conſpir'd this mighty man to raiſe,
our new ſubjects proudly ſhare the praiſe.
ſhare: but may not we have leave to boaſt,
we contemplate and enjoy it moſt?
ncient nurſe of arts, indulg'd by Fate
ttle Iſis' bank a calm retreat,
any rolling ages juſtly fam'd,
ro' the world her loyalty proclaim'd;

And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treasure to support the throne;
For England's church her latest accent strain'd,
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;
No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.

What tho' thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
And seas divide thee from the British coast?
The crown 's impatient to encircle thy head;
Why stay thy feet? the cloth of gold is spread.
Our strict obedience thro' the world shall tell,
That king 's a Briton who can govern well.

THE INSTALMENT,

MDCXXVI.

To the Right Hon.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Quæſtam meritis. HOR.

WITH invocations ſome their breaſts inflame;
I need no Muſe, a Walpole is my theme.
Ye mighty Dead! ye garter'd Sons of Praiſe!
Our morningſtars! our boaſt in former days!
Which hov'ring o'er, your purple wings diſplay,
Lur'd by the pomp of this diſtinguiſh'd day,
Stoop and attend: by one the knee be bound,
One throw the mantle's crimſon folds around;
By that the ſword on his proud thigh he plac'd,
This claſp the di'mond girdle round his waiſt;
His breaſt, with rays, let juſt Godolphin ſpread,
Wiſe Burleigh plant the plumage on his head,
And Edward own, ſince firſt he fix'd the race,
None preſs'd fair Glory with a ſwifter pace.
When Fate would call ſome mighty genius forth,
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid ſome fav'rite king's illuſtrious toil,
It bids his blood with gen'rous ardour boil;
His blood, from Virtue's celebrated ſource,
Pour'd down the ſteep of time, a length'ned courſe:

That men prepar'd may juſt attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the ſcatter'd merits of his line,
Collected to a point, intenſely ſhine.

See, Britain! ſee thy Walpole ſhine from far,
His azure riband and his radiant ſtar;
A ſtar that, with auſpicious beams, ſhall guide
Thy veſſel ſafe thro' Fortune's roughest tide.

If Peace ſtill ſmiles, by this ſhall Commerce ſt
A finiſh'd courſe, in triumph round the ſphere,
And gath'ring tribute from each diſtant ſhore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.
If War 's ordain'd, this ſtar ſhall dart its beams
Thro' that black cloud which, riſing from the Thu
With thunder form'd of Brunſwick's wrath, is ſen
To claim the ſeas, and awe the Continent:
This ſhall direct it where the bolt to throw,
A ſtar for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the Muſe ſhall kindle and aſpire;
My breaſt, O Walpole! glows with grateful fire
The ſtreams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refreſh the dry domains of poeſy.
My fortune ſhews, when arts are Walpole's care
What ſlender worth forbids us to deſpair:
By this thy partial ſmile from cenſure free,
'Twas meant for Merit, tho' it fell on me.

Since Brunſwick's ſmile has authoris'd my M
Chaſte be her conduct, and ſublime her views.

ſe praiſes are the whoredoms of the pen,
ıich proſtitute fair Fame to worthleſs men.
is profanation of celeſtial fire
kes fools deſpiſe what Wiſdom ſhould admire.
thoſe I praiſe to diſtant times be known,
: by their author's merit but their own.
thers think the taſk is hard, to weed
m verſe lank Flattery's vivacious ſeed,
d rooted deep, one means muſt ſet them free;
ron! and Patriot! let them ſing of thee.
While vulgar trees ignoble honours wear,
r thoſe retain when winter chills the year,
: gen'rous orange, fav'rite of the ſun,
th vig'rous charms can thro' the ſeaſons run;
ies the ſtorm with her tenacious green,
d flow'rs and fruits in rival pomp are ſeen;
ıere bloſſoms fall, ſtill fairer bloſſoms ſpring,
d 'midſt their ſweets the feather'd poets ſing.
)n Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
once her ornament and profit too;
e fruit of ſervice, and the bloom of fame,
tur'd and gilded by the royal beam.
, when the nipping blaſts of Envy riſe,
guilt can pity, and its rage deſpiſe;
fall no honours, but, ſecurely great,
faded holds the colour of his fate;
winter knows, tho' ruffling factions preſs,
wiſdom deeply rooted in ſucceſs;

One glory ſhed, a brighter is diſplay'd
And the charm'd Muſes ſhelter in the
O how long, enkindled by the the
In deep eternity to lanch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verſe
But what chaſte Truth endites old Ti
" Behold! a man of ancient faith an
" Which ſoon beat high for arts and p
" Whoſe glory great, but natural, app
" The genuine growth of ſervices and
" No ſudden exhalation drawn on hig
" And fondly guilt by partial majeſty
" One bearing greateſt toils with grea
" One born to ſerve us, and yet born
" Whom, while our rights in equal ſca
" The prince may truſt, and yet the p
" His genius ardent, yet his judgment
" His tongue is flowing, and his heart
" His counſel guides, his temper cheer
" And, ſmiling, gives three kingdoms
Joy then to Britain, bleſs'd with ſu
To Walpole joy! by whom the prize
Who, nobly conſcious, meets the ſmil
True greatneſs lies in daring to be gre
Let daſtard ſouls, in affectation, run
To ſhades, nor wear bright honours f
Such men prefer, miſled by falſe appla
The pride of modeſty to Virtue's cauſ

* Knights of the Bath, and then of

urs which make the face of Virtue fair,
reat to merit, and 'tis wife to wear;
olding up the prize to publick view,
rms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
tens the luſtre of our age and clime,
heds rich ſeeds of worth for future time.
ud chiefs, alone in fields of ſlaughter fam'd,
this azure bloom of glory claim'd;
hen ſtern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
iolet roſe, fair daughter of his blood.
rival Wiſdom dares the wreath divide,
oth Minervas riſe in equal pride,
aiming loud, a monarch fills the throne
ſhines illuſtrious not in wars alone.
ame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
coldly court deſert who fame deſpiſe:
hat 's ambition but fair Virtue's ſail?
what applauſe but her propitious gale?
, ſwell'd with that, ſhe fleets before the wind
orious aims, as to the port deſign'd;
chain'd, without it, to the lab'ring oar,
ila! ſhe pants! nor gains the flying ſhore;
her ſublime purſuits, or turn'd aſide
alls of Envy or by Fortune's tide;
ne that has ſucceeded ten are loſt,
ual talents, ere they make the coaſt.
en let Renown to worth divine incite
all her beams, but throw thoſe beams aright.

Then Merit droops, and Genius downwards ten
When godlike Glory, like our land deſcends.
Cuſtom the Garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud enclofure down,
And high Deſert embraces fair Renown.
Tho' rivall'd, let the peerage ſmiling ſee
(Smiling in juſtice to their own decree)
This proud reward of majeſty beſtow'd
On worth like that whence firſt the peerage flow
From frowns of Fate Britannia's bliſs to guard,
Let ſubjects merit, and let kings reward.
Gods are moſt gods by giving to excel,
And kings moſt like them by rewarding well.

Tho' ſtrong the twanging nerve, and, drawn ari
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it tranſfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound it ſoars into the ſky.

Thus while I ſing thee with unequal lays,
And wound, perhaps, that worth I mean to praiſ
Yet I tranſcend myſelf, I riſe in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.

No more; for in this dread ſuſpenſe of Fate
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh peace and war; now Europe's eyes are be
On mighty Brunſwick for the great event;
Brunſwick! of kings the terrour or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expenſe?

THE FOREIGN ADDRESS;

OCCASIONED BY THE

BRITISH FLEET,

AND THE

POSTURE OF AFFAIRS,

MDCCXXXIV.

Written in the character of a ſailor.

Muſa dedit fidibus divos puerosque Deorum. HOR.

I.

YE guardian Gods! who wait on kings,
And gently touch the ſecret ſprings
Of riſing thought, ſolicit, I beſeech,
For a poor ſtranger come from far;
Procure a ſuppliant traveller
Eaſe of acceſs, and the ſoft hour of ſpeech.

II.

'Tis gain'd. Hail, Monarchs great and wiſe!
From diſtant climes and duſky ſkies,
O'er ſeas and lands I flew, your ear to claim:
Yours is the ſun and purple vine;
Deep in the frozen North I pine;
Nor vine nor ſun could warm me like my theme.

III.

A theme how great! on yonder tide
A leafleſs foreſt ſpreading wide,
The labour of the deep, my Muſe ſurveys
A Fleet whoſe empire o'er the wave
You grant time ſtrengthens, Nature gave,
Now big with death, the terrour of the ſeas!

IV.

Ye great by Sea! ye Shades ador'd!
Who fir'd the bomb and bath'd the ſword,
Ariſe! ariſe! ariſe! 'tis Britain charms;
Ariſe, ye boaſt of former wars!
And, pointing to your glorious ſcars,
Rouſe me to verſe, your martial ſons to arms.

V.

'Tis done: and ſee! ſweet Clio brings
From heav'n her deep-reſounding ſtrings:
Clio! the god * which gave thy charming ſtr
Demands its moſt exalted ſtrain
To ſing the ſov'reign of the main:
Of Ocean's queen what wonders wilt thou tel

VI.

Such wonders as may paſs for ſport,
Or viſion in a ſouthern court:
But, mighty Throdes! thoſe truths which m
Your fathers ſaw, your ſons ſhall ſee;
Then quit your infidelity.
Some truths 't is better to believe than know

* Neptune.

VII.

Believe me, Kings! at Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Huge oaks ſtalk down th' unſhaded mountain's ſide;
The lofty pines aſſume new forms,
Fly round the globe, and live in ſtorms,
And tread and triumph on the wond'ring tide.

VIII.

She nods again: the lab'ring earth
Diſcloſes a ſtupendous birth;
In ſmoking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence monſters of enormous ſize,
And hideous nature, frowning riſe,
Flame from the deck, from trembling baſtions roar.

IX.

Theſe miniſters of Wrath fulfil,
On empires wide, an iſland's will:
Ye Nations! know; know, all ye ſceptred Pow'rs!
In ſulph'rous night, and maſſy balls,
And floods of flame, the tempeſt falls,
When ſtern Britannia's awful ſenate low'rs.

X.

Bold is the ſtyle when hearts are bold:
Would Britain have her anger told?
O! never let a meaner language ſound
Than that which thro' black ether rolls,
Than that which proſtrates human ſouls,
And rocks pale realms, when angry Jove has frown'd.

XII.

In peace she sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her cannon slumber at the world's desire;
But give just cause, at once they blaze,
At once they thunder from the seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd mother's soul of fire.

XIII.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of Nature, spite of Jove,
Whilst all serene, and hush'd above,
The boist'rous winds in azure chambers sleep.

XIII.

This, this, my Monarchs! is the scene
For hearts of proof, for gods of men;
Here War's whole sting is shot, whole heart is spent!
You sport in arms; how pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame!
How her storms languish on the Continent!

XIV.

A swarm of deaths the mighty bomb
Now scatters from her glowing womb;
Now the chain'd bolts, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd with an expanding blast,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and mast,
And leave a sing'd and naked hull behind.

XV.

Now—but I 'm ſtruck with pale deſpair.
My Patrons! what a burſt was there!
The ſtrong ribb'd barks at once diſploding fly!
Infatiate Death! compendious Fate!
Deep wound to ſome brave bleeding ſtate!
One moment's guilt a thouſand heroes die.

XVI.

The great, gay, graceful, young, and brave,
(Short obſequies!) the ſable wave
Involves in endleſs night. Ye graveleſs Dead!
Where are your conqueſts! now you rove
Pale, penſive, thro' the coral grove,
Or ſhrink from Britain in your oozy bed.

XVII.

While virgins fair, with tender toil,
Of fragrant blooms their gardens ſpoil,
Low lie the brows for which the wrath 's deſign'
In ſea-weed wrapt. Alas! how vain
The hope, the joy, the grief, the pain,
The love, and godlike valour, of mankind!

XVIII.

Of braſs his heart who durſt explore,
Shut up in triple braſs and more,
Who when explor'd the ſecret durſt explain,
How, in one inſtant, at one blow,
The maiden's ſigh, the mother's throe,
Of half a widow'd land to render vain.

XIX.

See! yon' cowl'd friar in his cell,
With ſulphur, flame, and crucible:
And can the charms of gold that ſaint inſpire!
O curſed cauſe! O curs'd event!
O wondrous pow'r of accident!
He rivals gods, and ſets the globe on fire.

XX.

But the rank growth of modern ill
Too well deſerv'd that fatal ſkill,
The ſkill by which deſtruction ſwiftly runs,
And ſeas, and lands, and worlds, lays waſte
With far more terrour, far more haſte,
Than ancient Nimrod and his haughry ſons.

XXI.

In frown and force old War muſt yield:
The chariot ſith'd, which mow'd the field,
The ram, the caſtled elephant, were tame,
Tame to rang'd ordnance, which denies,
Superiour terrour to the ſkies,
And claims the cloud, the thunder and the flam

XXII

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the ſea of blood,
Hoſts whirl'd in air, the yell, the ſinking thron
The graveleſs dead, and ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals ſtorm'd,
To wrong'd Britannia's angry brow belong.

XXIII.

' dream or do I rave?
' see the gloomy cave
Jove's red bolts the giant-brothers frame?
arthy gods of toil and heat
eals on mountain anvils beat,
inting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XXIV.

s of Ætna! hear my call;
ur unfinish'd labours fall,
ield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
d your toils, ye brawny Throng!
'd by the magick of my song,
he feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XXV.

and, first, take winged flight,
flames, and clouds of thickest night.
embling Terrour, paler than the dead;
orrow from the North his roar,
roans and death; one phial pour
ad Britannia's wrath, and it is made.

XXVI.

eace celestial! may thy charms
e our breasts, tho' clad in arms:
s of blood avenging Fates decree,
e the sword brave Britons wield;
e charge o'er th' embattled field,
nge thro' seas, thro' crimson seas, for those.

XXVII.

Ev'n now for peace the gods are pref
We woo the nations to be bleſs'd;
For peace, victorious Kings! we call
For peace on pinions of the dove,
Soft emblem of eternal love!
Thro' trackleſs air and deſert ſkies I f

XXVIII.

My former lays*, of rough contents,
Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
Were but as peals of ordnance to conf
Your height of dignity, to clear
Your deaf, your late obſtructed ear,
And wake attention to more mild ad

XXIX.

Have I not heard you both declare
Your hearts deteſt the purple war,
And melt in anguiſh for the world's r
Hail, then! all hail! your wiſh is cro
Your godlike zeal thro' time renown
Thro' Europe bleſs'd, with joy her h

XXX.

Your friend, your brother of the No
To meet your arms comes ſmiling fo
And leads ſoft-handed Peace: how p
His num'rous race, the bloſſoms brig
Of golden empire, radiant ſight!
Endleſs beam on into eternity.

* The foregoing ſtanza

XXXI.

What long allies!—the virgin train
Your moſt obdurate foes may gain;
See how their charms in lineal luſtre ſhine!
Thro' ev'ry genuine branch the fire
Has darted rays of temper'd fire:
The mother breath'd ſoft air, and bloom divine.

XXXII.

How fair the field! ye Aonian bees*!
The flow'rs ambroſial fondly ſeize,
Luxurious draw the ſweet Hyblean ſtrain;
That gods may lean from heav'n to hear,
And my thron'd Patron's raviſh'd ear
The ſoul's rich nectar drink, and thirſt again.

XXXIII.

Ev'n mine they taſte, and with ſucceſs:
Ambition's fumes my ſtrains repreſs;
The fever flies; no noxious thoughts ferment;
No frenzy, taking friends for foes;
The pulſe ſubſides; they ſeek repoſe;
Nor I my winged embaſſy repent.

XXXIV.

No: by the blood of Blenheim's plain
I ſwear the rumour'd war is vain:
Shall Gallick faith and friendſhip ever ceaſe!
I ſwear by Europe's lovely dread,
I ſwear by great Eliza's ſhade,
The wife Iberian is the friend of peace.

* Ye poets.

XXXV.

Yet, left I fail, (for prophets old
Not all infallibly foretold)
We fet our naval terrours in array.
Know, Britons! an Auguftus reigns;
If foes compel, fend forth your chains,
While haughty thrones, uncenfur'd, might obey.

XXXVI.

O, could I fing as you have fought,
I'd raife a monument of thought
Bright as the fun!—How you burn at my heart!
How the drums all around
Soul-rifing refound!
Swift drawn from the thigh,
How the fwords flame on high!
How the cannons' deep knell
Fates of kingdoms foretel!
How to battle, to battle, our fathers brave part,
How to battle, to conqueft, to triumph, we dart!

XXXVII.

But who gives conqueft? he whofe ray
To darknefs turns the blaze of day;
Whofe boundlefs favour far outflows the main;
Whofe pow'r the raging waves can ftill,
And curb more rebel human will.—
With peace O blefs us! or in war fuftain.

XXXVIII.

Doft thou fuftain?——Ye twinkling Fry!
That fwim the feas, glide gently by;

Tho' your ſcales glitter, tho' your numbers ſwarm,
Ah! gently glide for life's dear ſake,
Nor dare leviathan awake,
Who ſpouts a river, and who breathes a ſtorm.

XXXIX.

And now who cenſures this Addreſs?
Thus crowns, ſtates, common men, make peace;
They ſwell, ſooth, double, dive, ſwear, pray, defy;
And when rank Int'reſt has prevail'd,
And Artifice the treaty ſeal'd,
Stark Love and Conſcience own the baſtard tie.

XL.

Ambaſſadors! ye mouths of kings!
Ye miſſive monarchs! empire's wings!
What tho' the Muſe your province proudly choſe?
'Tis a repriſal fairly made,
Her province you long ſince invade,
Ye perfect Poets! in the vale of proſe.

XLI.

More ſafe, O Muſe! that humble vale,
Than the proud ſurge and ſtormy gale:
Thy dang'rous ſeas with wrecks are cover'd o'er:
Dulneſs and Frenzy curſe thy ſtreams,
Rocks, infamous for murder'd names!
O! ſtrike thy ſwelling ſails, and make to ſhore.

XLII.

While warmer climes, in cooler ſtrains,
Or tented fields, or duſty plains,

The bleeding horſe and horſeman hurl to ground,
'Tis mine to ſing, and ſing the firſt,
That mighty ſhock, that dreadful burſt
Of war, which bellows thro' the ſtars profound.

XLIII.

Nor mean the ſong, or great my blame;
When ſuch the patriot, ſuch the theme,
Who might not glow, ſoar, paint, with rage divine!
Truth, ſimple Truth, I proudly dreſs'd
In Fancy's robe, her flow'ry veſt
Dipp'd in the curious colours of the Nine.

XLIV.

But, ah! 't is paſt; I ſink; I faint;
Nor more can glow, or ſoar, or paint;
The reſluent raptures from my boſom roll;
To heav'n returns the ſacred maid,
And all her golden viſions fade,
Ne'er to reviſit my tumultuous ſoul.

XLV.

My vocal Shell! which Thetis form'd
Beneath the waves which Venus warm'd
With all her charms, (if ancient tales be true)
And in thy pearly boſom glow'd
Ere Pæan ſilver chords beſtow'd;
My Shell! which Clio gave, which kings applaud,
Which Europe's bleeding Genius call'd abroad,
Adieu, pacifick Lyre! my laurell'd Thrones! adieu.
Hear, Atticus! your ſailor's ſong: I ſing, I live for you.

SOME THOUGHTS,

OCCASIONED BY THE

PRESENT JUNCTURE *.

Inſcribed to

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illuſtrious in far more than pow'r.
Great things are ſmall when greater riſe to view.
Tho' ſtation'd high, and preſs'd with publick cares,
Diſdain not to peruſe my ſerious ſong,
Which peradventure, may puſh by the world:
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
And leave Europa's counſels leſs mature;
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor ſhall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine abſent ear, but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in ſenates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of uſe to thoſe, ſo this to thee;
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let greatneſs prove its title to be great.
'Tis pow'r's ſupreme prerogative to ſtamp
On others' minds an image of its own.
Bend the ſtrong influence of high place, to ſtem

* The late rebellion in 1745.

The ſtream that ſweeps away the country's v
The Stygian ſtream, the torrent of our guilt.
Far as thou may'ſt give life to Virtue's cauſe;
Let not the ties of perſonal regard
Betray the nation's truſts to feeble hands:
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the publick good:
Let not our ſtreets with blaſphemies reſound
Nor lewdneſs whiſper where the laws can re
Let not beſt laws, the wiſdom of our ſires,
Turn ſatires on their ſunk degen'rate ſons,
The baſtards of their blood! and ſerve no poi
But, with more emphaſis, to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine ſupport.

Such deeds the Miniſter, the Prince, adorn
No pow'r is ſhown but in ſuch deeds as theſe
All, all is impotence but acting right;
And where's the ſtateſman but would ſhew his
To prince and people thou, of equal zeal!
Be it henceforward but thy ſecond care
To grace thy country, and ſupport the thron
Tho' this ſupported, that adorn'd ſo well.
A throne ſuperiour our firſt homage claims;
To Cæſar's Cæſar our firſt tribute due:
A tribute which, unpaid, makes ſpecious wr
And ſplendid ſacrilege of all beſide:
Illuſtrious follows; we muſt firſt be juſt;

And what ſo juſt as awe for the Supreme?
Leſs fear we rugged ruffians of the North,
Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home:
Leſs Loyola's diſguis'd, all-aping ſons,
Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Leſs all the legions Seine and Tagus ſend,
Than unrein'd paſſions ruſhing on our peace:
For'on' ſavage mountaineers are tame to theſe.
Againſt thoſe rioters ſend forth the laws,
And break to Reaſon's yoke their wild careers.
Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Tho' ſome ſeem more importunate and great.
Tho' Britain's gen'rous views and int'reſts ſpread
Beyond the narrow circle of her ſhores,
And their grand entries make on diſtant lands;
Tho' Britain's Genius the wide wave beſtrides,
And, like a vaſt Coloſſus, tow'ring ſtands
With one foot planted on the Continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in publick cares,
Tho' ſuch high cares ſhould call as call'd of late;
The cauſe of kings and emperours adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop awhile;
For greater drop it: ponder and adjuſt
The rival int'reſts and contending claims
Of life and death, of now and of for-ever;
Sublimeſt theme! and needful as ſublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Walſingham and Raleigh (Britain's boaſts!)

Thus ev'ry ſtateſman thought that ever—dy'd.
There's inſpiration in a ſable hour,
And Death's approach makes politicians wiſe.
When, thunderſtruck, that eagle Wolſey fell;
When royal favour, as an ebbing ſea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His gaſping grandeur! naked on the ſtrand,
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Affiſtance; no more wallowing in his wealth,
Spouting proud foams of inſolence no more,
On what, then, ſmote his heart, uncardinall'd,
And ſunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article the ſum of things!
The point of the firſt magnitude! that point
Tubes, mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some painted cloud ſtill intercepts their ſight.
Firſt right to judge; then chuſe, then perſevere,
Stedfaſt, as if a crown or miſtreſs call'd. —
Theſe, theſe are politicks will ſtand the teſt,
When finer politicks their maſter ſting,
And ſtateſmen fain would ſhrink to common men
Theſe, theſe are politicks will anſwer now,
(When common men would fain to ſtateſmen ſw
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's ſcheme.
All ſafety reſts on honeſt counſels: theſe
Immortalize the ſtateſman, bleſs the ſtate,
Make the prince triumph, and the people ſmile;
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,

:-leagu'd with an invincible ally,
ch honeſt counſels never fail to fix
vour of an unabandon'd land;
ıd—that ſtarts at ſuch a land as this,
rliament, ſo principled, will ſink
ncient ſchools of empire in diſgrace
Britain's glory, riſing from the dead,
fill the world, loud Fame's ſuperiour ſong.
'itain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
ırms the blood, tho' frozen in our veins
.kes the ſoul, and ſends her to the field,
nour'd of the glorious face of Death.
ıin!—there's noble magick in the ſound.
hat illuſtrious images ariſe!
attled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
:a, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
ıt full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
adiant Trophies! and imperial Spoils!
cenes!—aſtoniſhing to modern ſight!
me, at leaſt, enjoy you in a dream.
r vaniſh? Stay, ye godlike Strangers! ſtay.
ıgers!—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
ı beats the pulſe; the noble pulſe of War
ı to that ancient meaſure, that grand march
:h then prevail'd, when Britain higheſt ſoar'd,
ev'ry battle paid for heroes ſlain.
ıore our great forefathers ſtain our cheeks
ı bluſhes; their renown our ſhame no more.

In military garb, and ſudden arms,
Up ſtarts Old Britain; croſiers, croſiers are laid by;
Trade wields the ſword, and Agriculture leaves
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harveſts fire
A nobler av'rice, av'rice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of ev'ry field.
In diſtant courts is our commotion felt;
And leſs like gods ſit monarchs on their thrones:
What arm can want or ſinews or ſucceſs,
Which, lifted from an honeſt heart, deſcends
With all the weight of Britiſh wrath to cleave
The Papal mitre, or the Gallick chain,
At ev'ry ſtroke, and ſave a ſinking land?
Or death or victory muſt be reſolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds, the crucifix diſplay'd
Fools think heav'n purchas'd by the blood they ſhe
By giving, not ſupporting, pains and death!
Nor ſimple death! where they the greateſt ſaints
Who moſt ſubdue all tenderneſs of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whoſe darling title is The Prince of Peace.
The beſt turn ruthleſs butchers for our ſakes;
To ſave us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themſelves with earth content:
What modeſty!—ſuch virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly thoſe who Rome's firſt honours wear,
Whoſe name from Jeſus, and whoſe arts from hell

ſhall a Pope-bred princeling crawl aſhore,
lete with venom, guiltleſs of a ſting,
whiſtle cut-throats, with thoſe ſwords that ſcrap'd
ir barren rocks for wretched ſuſtenance,
ut his paſſage to the Britiſh throne?
that has ſuck'd in malice with his milk,
ice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?
ſavage was his brother-robber's nurſe,
howling nurſe of plund'ring Romulus,
yet far worſe than Pagan harbour'd there.
ail to the brave! be Britain Britain ſtill;
ain! high favour'd of indulgent Heav'n!
ıre's anointed Empreſs of the deep!
nurſe of merchants, who can purchaſe crowns!
:eme in commerce! that exub'rant ſource
vealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
circling current in a nation's veins,
'et high bloom on the fair face of Peace!
s once ſo celebrated ſeat of pow'r,
n which eſcap'd the mighty Cæſar triumph'd!
Gallick lilies this eternal blaſt!
s terrour of Armadas! this true bolt
:real-temper'd, to repreſs the vain
ıonean thunders from the Papal chair!
ſmall iſle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe!
ich ſays to their ambition's foaming waves,
hus far, nor farther!"—Let her hold, in life,
ght dear diſjoin'd from freedom and renown,

Renown, our ancestors' great legacy,
To be transmitted to their latest sons.
By thoughts inglorious, and un-British deeds,
Their cancell'd will is impiously profan'd,
Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.
Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This sacred isle,
Cut from the Continent, that world of slaves;
This temple built by Heav'n's peculiar care,
In a recess from the contagious world,
With ocean pour'd around it for its guard,
And dedicated, long, to Liberty,
That health, that strength, that bloom, of civil life!
This temple of still more divine; of faith
Sifted from errours, purify'd by flames,
Like gold, to take anew Truth's heav'nly stamp,
And (rising both in lustre and in weight)
With her bless'd Master's unmaim'd image shine;
Why should she longer droop? why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's sword,
And give him leave, among his dastard troops,
To muster that strong succour, Albion's crimes?
Send his self-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conquest of her fiercest foes?
Where are her foes most fatal? blushing Truth,
"In her friends' vices,"—with a sigh replies.
Empire on Virtue's rock unshaken stands;

Flux, as the billows, when in vice dissolv'd.
If Heav'n reclaims us by the scourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim.
But be the revolution—in our hearts!
Wouldst thou (whose hand is at the helm) the bark,
The shaken bark of Britain should outride
The present blast, and ev'ry future storm?
Give it that ballast which alone has weight
With him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
Persist. Are others subtle? thou be wise:
Above the Florentine's court-science raise;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the just:
Thus strengthen Britain's military strength;
Give its own terrour to the sword she draws.
Ask you, "What mean!?"—The most obvious truth
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once disarm'd, disarm'd
Of aid from him by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from him by whom the feeble stand;
Who takes away the keenest edge of battle,
Or gives the sword commission to destroy;
Who blasts, or bids the martial laurel bloom;—
Emasculated, then, most manly might;
Or, tho' the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd Weakness foils the sinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted pow'r.

Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travell'd banners fanning southern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do
When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince most dauntless, the first plume of war,
By such bold inroads into foreign lands,
Such elongation of our armaments,
But stretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While Heav'n consmands her executioner,
Some less abandon'd nation to discharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow,
And tell the world, "Not strong is human strength
"And that the proudest empire holds of Heav'n."
O Britain! often rescu'd, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit or most sanguine hopes,
With all that 's great in war or sweet in peace!
Know from what source thy signal blessings flow.
Tho' bless'd with spirits ardent in the field,
Tho' cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Tho' fenc'd with rocks, and mounted by the main,
Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard;
In him, who thee, tho' naked, could defend;
Tho' weak, could strengthen; ruin'd, could restore
How oft' to tell what arm defends thine isle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds snatch'd the victory from War?
Or rather won the day, when War despair'd?
How oft' has providential succour aw'd,

Aw'd while it bleſs'd us, conſcious of our guilt?
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!
Well may we tremble now; what manners rei
But wherefore aſk we, when a true reply
Would ſhock too much? Kind Heav'n! avert eve
Whoſe fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heav'n's half-bar'd arm of vengeance has been w
In northern ſkies, and pointed to the ſouth.
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments;
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the ſuſpended ſtorm.
"That publick vice portends a publick fall"—
Is this conjecture of advent'rous Thought?
Or pious Coward's pulpit-cuſhion'd dream?
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What ſays experience, in her awful chair
Of ages, her authentick annals ſpread
Around her? What ſays Reaſon, eagle-ey'd?
Nay, what ſays Common ſenſe, with common C
Weighing events, and cauſes, in her ſcale?
All give one verdict, one deciſion ſign;
And this the ſentence Delphos could not mend:
"Whatever ſecondary props may riſe
"From politicks, to build the publick peace,
"The baſis is the manners of the land.
"When rotten theſe, the politician's wiles

" But ſtruggle with deſtruction, as a child
" With giants hudge, or giants with a Jove.
" The ſtateſman's arts to conjure up a peace,
" Or military phantoms void of force,
" But ſcare away the vultures for an hour;
" The ſcent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
" The ſtench of profligates?) ſoon lures them back;
" On the proud flutter of a Gallick wing
" Soon they return; ſoon make their full deſcent;
" Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
" their idols grac'd, and gorgeous with our ſpoils,
" Of univerſal empire ſure preſage!
" Till now repell'd by ſeas of Britiſh blood."

And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colours of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of ſtate Othellos, or white men in pow'r:
And from the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impreſs
In ranks inferiour, paſſive to the ſtroke:
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pulpit preſſes, but the pattern drives.
What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and ſtrong
To duty, double duty, are the great?
And are there Sampſons that can burſt them all?
Yes; and great minds that ſtand in need of none,
Whoſe pulſe beats virtue, and whoſe gen'rous blood
Aids mental motives to puſh on renown,

In emulation of their glorious fires,
From whom rolls down the confecrated ſtream.
Some ſow good ſeed in the glad people's hearts
Some curſed tares, like Satan, in the text:
This makes a foe moſt fatal to the ſtate;
A foe who, (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked ſchemes,
Reſembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boaſted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided perhaps by ſecond-ſighted Scots,
French Magi, relicks riding poſt from Rome,
A Gothick hero* riſing from the dead,
And changing for ſpruce plaid his dirty ſhroud,
With ſuccour ſuitable from lower ſtill)
A foe who, theſe concurring to the charm,
Excites thoſe ſtorms that ſhall o'erturn the ſtate,
Rend up her ancient honours by the root,
And lay the boaſt of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with ſumleſs wealth
And blood illuſtrious, (ſpite of her La Hogues,
Her Creſſeys, and her Blenheims) in the duſt.
How muſt this ſtrike a horrour thro' the breaſt
Thro' ev'ry gen'rous breaſt where honour reigns,
Thro' ev'ry breaſt where honour claims a ſhare?
Yes, and thro' ev'ry breaſt of honour void?
This thought might animate the dregs of men;
Ferment them into ſpirit; give them fire

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of *Sweden.*

Of grandeur, deny [illegible],
To dark Oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant Infamy's eternal brand!
Thoſe names at which ſurrounding nations ſhu
Thoſe names ador'd, a nuiſance! or forgot!
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye,
But Nature's courſe; no ſingle chance againſt
For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
'Tis fix'd, as is the baſis of the world,
Whoſe kingdoms ſtand or fall by the decree.
What ſaw theſe eyes, ſurpris'd?--Yet why ſurpr
For aid divine the criſis ſeem'd to call,
And how divine was the monition giv'n?
As late I walk'd the night in troubled though
My peace diſturb'd by rumours from the No
[illegible] o'er my head, portentous, r

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

"Ye States! and Empires! nor of empires leaſt,
"Tho' leaſt in ſize; hear Britain! thou whoſe lot,
"Whoſe final lot, is in the balance laid!
"Irreſolutely play the doubtful ſcales, [from me,
"Nor know'ſt thou which will win.—Know, then,
"As govern'd well or ill, ſtates ſink or riſe:
"State-miniſters, as upright or corrupt,
"Are balm or poiſon in a nation's veins;
"Health or diſtemper; haſten or retard
"The period of her pride, her day of doom:
"And tho', for reaſons obvious to the wiſe,
"Juſt Providence deals otherwiſe with men,
"Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,
"'Tis fix'd! by Fate irrevocably fix'd!
"Virtue and Vice are Empire's life and death."
Thus it is written —Heard you not a groan
Is Britain on her deathbed?—No, that groan
Was utter'd by her foes.—But ſoon the ſcale,
If this divine monition is deſpis'd,
May turn againſt us. Read it, ye who Rule!
With rev'rence read; with ſtedfaſtneſs believe;
With courage act as ſuch belief inſpires;
Then ſhall your glory ſtand like Fate's decree;
Then ſhall your name in adamant be writ,
In records that defy the tooth of Time,
By nations ſav'd, reſounding your applauſe.
While deep beyond your monument's proud baſe

In black Oblivion's kennel, ſhall be trod
Their execrable names who, high in pow'r,
And deep in guilt, moſt ominouſly ſhine,
(The meteors of the ſtate!) give Vice her head,
To licenſe lewd let looſe the publick rein;
Quench ev'ry ſpark of conſcience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applauſe:
Or who to the firſt bidder ſell their ſouls,
Their country ſell, ſell all their father's bought
With funds exhauſted and exhauſted veins,
To demons, by his Holineſs ordain'd
To propagate the goſpel—penn'd at Rome;
Hawk'd thro' the world by conſecrated bulls;
And how illuſtrated?—by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gu
Down narrow-minded Self's voracious gulf,
Which gapes, and ſwallows all they ſwore to ſav
Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
And hug the horrours of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politick that deſtin'd hell,
Inflicted here, ſince here their beings end:
That vengeance, ſoon or late ordain'd to fall,
And fall from foes deteſted and deſpis'd,
On diſbelievers—of the Stateſman's Creed.

Note, here, my Lord! (unnoted yet it lies
By moſt, or all) theſe truths political
Serve more than publick ends: this Creed of Sta
Seconds, and irreſiſtibly ſupports,

Chriſtian Creed. Are you ſurpris'd?—Attend;
on the Stateſman's build a nobler name.
iis punctual juſtice exercis'd on ſtates,
ı which authentick chronicle abounds,
ll men know, and therefore muſt believe;
vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
'd on them here, where only they exiſt,
t is it but an argument of ſenſe,
ıther demonſtration, to ſupport
feeble faith—"That they who ſtates compoſe,
ıat men who ſtand not bounded by the grave,
all meet like meaſure at their proper hour?"
God is equal, ſimilarly deals
ı ſtates and perſons, or he were not God;
ı means, a rectitude immutable,
ttern ſure of univerſal right.
t then ſhall reſcue an abandon'd man?
ıing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
y'd by politicians well as prieſts:
. ſacred ſet aſide, mankind's own writ,
whole world's annals; theſe pronounce his doom,
.us (what might ſeem a daring paradox)
politicks advance divinity:
maſters there are better ſcholars here.
travel hiſtory in queſt of ſchemes
overn nations, or perhaps oppreſs,
there ſtart truths that other aims inſpire,
like Candace's eunuch, as they read,

By Providence turn Chriſtians on their r
Digging for ſilver, they may ſtrike on go
May be ſurpriſ'd with better than they ſe
And entertain an angel unawares.

Nor is Divinity ungrateful found.
As politicks advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politicks, and crowns the ſtateſman
All wiſdoms are but branches of the chief
And ſtateſmen found but ſhoots of honeſt
Are this world's witcheraſts pleaded in e
For deviations in our moral line?
This, and the next world, view'd with ſu
As ſuits a ſtateſman, ſuch as keeps in viev
His own exalted ſcience, both conſpire
To recommend and fix us in the right.
If we regard the politicks of Heav'n,
The grand adminiſtration of the whole,
What 's the next world? a ſupplement of
Without it juſtice is defective here;
Juſt as to ſtates, defective as to men:
If ſo, what is this world? as ſure as right
Sits in Heav'n's throne, a prophet of the
Prize you the prophet? then believe him
His prophecy more precious than his ſmil
How comes it then to paſs, with moſt on
That this ſhould charm us, that ſhould di
Long as the ſtateſman finds this eaſe his

So long his politicks are uncomplete :
In danger he, nor is the nation safe,
But soon must rue his inauspicious pow'r.
What hence results? a truth that should resound
For ever awful in Britannia's ear :
" Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
" Sole source of publick and of private peace "
This truth all men must own, and therefore will,
And praise and preach it too:—and when that 's done
Their compliment is paid, and 't is forgot.
What Highland poleaxe half so deep can wound?
But how dare I, so mean, presume so far?
Assume my seat in the Dictator's chair?
Pronounce, predict, (as if indeed inspir'd)
Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarse in clamour on enormous crimes?
Two mighty columns rise in my support;
In their more awful and authentick voice,
Record profane and sacred, drown the Muse,
Tho' loud, and far out-threat her threat'ning song.
Still farther, Holles! suffer me to plead
That I speak freely, as I speak to thee.
Guilt only startles at the name of guilt;
And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wise.
Thus what seem'd my presumption is thy praise.
Praise, and immortal praise, is virtue's claim;
And Virtue's sphere is action : yet we grant
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,

Whose clangour kindles cowards into men.
Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids,
In ev'ry British breast, true glory rise,
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.

To close, my Lord! with that which all should close
And all begin, and strike us ev'ry hour,
Tho' no war wak'd us, no black tempest frown'd,—
The morning rises gay: yet gayest morn
Less glorious after night's incumbent shades;
Less glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the first feeble dawn of Moral day;
Sole day, (let those whom statesmen serve attend)
Tho' the sun ripens di'monds for their crowns;
Sole day worth his regard whom Heav'n ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the sun's death, and ev'ry planet's fall,
His all-illustrious and eternal year;
Where statesmen and their monarchs, (names of awe
And distance here) shall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

October 1745.

VERSES

Occaſioned by that famous piece of the

CRUCIFIXION,

DONE BY MICHAEL ANGELO *.

While his Redeemer on his convaſs dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
The daring artiſt, cruelly ſerene,
Views the pale cheek and the diſtorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry ſpirit as it flies:
He ſtudies torment; dives in mortal wo;
To rouſe up ev'ry pang, repeats his blow;
Each riſing agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm, tranſplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wondrous force the magick colours boaſt,
From his own ſkill he ſtarts, in horrour loſt.

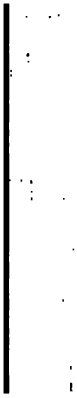
* Who obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemne
be broke upon the wheel, as he pleaſed for this purpoſe.
man being extended, this wonderful artiſt directed tha
ſhould be ſtabbed in ſuch parts of the body as he apprehe
ed would occaſion the moſt excruciating torture, that
might repreſent the agonies of death in the moſt nat
manner.

EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR.

An Epilogue, thro' custom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was needful till this night.
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies;
Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
In history's authentick record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade!
Vengeance so great, that, when his tale is told,
With pity some ev'n Perseus may behold.
Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome swift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For this night's deed his perjur'd bosom bled:
His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
And all his father's anguish rent his heart.
When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung;
The younger smil'd, unconscious of their wo,
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow,
So sad the scene: what then must Perseus feel,
To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel?

To ſee the ſlaves of his worſt foes increaſe
From ſuch a ſource!—an emperour's embrace?
He ſicken'd ſoon to death; and, what is worſe,
He well deſerv'd, and felt, the coward's curſe;
Unpity'd, ſcorn'd, inſulted his laſt hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vaſſal's pow'r.
His pale cheek reſted on his ſhameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign.
No ſuit retards, no comfort ſooths his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends its thus—Dire vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire falling, ſhares his fate.
His throne forgot! his weeping country chain'd!
And nations aſk—where Alexander reign'd.
As publick woes a prince's crimes purſue,
So publick bleſſings are his virtues' due.
Shout, Britons! ſhout;—auſpicious fortune bleſs!
And cry, Long live—our title to ſucceſs!



CONTENTS.

Pa

Ode, occasioned by his Majesty's royal encouragement of the sea-service. To the King, 1728,
Ocean. An ode,
Sea-piece: containing, I. The British Sailor's exultation. II. His prayer before engagement.
The Dedication. To Mr. Voltaire,
Ode the First,
Ode the Second,
Imperium Pelagi: a Naval Lyrick. Written in imitation of Pindar's Spirit. Occasioned by his Majesty's return from Hanover, Sept. 1729, and the succeeding peace.
Prelude,
Strain I.
Strain II.
Strain III.
Strain IV.
Strain V.
Moral,
Close,
Chorus,
A paraphrase on part of the book of Job,

Page
Reſignation. In two parts. And a poſtſcript. To Mrs. B*****. 98
Part I. 98
Part II. 130
Poſtſcript, 167
On the Death of Q. Anne, and the Acceſſion of K. George. Inſcribed to Joſeph Addiſon, Eſq. 173
The Inſtalment, 1726. To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole, 181
The Foreign Addreſs; occaſioned by the Britiſh fleet, and the poſture of affairs, 1734. Written in the character of a ſailor, 187
Some thoughts, occaſioned by the preſent juncture. Inſcribed to the Duke of Newcaſtle, 199
Verſes occaſioned by that famous piece of the crucifixion, done by Michael Angelo, 219
An Hiſtorical Epilogue To the Brothers, 220

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THE END.